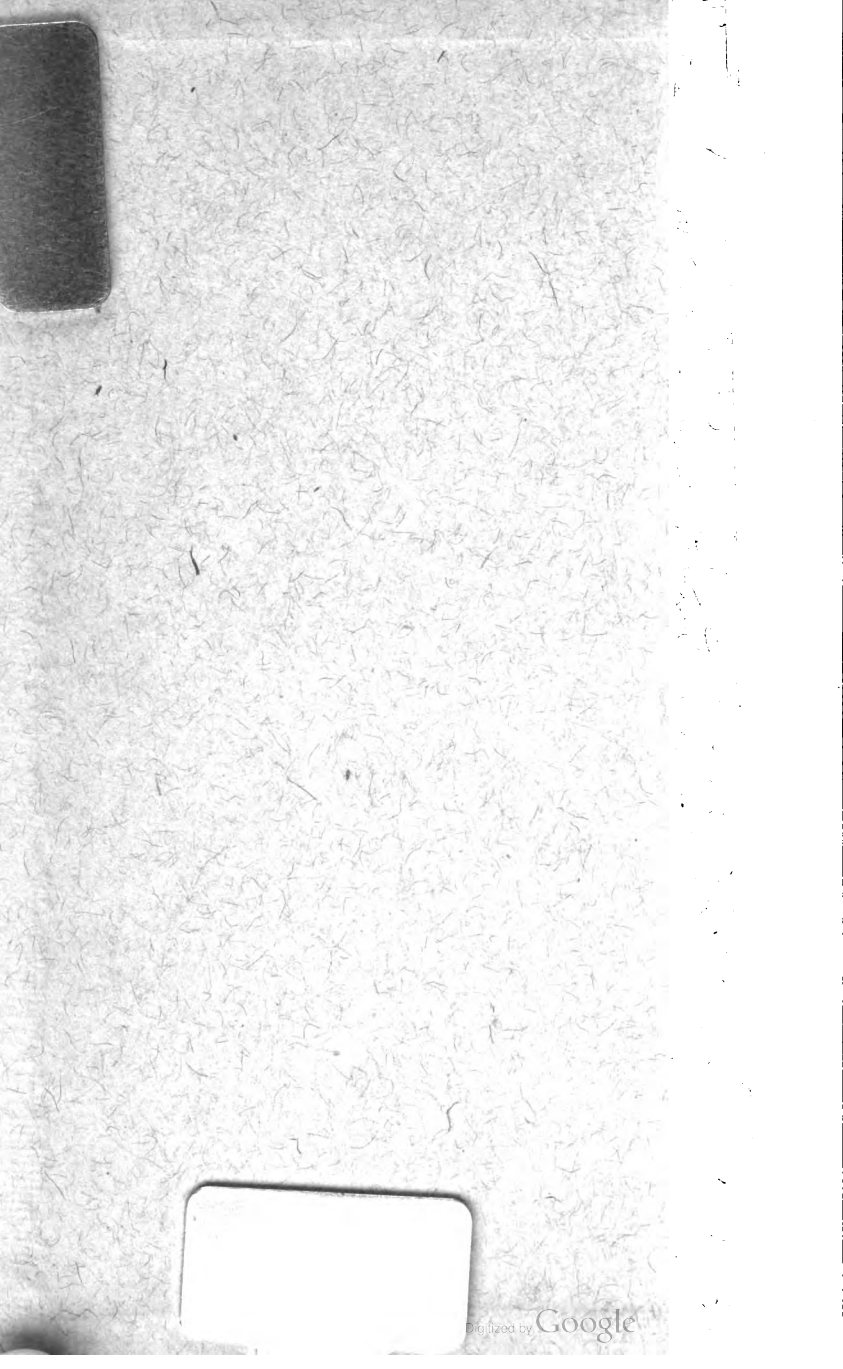


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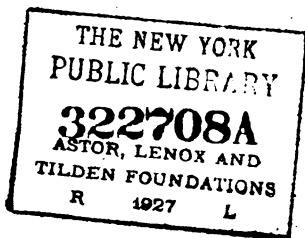
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PREFACE.

THE ADVANCED READER and the other numbers of the New Series have been prepared to comply with the requirements of our Method.

This METHOD not only exacts that the teacher possesses the ability to give his lessons in an interesting manner ; it also demands that each lesson should be specially prepared.

Apart from religious instruction, there is no subject that requires so conscientious a preparation on the part of teacher and pupil, as Reading : so numerous are the topics included, so varied the questions suggested. Especially is this true in our Method, where questioning is so urgently insisted upon, and legitimate curiosity encouraged with such fostering care.

Good teaching demands that the pupil be taught to co-ordinate his information ; that his little sum of knowledge be brought to bear in all directions ; that his intellectual tools be kept constantly bright. This can only be done where subjects are considered in various lights, where suggested ideas are discussed, and the historical, moral and practical bearings of the subject are brought before the pupil.

In this way alone can Reading be made a means to strengthen the will, to develop the understanding, to refresh the memory.

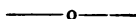
Owing to the limited time children have to learn the elements of English Composition, these Readers are so arranged as to lead the pupil almost instinctively to the knowledge of this essential branch of education.

To fully realize the plan adopted in these Readers, parents and guardians should take part in the preparation of the HOME LESSONS suggested under the form of QUESTIONS and COMPOSITION.

The object in issuing this New Series is not to increase the number of Readers already in the field. Our motive has been simply to prepare Readers that meet the requirements of a System that has the experience of two centuries in its favor, and that has received the unqualified approval of the ablest minds at home and abroad.

THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

READING.



ITS METHODOLOGY.

DEFINITION.

**EXERCISE OF
THE FACULTIES.** { The eye and the mind, — sense of hearing,
— organs of speech, — intelligence, — feeling,
— moral sense.

**IMPORTANCE OF
READING.** { Besides its educational influence, reading is
the key to study, and the most powerful
means of instruction for youth, after leaving
school.

DIVISION. { *Elementary Reading.*
Fluent Reading.
Expressive Reading.

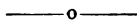
**ELEMENTARY
READING.** { *Principles.* { 1. Teaching of reading, writing and
spelling inseparable.
2. Preliminary exercises in reading,
writing and spelling.

ELEMENTARY READING.	{ OF METHOD SO-CALLED	1. The procedure must be gradual.
		2. Elements of a complete lesson.
		3. Plan or programme of lesson.

FLUENT READING.	{ <i>Definition.</i> —General Principle: Reading should be sufficiently slow.	
	{ ELEMENS OF FLUENT READING.	<i>Articulation.</i> { Enumeration of defects. How to correct them.
		<i>Pronunciation.</i> { Importance of Rules to be observed. Faults indicated. How to correct them.
		<i>Distinctness.</i> <i>Pauses.</i> <i>Reading of Manuscripts.</i> <i>How to read fluently.</i>

EXPRESSIVE READING.	{ <i>Definition.</i> —Qualities required in expressive reading.	
	{ ITS ELEMENTS.	1. To understand fully.—How effected.
		2. To feel fully.—How effected.
		3. To deliver properly.—How acquired.
	{ <i>How to read expressively.</i>	

READING.



Definition. — Reading is the vocal and intelligent expression of thoughts, written or printed.

Exercise of the Faculties. — The art of reading claims the attention both of the MIND and of the EYE, for the apprehension of the various characters. It exercises the sense of HEARING in determining SOUNDS, INTONATIONS and INFLECTIONS according to the rules of harmony, as regards EUPHONY, CADENCE and RHYTHM. It trains the ORGANS OF SPEECH by the correct emission of these sounds ; it cultivates INTELLIGENCE by exercising thought ; it develops the FEELINGS when it appeals to the sentiments of the heart ; finally, it strengthens the MORAL SENSE when it tells of deeds and quotes sayings in which the great moral truths are correctly applied.

Importance. — Reading is the key to knowledge, for in each specialty the scholar must privately study the lesson that has been publicly explained. Even religion can be but imperfectly known without it.

After the knowledge of the truths of our holy faith, there is no qualification more agreeable and useful to offer the pupil than reading. It quietly opens to the student the intellectual labors of the greatest geniuses, the productions of the greatest authors. By reading we

husband and preserve the lessons of experience. The mind is thus stored with numberless useful subjects of information that cannot enter into the programme of ordinary schools. Reading opens the book of the past, with its noble lessons and reminiscences; the pages of the present, with all its teachings, its aspirations and its needs, at the same time that it procures instruction and amusement for one's hours of leisure.

Division.— Reading may be considered under three headings, viz.: **ELEMENTARY, FLUENT, EXPRESSIVE.**

In ELEMENTARY READING, the child distinguishes letters, pronounces and unites the sounds represented by these letters, so as to form syllables and words, and constructs sentences.

In FLUENT READING, the pupil reads a succession of sentences connected by their meaning, **CLEARLY, DISTINCTLY, TO THE POINT,** and with **SUFFICIENT RAPIDITY,**— pronouncing the words **CORRECTLY** without **HESITANCY** or **REPETITION,** giving every **LETTER** and every **SYLLABLE** its proper sound in the word, and observing the proper pauses.

In EXPRESSIVE READING, the pupil marks by the **INTONATIONS, INFLECTIONS,** and the **SHIFTINGS** of his voice, the different ideas of the piece, and the various sentiments expressed by the author.

The perfection of **EXPRESSIVE READING** presupposes, together with the attributes of **FLUENT READING,** the following conditions on the part of the reader:

- (a) An **INTELLIGENCE** apt to conceive the sense of the piece read.
- (b) A practised **EYE.**
- (c) A delicate **SENSIBILITY.**
- (d) An accurate **EAR.**
- (e) A **VOICE** agreeable, ample, yielding and **sonorous.**

(f) A TASTE sure and prompt in discerning literary beauties and defects.

In one word, a good reading is a complete literary analysis.

To read well implies:

1. INTELLIGENCE to grasp the meaning.
2. SOUL to feel.
3. TASTE to express in an agreeable manner.

To EXPRESS PROPERLY one must feel; and to FEEL one must thoroughly UNDERSTAND.

To UNDERSTAND THOROUGHLY is:

1. To grasp all the shades of meaning expressed in every sentence.
2. To note the connection of the sentences with each other.
3. To note their relation to the whole subject.

Frequently, reading is a mere mechanical exercise: words enter the pupil's eye in the shape of characters, and escape by the mouth under the form of sounds, while the mind plays no part in the operation. The memory does not preserve the slightest trace of the ideas expressed. This is proved by the meaningless phrases the pupils at times read. Results far more deplorable than mere slovenly reading arise from such a habit. From thoughtless reading the pupil goes to listless memorizing: from hearing without listening, to acting without thinking, knowing not what he says or does. To prevent this, even the child learning the first elements of reading should be taught:

1. To associate the idea with the words which express it.
2. The judgment must bear upon the different propositions contained in the lesson.

3. The exactness of the thought as contained in its form of expression.

This leads to thinking while reading, and to reading in thinking.

How to Understand thoroughly. —

1. A portion, or the whole of a lesson is read fluently, expression not being yet exacted.
2. The scholars are then required to give the general drift of the portion read.

To assure the proper understanding of the subject, let the pupils:

- (a) Replace difficult words by their synonyms.
- (b) Give the meaning of figurative expressions.
3. The sense of each sentence must be determined by well selected questions.
4. Leading thoughts must be given in the pupils own words.
5. The relation of thoughts should be resolved, as well as their reference to the general object of the composition.

To Feel fully. — This consists in being powerfully penetrated by the sentiment which the author desires to express, or by the particular form of thought he seeks to establish.

How to Feel fully. — Let the pupil study:

1. The particular emotion caused by each passion.
2. The tone of voice corresponding to the expression of the passion.

Thus :

- (a) In joy, the voice is full, lively and elastic.
- (b) In combat or struggle, defiant and bold.
- (c) In reproaches, vehement.
- (d) In prayer and supplication, soft and timid.

- (e) In counsel, promise or consolation, grave and sustained.
- (f) In fear, feeble.
- (g) In compassion, sustained.
- (h) In complaint, broken.
- (i) In narration, free and fluent.

Agreeable Expression. — To be PERFECT, reading must be NATURAL.

For this purpose the pupil should :

1. Pay close attention to the emotions or feelings the selection suggests.
2. Give due attention to the vocal tones called for by the selection.
3. Lay special stress on those points that are to attract the attention of an audience.
4. The reading should be accelerated or retarded, the volume of voice increased or diminished, to express the progress of thought or sentiment, or to conform to the requirements of imitative harmony.
5. Inverted and elliptical phrases must be duly noted, showing the logical relations of these phrases to the main subject.
6. A tone-coloring should call attention to certain figures of speech, that might otherwise pass unperceived, such as *allusion*, *irony*, etc.

This power of tone-coloring may be greatly increased by judicious musical vocal exercises. These

- (a) Form the ear.
 - (b) Give flexibility to the voice.
 - (c) Strengthen the vocal organs.
7. Judicious selections of prose or poetry should be memorized. These, recited aloud, will

(a) Store the pupil's memory with representative composition.

(b) Furnish him with increased resources of language and style.

This exercise makes the student fully identify himself with the meaning of the author, and is the best method to become an accomplished reader.

Simultaneous reading of such memorized selections is recommended. Correct simultaneous expressive reading is not more difficult than the proper recitation of an ordinary prayer.

The following are examples for the study of tone, corresponding with the rules *a*, *b*, *c*.

(a) *O day of days!* Shall hearts set free
No "minstrel rapture" find for thee?
Thou art the Sun of other days,—
They shine by giving back thy rays.

(b) And first I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride —
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
* * * * *
I tell thee thou'rt defied.

(c) Oh! shame beyond the bitterest thought
That evil spirit ever framed,
That sinners know what Jesus wrought,
Yet feel their haughty hearts untamed!
That souls in refuge, holding by the Cross,
Should wince and fret at this world's little loss.

(d) Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
 Lead Thou me on!
 The night is dark, and I am far from home —
 Lead Thou me on!
 Keep thou my feet : I do not ask to see
 The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

(e) Then why dost thou weep so? For see how time flies
 The time that for loving and praising was given!
 Away with thee, child, then, and hide thy red eyes
 In the lap, the kind lap, of thy Father in heaven.

(f) O Heaven! methought what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of water in my ears!
 What sights of ugly death within my eyes!
 I thought I saw a thousand wrecks;
 A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon:
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

(g) The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tightly folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile, — the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings, Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now, and, as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

(h) If thou also hadst known, and that in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace; but now they are hidden from thy eyes.

(i) The lives of a hundred unconscious passengers hung on the issue of the next minute. The ground trembled at the

old woman's feet. The great red eye of the engine showed itself, coming round a curve. Like a huge, sharp-sighted lion coming suddenly upon a fire, it sent forth a thrilling roar, that echoed through all the wilds and ravines around.

THE MODEL MAN.

Rev. Isaac Thomas Hecker was born in New York, in 1819. In 1845 he became a convert to Catholicity, and in 1849 was ordained priest by Cardinal Wiseman. After a few years spent in the Redemptorist Order, he obtained permission of the Pope to found the new society of missionary priests known as the Paulist Fathers. His writings are chiefly doctrinal, controversial and philosophical; they are addressed to thoughtful minds, and in a great measure directed toward the enlightenment of our Protestant brethren. "Questions of the Soul," and "Aspirations of Nature," are the principal of his published works; their gifted author is more widely known through the influence of the "Catholic World," of which he was the founder, and for many years chief contributor.

MAN needs, as a perfect pattern of life, one who unites in his nature both God and man, one whom he can see with his eyes, hear with his ears, touch with his hands. One to whom the human heart can easily attach itself in a way fitting its nature, and can love with familiarity. One who is visible to the mind and accessible to the senses, and in whom both soul and body can find their hopes, their proper objects, and their beatitude. In one word, man needs as his model a God-man.

This is no new idea: there is no nation in which the birth of a God-man was not expected. The ancient patriarchs sighed for his coming; the prophets announced his reign; the sibyls chanted his victories; and the poets sung his praises.

The universal convictions of the conscience of humanity are the voices of the divinity. The expectations of men were not doomed to disappointment. In

the fulness of time there came from heaven an angel, and announced the following message to a spotless maiden in a humble cottage: "Hail, full of grace;" "blessed art thou amongst women;" "the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee, and thou shalt conceive and bring forth a son, and his name shall be 'Jesus the Son of God.'"*

This wonderful child was born in a stable. The moment he was born, angels spoke to men, and said: "This day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord,"† and from the clouds angels were heard chanting the hymn,—“Glory be to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will.”‡ A new star at that time appeared in the heavens, and the God-child was adored by shepherds and kings.

According to the custom of the Jewish people, the babe was brought to the temple, and an old priest receiving it in his arms, in rapture exclaims: "Now dismiss thy servant, O Lord, in peace; because my eyes have seen thy salvation which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people, Israel."§

At the age of twelve years he re-appears in the Temple of Jerusalem, "astonishing the Doctors by the wisdom of his questions and answers."||

Twenty years more elapse; the child becomes a man: while the waters of Jordan are poured upon his head, a spirit in the form of a dove descends upon him; the heavens are opened and a voice is heard saying: "This is my beloved Son."¶

The Baptist, a man of austere and holy life, pointing to him, says: "Behold the Lamb of God, behold

* Luke i.

† Luke ii.

‡ Luke ii.

§ Luke ii.

|| Matt. iii.

¶ John i.

him who taketh away the sins of the world!"*

John, his beloved disciple, gives the same testimony. "The Word," he says, "was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we saw his glory as it were of the only begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth."†

Peter, enlightened from on high, makes the same confession, and says: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God."‡

The doubts of Thomas, on beholding him, are all dispelled, and he exclaims unhesitatingly: "My Lord, and my God!"§

Paul tells us that in him dwelt the fulness of the Godhead corporally; that he was the brightness of God's glory, and the figure of his substance.

This man has the unheard-of boldness to stand up before the whole world and say of himself, "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again I leave the world, and I go to the Father;" "All things whatsoever the Father hath are mine."||

Increasing in boldness, he fears not to tell us that: "He that seeth me seeth my Father also;"† and adds, "I and the Father are one."¶

Finally, and to leave no room for doubt, when the high-priest put the question directly to him, "Art thou Christ the Son of the blessed God?"** he falters not, but unhesitatingly and emphatically replies, "I am."††

To confirm his assertions he works wonders; he multiplies bread, cures the sick, raises the dead, calms tempests, walks upon water, and crowns all by saying to his disciples, "He that believeth in me, the works that I do he also shall do, and greater than these shall he do."‡‡

* John i. † John i. ‡ Matt. xvi. § John xx. || John xvi.
 ¶ John xiv. ** John x. †† Mark xiv. ‡‡ John xiv.

He is condemned and executed because of his daring to proclaim himself God. At the moment when he expires all nature is in mourning. The sun becomes dark, the earth trembles, the rocks are split, graves deliver up their dead, and the veil of the temple is rent. Unable longer to resist the universal testimony and the voice of nature, the Roman officer present at his execution cries out to the world, "Indeed this was the Son of God."*

He is dead and is placed in a tomb, a rock is rolled before its entrance, it is sealed, and a guard of Roman soldiers keep watch. All now is still, his disciples are cast down and discouraged, his work is ended. Not so! It is but now to commence.

The third day he rises from the grave with a body all resplendant with glory; he enters the room where his disheartened disciples are assembled, while the doors are closed; he encourages them, eats and drinks with them, commands them to preach the Gospel to all creatures, promises them the Holy Ghost, and in the presence of hundreds, he ascends into heaven and disappears in the clouds.

On the day appointed, the Holy Ghost descends, with a noise like a rushing wind and in the shape of fiery tongues, upon the apostles. They who had been so timid to truth, now publish his gospel, in spite of menace and opposition, to all the world. They speak in different tongues, work miracles, and men of all nations believe in the name of Jesus and are baptized.

These timid and illiterate men, now bold as lions, and confounding the most learned scribes, preach the gospel, and in a short time, spread it among the Greeks

* Matt. xxvii.

and Romans. They seal their testimony to the divinity of their Master with their blood.

Three centuries of persecution pass away. Millions of men, women, and even children shed their blood like water, as witnesses of their faith in the Godhead of this man of Nazareth, and as a mark of their love for him. The religion of the Nazarene becomes the religion of the Empire.

Conflicts, progress and triumph, from the day when it was said "Hail Virgin" to the present, attest the divinity of the founder of Christianity, and thus is fulfilled the prophecy, in which he is foretold to be "The Father of the world to come."

"In Him thy God, O Plato, dwelt on earth,
An open Presence, clear of earthly ill ;
The Life which drew from him its heavenly birth,
In all who seek renews his perfect Will.

"But 'mid thy countless forms of being,
One shines supreme o'er all beside,
And man, in all thy wisdom seeing,
In Him reveres a sinless guide.

"In Him alone, no longer shrouded
By mist that dims all meaner things,
Thou dwell'st, O God ! unveil'd, unclouded,
And fearless peace thy presence brings."

COMPOSITION.

Write the following sentences in two ways :

- (a) He that believeth in me, the works that I do, he also shall do, and greater than these shall he do.
- (b) They who had been so timid to truth, now publish his gospel, in spite of menace and opposition, to all the world.
- (c) When the high-priest put the question directly to him "Art thou Christ the Son of the blessed God"? he falters not, but unhesitatingly and emphatically replies, "I am."

Commit the following to memory:

Jesus is God ! Alas ! they say
 On earth the numbers grow,
 Who his divinity blaspheme
 To their unfailing woe.
 And yet what is the single end
 Of this life's mortal span,
 Except to glorify the God
 Who for our sake, was man ?

familiarity	rapture	assertions
accessible	enlightened	menace
beatitude	dispelled	illiterate
universal	unhesitatingly	Nazarene
convictions	corporally	reveres
conscience	emphatically	shrouded

—o—

VENI CREATOR.

John Dryden (1631-1700) occupies an important place in English literature, both by the number and general excellence of his productions, as well as by his influence upon poetic taste. His dramatic works are exceedingly numerous, but at this day, of comparatively small literary value. They are disgraced by indecency and immorality. His controversial poems, "Religio Laici," and the "Hind and Panther," the latter written upon his conversion to Catholicity, are the finest examples of argument in verse. The translations of Virgil's *Æneid* and the *Satires* of Juvenal and Persius are standard classics in our language. His lyric productions though few, are excellent, the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* being considered the finest in the English language. Dryden's prose works are chiefly critical essays prefixed to his poetical works. In prose as in verse he showed himself a great master of English, and his style, vigorous, idiomatic and harmonious, did much to improve the diction of the language.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid,
 The world's foundations first were laid.
 Come visit every pious mind;
 Come pour thy joys on human kind;

From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts,
But, oh! inflame and fire our hearts:
Our frailties help, our voice control --
Submit the senses to the soul:
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow:
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,

Who for lost man's redemption died:
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee!

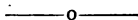
Questions:—Who is the “Creator Spirit” here understood? Who are “human kind”? From what are we to be made free? What means, besides prayer, will then make us free? What are the “temples” meant in the last line of first stanza? What is a Paraclete? Whence is a heavenly love to reach us? What can grace do for us “while we sing”? What is the “gift of tongues”? Who received this gift at Pentecost? In what two ways may this gift have been bestowed? Which would have been the more convenient? Explain why. What is eloquence? What is meant by our “earthly parts”? What are our frailties? Name our senses? Who is “th’ infernal foe”? Why must the Holy Spirit “protect and guide us in the way”? What spirit does this for good children? What is asked for the “Eternal Father’s name”? Why do we ask that the “Saviour Son be glorified”? How do we pray that the Eternal Paraclete may be adored?

kind
 Paraclete

plenteous
 energy

proceeding
 eloquence

frailties
 fame



GROWTH AND REPAIR OF THE BODY.

THE human body is often compared to a house. When a man builds a house, he collects a great variety of materials. He gets timber of different shapes, as beams and boards. He buys bricks of the brick-maker. He gets lime from one place, sand from another, and hair from another, and mixes them to make the mortar to hold the bricks together.

He procures stone for the foundation and the steps, and various other purposes. He provides glass for the windows, paper for the walls, and paints of various colors. Besides these, many other things must be collected to complete the building. And then, how many things are required to furnish the house after it is built!

Now the house that your spirit lives in, the body, with all its variety of furniture, is made of only one material, the blood. And it is also kept in repair with the same material. You can see how wonderful this is if you observe how many different things there are in the frame-work of the body. Think a moment about this. Look at the outside of the body. There we see the skin, the hair, and the nails. How different these are from one another! But they are all made out of the same material, the blood. You would think it very wonderful if a man could make bricks, and boards, and nails out of the same thing. If a man should say that he could do it, you would set him down as a crazy person. But bricks, and boards, and nails are not so much unlike one another as your hair, skin, and finger-nails are. And how entirely different these are from the blood out of which they were made!

Look now at the eye. How different it is from the parts of which I have been speaking! But it is made out of the same blood with them. Look at the various parts of this beautiful organ. See the firm, white eyeball. Then see in front what a clear, thin, round window is set into this ball; like a crystal in the face of a watch. Look in at this window, and see the delicate iris, which has so many different colors in different persons. Then there are parts which you cannot see. There are three different kinds of fluids inside of the eye. There is a nerve which spreads out its little, fine fibres all over the back part of the eye inside. There are muscles, also, that move the eye about so quickly.

Then, too, there is the tear-factory, or gland, that keeps the eye moist. Is it not wonderful that all these parts, so different from one another—the eyeball, the window, the iris, the three fluids, the nerves, the

muscles, the tear-gland and its tears — should be made out of the same thing, and that, too, a thing which is not like any of them?

Look now at the mouth. Would you suppose that those hard teeth are made out of the same material with the clear window in the eye, and the delicate iris, and the soft tears? It is even so. See how different the gums are from the teeth. It seems almost impossible that they are both made out of the blood.

Then, inside of the body, out of sight, are a great many different structures, such as the bones, the red muscles, the white, silk-like, shining tendons, the glands, the firm liver, the spongy lungs, the stomach, and all the various fluids, as the saliva, the tears, the bile — all are made from the blood.

Even the very vessels that carry the blood, and the heart that pumps it into them, are made out of the blood itself! This is no less wonderful than it would be to have the walls of a canal or an aqueduct made out of the water that runs through it.

But you will want to know how the blood is converted into so many different substances, and who the workmen are that do it. It is not the arteries. They only serve to carry the material everywhere. They are the common carriers of the body. Through these the heart, as it pumps away, seventy times a minute, sends the blood to every part of the system. And in every part there are multitudes of workmen that take this material, thus brought to their very doors, and use it to manufacture various things. Some are bone-makers, some nerve-makers, some muscle-makers, some makers of teeth, some eye-manufacturers, and so on.

All the workmen work in separate companies, and very seldom interfere with one another, though they

may be in the same neighborhood. The bone-makers, for instance, that make the socket of the eye never get mixed up with the eye-manufacturers.

Once in a while, however, the bone-makers get to work in the wrong place, or rather, some workmen that ought to make something else go to making bone. But this does not often happen. If it does happen, it always produces deformity, and sometimes destroys life.

The workmen all work so well together that it would seem as if they must understand one another, and agree together just as men do about the way of doing their work. But we know that they do not understand anything; and how it is that they work together so well is a mystery to us. A mystery that teaches us the great power of God. But I have not told you who, or what, these little workmen are that are so busy in using the blood for the growth and the repair of our frame.

All that we know of them is, that they are very small vessels between the very smallest of the arteries and the very smallest of the veins. The blood comes to them in the arteries, and they use what they want of it, and then it passes into the veins, by which it is returned to the heart.

What can be more wonderful than the formation, the growth, and repair of the human body! How strange that the simple red fluid which we call blood should be formed from such a variety of substances as we eat, and that out of it should be made such a variety of organs and structures as compose the human body! Who can contemplate the mechanism of his own body, and not admire and adore the wisdom of the Creator?

Questions :—To what is the human body often compared? Mention some of the materials necessary to build a house. How is mortar made? What is the use of hair in mortar? What is the house the

soul lives in? Of what is it made, and how is it kept in repair? Mention some things on the *outside* of the body. Mention some of the parts of the eye. What are nerves? What are tendons? What are muscles? What is a gland? What is the use of the eye-glands? Are tears of any use to the eye? Show how. What organ sends the blood to every part of the body? What are arteries? What are veins? Is it more dangerous to cut an artery than a vein? Why? If an artery has been cut, how may the bleeding be stopped? What should we admire in the mechanism of our bodies?

Memorize :—"It must be allowed that matter alone could no more have fashioned the human body for so many admirable purposes, than a beautiful discourse could be composed by a writer destitute of eloquence and skill."

eyeball	muscles	saliva
crystal	fibres	bile
iris	gland	structures
fluids	tendons	mechanism

— o —

DELAYS.

Robert Southwell, S. J., born 1560; martyred during the persecutions of Elizabeth's reign, in 1595. He was descended from an ancient family in Norfolk, educated on the Continent and received into the Jesuit Order at Rome. He was arrested, while on the English mission, in 1592, and thrown into prison, where he remained three years, during which term he was put on the rack on ten occasions. On the 21st of February, 1595, he was hanged, drawn and quartered at Tyburn. The bigotry which has pervaded English literature and history since the Reformation has prevented the recognition of Southwell's merits. And yet he is far ahead of his age in the vigor and energy of his diction, and is a better example of the progress of the English tongue of that period, towards its modern strength and fluency, than many quoted in the Rhetorics; while as regards the spirit of his writings, their noble moral elevation, beauty and pathos stand out in bright relief from the licentious literature of the Elizabethan era.

SHUN delays, they breed remorse,
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;

Creeping snails have weakest force —
Fly their faults, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Ling'ring labors come to naught.

Hoist thy sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure ;
Seek not time, when time is past ;
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let the fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take then hold upon his forehead :
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourned have many stays,
Long demurs bring new delays.

Seek thy salve while young the wound,
Older sores ask deeper lancing ;
After cures are seldom found,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing.
In the rising, stifle ill,
Lest it grow against thy will.

Drops do pierce the stubborn flint,
Not by force, but often falling ;
Custom kills with feeble dint,
More by use than strength prevailing.
Single sands have little weight,
Many make a drowning freight.

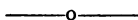
QUESTIONS AND COMPOSITION.

Why must delays be shunned? What is remorse? What are "ling'ring labors"? Name some "ling'ring labors." When is good "best"? Explain "lest thou repent thee." What dangers occur in 'hoisting sail'? Explain "sober speed is wisdom's leisure." What

are "after-wits?" Why must we seize time by the forehead? What are demurs? What is a "young wound?" Explain "ask deeper lancing." Put four substitutes for the word "ask." Copy last stanza and commit to memory. Write following lines in three ways :

"Single sands have little weight,
Many make a drowning freight."

breed	wits	scalp	salve	flint
Lingering	locks	demurs	stifle	dint



THE EAGLE.

THIS magnificent bird is found over a large portion of the world—in America, and in various parts of Europe, Asia, Africa. It is a splendid bird in point of size, for a full-grown female measures about three feet six inches in length, and the expanse of her wings is about nine feet. The male, less by about six inches.

The nest of the eagle is almost always made upon some elevated spot, generally upon a ledge of a rock, and is constructed of sticks, which are thrown apparently at random, and rudely arranged for the purpose of containing the eggs and the young. A neighboring ledge is generally reserved for a larder, where the parent eagles store up the food, which they bring from the plains below. The contents of this larder consist of hares, partridges and game of all kinds, lambs, rabbits, young pigs, fish, and other similar articles of food.

In hunting for their prey, the eagle and his mate mutually assist each other. As the rabbits and hares are generally under cover during the day, the eagle is forced to drive them from their place of concealment, and manages the matter in a very clever manner. One of the eagles conceals itself near the cover which is to

be beaten, and its companion then dashes among the bushes, screaming and making such a disturbance that the terrified inmates rush out in hopes of escape, and are immediately pounced upon by the watchful confederate.

The prey is at once taken to the nest, and distributed to the young, if there should be any eaglets in the lofty cradle. Eagles always feed their young by tearing the prey in pieces, and giving it to them in morsels.

When in pursuit of its prey, it is a most daring bird, having been seen to carry off a hare from before the noses of the hounds. It is a keen fisher, catching and securing salmon and various sea-fish with singular skill. Sometimes it has met with more than its match, and has seized upon a fish that was too heavy for its powers, thus falling a victim to its sporting propensities. Several instances are known where eagles have been drowned by pouncing upon large pike, which carried their assailants under water.

It is a fierce fighter when wounded or attacked. An eagle was at one time captured in County Meath, in Ireland, by a gamekeeper, who, surprising the bird sleeping after a surfeit on a dead sheep, conceived the idea of taking him alive; and for that purpose approached the bird noiselessly, and clasped him in his arms. The eagle recovering, and unable to use his wings, clutched with his talons, one of which entered the man's chest, the hind claw meeting the others underneath the flesh. The man, unable to disengage the claw, strangled the bird; but the talons were yet too firmly clutched to open. Taking out his knife, he severed the leg from the body, and walked with the penetrating member to the village dispensary to have it removed.

A golden eagle had been captured in Scotland, and, being very tame, always accompanied the family to

which it belonged in all their journeys. For some time it lived in the south-west of England, where it passed its existence fastened to a post by a tolerably long chain that allowed it a reasonable freedom of motion. Like other tame eagles, it would persist in killing cats, if they came within reach, although its ordinary food was fowl, rabbits, and other similar articles of diet. On one occasion a sickly, pining chicken, which seemed in a very bad state of health, was given to the eagle. The royal bird, however, refused to eat it; but seemed to be struck with pity at its miserable state, and took it under his protection. He even made it sit under his wing, which he extended as a shield; and once when a man endeavored to take it away, the eagle attacked him fiercely, injuring his leg severely, and drove him fairly off his premises.

The eagle is supposed to be a long-lived bird, and is thought to live a hundred years when at liberty and unrestrained in its native haunts. Even in captivity it has been known to attain a good old age, one of these birds, which lived at Vienna, being over one hundred years old when it died.

COMPOSITION.

(a) The plain below ; (b) this larder consists ; (c) the eagle and his mate mutually assist each other ; (d) are generally under cover ; (e) near the cover which is to be beaten ; (f) a splendid bird in point of size

magnificent	disturbance	existence
various	propensities	reasonable
measures	confederate	diet
elevated	conceived	premises
constructed	dispensary	unrestrained

THE GEYSERS.

AFTER fifteen hours of weary jogging, we found ourselves in the presence of the steaming geysers. Naturally enough, our first impulse on dismounting was to scamper off at once to the Great Geyser. As it lay at the furthest end of the congeries of hot-springs, in order to reach it we had to run the gauntlet of all the pools of boiling water and scalding quagmires of soft clay that intervened. A smooth, silicious basin, seventy-two feet in diameter and four feet deep, with a hole at the bottom, as in a washing-basin on board a steamer, stood before us brimful of water just upon the simmer; while up into the air, above our heads, rose a great column of vapor. The ground about the brim was composed of layers of incrustated silica, like the outside of an oyster, sloping gently down on all sides from the edge of the basin.

It was one o'clock in the morning when we suddenly heard a tremendous noise, and experienced a sensation as if beneath our very feet a quantity of subterranean cannon were going off. The whole earth shook, and the guide, starting to his feet, flew off, full speed, toward the great basin. By the time we reached its brim, however, the noise had ceased, and all we could see was a slight movement in the centre, as if an angel had passed by and troubled the water.

As our principal object in coming so far was to see an eruption of the Great Geyser, it was of course necessary we should wait his pleasure; in fact, our movements entirely depended upon his. For the next two or three days, therefore, like pilgrims round some ancient shrine, we patiently kept watch; but he scarcely deigned to vouchsafe us the slightest manifestation of his latent energies. Two or three times the cannonading we had

heard immediately after our arrival recommenced; and once an eruption to the height of ten feet occurred; but so brief was its duration, that by the time we were on the spot, although the tent was not eighty yards distant, all was over. As, after every effort of the fountain, the water in the basin mysteriously ebbs back into the funnel, this performance, though unsatisfactory in itself, gave us an opportunity of approaching the mouth of the pipe, and looking down into its scalded gullet. In an hour afterwards, the basin was brimful as ever.

We had been keeping watch for three days over the geyser, in languid expectation of the eruption which was to set us free, when, on the morning of the fourth day, a cry from the guides made us start to our feet, and with one common impulse rush to the basin. The usual subterranean thunder had already commenced; a violent agitation was disturbing the centre of the pool. Suddenly a dome of water lifted itself up to the height of eight or ten feet, then burst and fell; immediately after which, a shining liquid column, or rather a sheaf of columns, wreathed in robes of vapor, sprang into the air, and in a succession of jerking leaps, each higher than the last, flung their silver crests against the sky. For a few minutes the fountain held its own; then, all at once, appeared to lose its ascending energy. The unstable waters faltered, drooped, fell, "like a broken purpose," back upon themselves, and were immediately sucked down into the recesses of their pipe.

The spectacle was certainly magnificent; but no description can give any idea of its most striking features. The enormous wealth of water, its vitality, its hidden power; the illimitable breadth of sun-lit vapor, rolling out in exhaustless profusion,—all combined to make one feel the stupendous energy of nature's slightest movement.

And yet I do not believe the exhibition was so fine as some that have been seen ; from the first burst upwards, to the moment the last jet retreated into the pipe, was no more than a space of seven or eight minutes, and at no moment did the crown of the column reach higher than sixty or seventy feet above the surface of the basin. Now, early travellers talk of 300 feet, which must, of course, be fabulous; but many trustworthy persons, have judged the eruptions at 200 feet ; while well-authenticated accounts, when the elevation of the jet has been actually measured, make it to have attained a height of upwards of 100 feet.

With regard to the internal machinery by which these water-works are set in motion, I will only say, that the most generally received theory seems to be that which supposes the existence of a chamber in the heated earth, almost, but not quite, filled with water, and communicating with the upper air by means of a pipe, whose lower orifice, instead of being in the roof, is at the side of the cavern, and near the surface of the subterranean pond. The water, kept by the surrounding furnaces at boiling-point, generates, of course, a continuous supply of steam, for which some vent must be obtained ; as it cannot escape by the funnel, the lower mouth of which is under water, it squeezes itself up within the arching roof, until at last, compressed beyond all endurance, it strains against the rock, and pushing down the intervening waters, with its broad, strong back, forces them below the level of the funnel, and dispersing part, and driving part before it, rushes forth in triumph to the upper air. The fountains, therefore, that we see mounting to the sky during an eruption are nothing but the superincumbent mass of waters in the pipe, driven into confusion before the steam at the moment it obtains its liberation.

COMPOSITION.

Describe the race over the ground dotted with small, boiling wells. Also the appearance of the border of the largest geyser. Show how this resembled the outside of an oyster shell. The effects noticed when the eruption was about to occur. Mention the account in the New Testament to which reference is made. What was done to while away time till next eruption. Mention some games that may have been introduced (*in that country*). Describe the spectacle *same order* as the book, but in your own words.

quagmire	fabulous	sheaf
simmer.	theory	exhaustless
sensation	orifice	generates
subterranean	gauntlet	intervening
eruption	silicious	congeries
languid	silica	superincumbent

—o—

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Alfred Tennyson, born in 1809, present Poet Laureate of England. The remarkable purity of contemporary English poetry, as compared with that of former periods, is largely owing to the influence of his writings, which are singularly chaste and noble. He is unsurpassed in descriptive power and in felicity of expression. In his hands the rugged English tongue becomes an instrument of most delicate harmony, capable of expressing with the utmost nicety the finest shades of thought and sentiment. Like all great bards, he is most truly poet when most truly Catholic. This is notably the case in some of the "Idylls," and in portions of "In Memoriam," which are his greatest poems. It is therefore to be regretted that in one of his later efforts, "Queen Mary," he has allowed the shade of bigotry to dim the brightness of his muse.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light;
 The year is dying in the night:
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;

The year is going — let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Questions:—Who wrote this? What is meant by Poet Laureate? What is the influence of Tennyson's writings on English poetry at the present day? What kind of composition do you call this? What year is dying? Explain first two lines of third stanza. Explain "The faithless coldness of the times." "The narrowing lust of gold."

saps feud redress minstrel civic lust rhymes

BUTTERED ON BOTH SIDES.

ONE winter evening, a country store-keeper in the Green Mountain State was about closing his doors for the night, when, while standing in the snow outside, putting up his window shutters, he saw through the glass a worthless fellow within, take half-a-pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner seen than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few moments found the Green Mountain store-keeper, at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a sort of torture for which he might have gained a premium.

"Stay, Seth!" said the storekeeper, coming in, and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his shoes.

Seth had his hand on the door, and his hat upon his head, and the roll of butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"Seth, we'll have something warm," said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove door and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit. "Without it you'd freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of "something warm" sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes that, while the country grocer sat before him, there was no possibility of his getting out, and right in this very place, sure enough, the storekeeper sat down.

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and he declared he must go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth : come I've got a story to tell you, Seth : sit down now ;" and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh ! it's too hot here," said the petty thief, again attempting to rise.

"I say, Seth, sit down ; I reckon now, on such a night as this, a little something warm wouldn't hurt a fellow ; come, sit down."

"Sit down—don't be in such a plaguy hurry," repeated the grocer, pushing him back in his chair.

"But I've got the cows to fodder, and some wood to split, and I must be off," continued the persecuted pilferer.

"But you mustn't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Sit down ; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool ; you appear to be fidgety," said the roguish grocer, with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum toddy, the very sight of which in Seth's present situation would have made the hair erect upon his head, had it not been oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I'll give you a toast now, and you can *butter* it yourself," said the grocer, yet with an air of such consummate simplicity, that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's—here's Christmas goose, well roasted and basted, eh ? I tell you, Seth, it's the greatest eating in creation. And, Seth, don't you use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste a goose with. Come, take your butter—I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to *smoke* as well as to *melt*, and his mouth was as hermetically sealed up as though he

had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright, with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red-hot furnace before him.

"Very cold night this," said the grocer; "why Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were warm! Why don't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away."

"No!" exclaimed poor Seth at last, with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat, "No! — I must go — let me out — I ain't well — let me go!" A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor fellow's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous Vermonter, "if you *will* go;" adding, as Seth got out into the road, "Neighbor, I reckon the fun I've had out of you is worth ten cents, so I shall not charge you for that half-pound of butter."

COMPOSITION.

Describe the grocer's store, naming as many articles as possible, with the position of each. Give a particular account of the stove and its location. Tell why stoves give so much heat; and why is the heat soon lost.

Questions: — Which is the Green Mountain State? Why so called?

anxious	greasy	spasmodic
lounging	consummate	bolt
facetious	plaguy	hermetically
detected	fidgety	literally
exit	leer	humorous

ERIN'S FLAG.

Rev. Abram J. Ryan unites the characters of priest, poet and orator. The poet's spirit pervades and beautifies his eloquent sermons; the orator's fire flashes through his poems, and religion in the character of the priest gives dignity and inspiration to both. His poems need not be read twice to convince one that they are the true offspring of the muse. Patriotism, sufferings of the "Lost Cause," to which he was devotedly attached; and the sorrows, hopes and resignation of the christian life are the chief subjects of his muse. There is a tinge of romantic sadness in all his reflective verses. Life is a real "vale of tears," and the Christian's longing for heaven is that of a real exile after a once-enjoyed home.

UNROLL Erin's flag! fling its folds to the breeze,
 Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas,
 Lift it out of the dust, let it wave as of yore,
 When its chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore
 That never! no! never, while God gave them life,
 And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
 That never! no! never, that banner should yield
 As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;
 While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
 And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up! wave it high! 'tis as bright as of old!
 Not a stain on its green, nor a blot on its gold
 Though the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
 Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood and with tears!
 Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
 And around it the thunders of tyranny boom,
 Look aloft! look aloft! lo! the cloud's drifting by,
 There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky;
 'Tis the Sunburst resplendent — far, flashing on high,
 Erin's dark night is waning; her day-dawn is nigh.

Lift it up! lift it up! the old banner of green!
 The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen;
 What! though the tyrant has trampled it down,

Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown?
What! though for ages it droops in the dust,
Shall it droop thus forever? No! no! God is just!
Take it up! take it up! from the tyrant's foul tread,
Let him tear the Green Flag, we will snatch its last shred,
And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefathers bled.
And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead,

And we'll swear by the blood which the Briton has shed,
And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread,
And we'll swear by the thousands who, famished, unfed,
Died down in the ditches — wild — howling for bread,
And we'll vow by our heroes whose spirits have fled,
And we'll swear by the bones in each coffinless bed,
That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread!
That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed,
Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we said —
That we'll lift up the Green, and we'll tear down the Red!

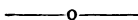
Lift up the Green Flag! oh! it wants to go home;
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam;
It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor furled.
Like a weary-winged bird, to the East and the West
It has flitted and fled; but it never shall rest,
Till, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
And speeds to the shores of its old home again,
When its fetterless folds o'er each mountain and plain
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up! take it up! bear it back from afar,
That Banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war;
Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,
And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die,
And shout to the clans scattered over the earth,
To join in the march to the land of their birth;

And wherever the Exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow and roam,
They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam
They'll sail to the music of "Home, Sweet Home!"

fold	tyranny	weary-winged
yore	waning	pluming
Celt	shred	pinions
wield	wrecks	sword
enshroud	emblazoned	resplendent

Questions: —What names are used instead of Erin? What are clans? Name some Irish clans. Who are the Celts? When did they thus swear around their flag? Give another name for "Erin's Sunburst." What is the meaning of "a gleam through the gloom"? What is a banner's sheen? Mention some deeds of renown that emblazon Erin's banner. What is the meaning of "tyrant's foul tread"? What is a shred? When is a banner in shreds? What is the period called in which people die in "ditches — wild — howling for bread"? How does the bird plume its pinions? What exiles are meant in the last stanza? Where are these exiles found?



GEORGE STEPHENSON.

GEORGE Stephenson and James Watt are the two men to whom we owe much of the spread and comfort of railway travelling. James Watt, a Scotchman, devoted himself to the perfection of the steam-engine; and George Stephenson, the son of a poor engine-tender, succeeded in adapting the steam-engine for locomotion. George was born in 1781, at a mining village called Wylam, on the banks of the Tyne, about eight miles from Newcastle. When George was about eight years old his father removed to another coal mine at Dewley Burn, where George was sent to herd cows, for which he was paid five cents a day. And here we see him, a strong,

bare-legged herd-boy, driving his cows or chasing butterflies, or amusing himself by making water-mills, or even going so far as to model small steam-engines in clay.

In these pursuits we have a glimpse of his genius for mechanics. Often we see that boys take a bent towards what first excites their fancy. Brought up among coal-pits and pumps, and wheels and engines, it was not surprising that his mind should be full of them. He pried into every mechanical contrivance that he came near, and acquired a knack of making things with no other help than an old knife. Leaving farm work, he got employment at Dewley Burn to drive a horse, by which change he had another rise of five cents a day, his wages being now sixty cents a week.

In a short time he went to act as an assistant-fireman to his father at Dewley. While at this occupation he developed a steady character — that was a great point gained. The world is always looking about for steady men, and sometimes it is not easy to get hold of them. George was rigorously sober, and was never so happy as when he was at work; though he took pleasure also, after work-hours, in wrestling, throwing the stone, and other feats of muscular skill. A general favorite for his good-nature and skill at games, George likewise gave satisfaction to his employers, and, being a clever, handy young man, was promoted to the situation of engineman at Newburn. It was an important post, and not without trouble. If the pumps went wrong, he had to go down into the pit, and do his best to set them right by plugging — that is, stuffing any hole or crevice to make them draw; and, if the defect was beyond his power to mend, his duty was to report to the chief engineer.

When the engine was going in excellent trim, and nothing was wrong with the pumps, there was little to do, and there was often time to spare. By way of occupying these idle minutes and hours, George began to model miniature steam-engines in clay, in which he had already some experience. It was a mere amusement, but it helped to fix shapes and proportions in his memory. While so engaged, he was told of engines of a form and character he had never seen. They were not within reach, but were described in books. If he read these, he would learn all about them. But George, though now eighteen years of age, was still ignorant of the alphabet. He clearly saw that unless he learned to read he must certainly stick where he was. So, having made up his mind that he would go to school, cost what it might, he found out a teacher who agreed to give him lessons in the evening, for which Stephenson was to pay him seven cents a week, and by the time he was nineteen he was able to write his name. As there was not much time for arithmetical study during his short school-hours, George got sums set on his slate, which next day he worked out while attending to his engine. And this was all the school education he ever got.

In 1810 an opportunity occurred for George Stephenson to signalize himself. A badly-constructed steam-engine at Killingworth High Pit could not do its work; one engineer after another tried to set it to rights, but all failed; and at last in despair they were glad to let "Georgie" try his hand, though, even with his reputation for cleverness, they did not expect him to succeed. To their mortification and astonishment, he was perfectly successful. He took the engine to pieces, re-arranged it skilfully, and set it to work in the most effectual manner. Besides receiving a present of \$50 for this useful service,

he was placed on the footing of a regular engineer, and was afterwards consulted in cases when the pumps were not working well.

Slowly, inch by inch, he fought his way against poverty and every other discouragement, until, in 1815, the invention of a safety-lamp brought his name before the public.

It was at Killingworth that Stephenson constructed his first locomotive. He was next employed to make a railway between Liverpool and Manchester. That he proposed to work the line with an engine which was to go at the rate of twelve miles an hour was a fact sufficient in itself, people thought, to show how wild and absurd the scheme was. "Twelve miles an hour!" said the *Quarterly Review*—"as well trust one's-self to be fired off on a Congreve rocket!" When the line was completed, the directors offered a prize of \$2,500 for the best locomotive that could be brought forward to compete in running on a certain day. Stephenson won the prize, and his engine was not only remarkable for its speed, but also for the contrivances by which the speed was attained. This was in the year 1829.

And now the tide of fortune, for which Stephenson had worked so hard and waited so long, flowed in abundantly. In 1836, two hundred and fourteen miles of railway, involving a capital of twenty-five millions, were put under his direction; but, in the midst of his immense labors, his heart remained as youthful as ever. In spring he would snatch a day for bird-nesting or gardening, or in autumn to go nutting; and we find him even at this time writing a touching account to his son of a pair of robins. In the autumn of 1845 he visited Spain and Belgium to plan new railways, and on his way home he caught a severe cold, from which he never

thoroughly recovered. He died at his country-seat of Tapton, in 1848, leaving in his life a noble instance of honest purpose and steady determination.

COMPOSITION.

Write a short sketch of Stephenson's life from this

SUMMARY:

James Watt and George Stephenson are the two great improvers of the steam-engine. George Stephenson was born near Newcastle in 1781. His first employment was herding cows at five cents a day. He was always very fond of examining mechanical contrivances, and of making models of them. At the age of thirteen he rose to be assistant-fireman to his father, with the wages of twenty-five cents a day. He was always perfectly steady and rigorously sober. He is promoted to be engineman at Newburn. In his spare time he models miniature steam-engines in clay. He learns to read, and to work sums in arithmetic at the age of eighteen. In 1810 he reconstructs an engine which all other engineers had failed to repair. In 1815 he invents a safety-lamp. In 1821 he constructs his first locomotive. In 1829 he wins a prize of \$2,500 for the best locomotive. He is manager of 214 miles of railway in 1836. He dies in 1848.

pursuits	muscular	effectual
mechanical	trim	accidental
contrivance	miniature	attained
acquired	described	involving
knack	opportunity	thoroughly
rigorously	signalize	purpose

— o —

“MY FATHER'S GROWING OLD.”

MY father's growing old ; his eye
 Looks dimly on the page ;
 The locks that round his forehead lie
 Are silver'd o'er by age ;
 My heart has learn'd too well the tale

Which other lips have told,
His years and strength begin to fail —
“My father’s growing old.”

They tell me, in my youthful years
He led me by his side,
And strove to calm my childish fears,
My erring steps to guide.
But years, with all their scenes of change,
Above us both have roll’d,
I now must guide *his* faltering steps —
“My father’s growing old.”

When sunset’s rosy glow departs,
With voices full of mirth,
Our household band with joyous hearts
Will gather round the hearth.
They look upon his trembling form,
His pallid face behold,
And turn away with chasten’d tones —
“My father’s growing old.”

And when each tuneful voice we raise,
In songs of “long ago,”
His voice which mingles in our lays
Is tremulous and low.
It used to seem a clarion’s tone,
So musical and bold,
But weaker, fainter has it grown —
“My father’s growing old.”

The same fond smile he used to wear
Still wreathes his pale lips now,
But Time with lines of age and care
Has traced his placid brow.
But yet amid the lapse of years
His *heart* has not grown cold,

Though voice and footsteps plainly tell —
 “My father’s growing old.”

My father! thou did’st strive to share
 My joys and calm my fears,
 And now thy child, with grateful care,
 In thy declining years
 Shall smooth thy path, and brighter scenes
 By faith and hope unfold;
 And love thee with a holier love
 Since thou art “growing old.”

Questions:— What is the meaning of:— “his eye looks dimly on the page”? “His locks are silvered o’er by age”? Give the last four lines of first stanza, in your own words. What did father do for me in my youth? What must I do now? What is “sunset’s rosy glow”? When does it depart? Whither do the family then retire? What are “chasten’d tones”? What is said in this whisper? What are “songs of long ago”? “Lays”? “Clarion tones”? What is the meaning of “wreathes his pale lips”? How do father’s voice and footsteps tell he’s “growing old”? Give last stanza in your own words.

locks	glow	pallid	tremulous	wreathes
erring	hearth	chasten’d	fainter	declining

—o—

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PRINCE.

NOT far from Germany lies Switzerland, a small country, but well known in the history of nations. High are the hills there, and they seem to wish to conceal the eternal spring of Italy from the rest of Europe. But, notwithstanding this threatening look, and in spite of the cover of snow which, year after year, clothes them in a wintry dress, there are delightful valleys in their bosom. In one of these hidden valleys there stood, in olden times, an ancient castle on rocky ground, near a lake.

A shepherd-boy, who belonged to the neighboring district, had chosen the declivity that ran opposite the castle down to the lake, as a pasture-ground for his flock. Day after day, during the fine season, he sat on a rock that projected over the water, and made baskets, mats, and cages; often he played sweet airs upon his flute, while his lambs enjoyed the juicy herbs of the Alps. When the sounds of the shepherd's flute resounded so sweetly along the lonely shore, and the silence carried them to the opposite bank, a little window in the old castle was opened every day, and a pale but pleasant face looked out towards the shepherd-boy until twilight came, and the little musician drove his flock homeward. "Who can that poor boy be?" thought the good young shepherd; "why can they have locked him into that ugly castle, for he must be locked in, or he would come out to see me in the open air?"

With these thoughts in his mind, he wandered along the shore towards the castle, and he nodded to the boy with the black curls at the window. But beautiful as the songs were, kind words though he gave, and though he beckoned with all his heart, everything was in vain. The inhabitant of the castle shook his head sadly, and shrugged his shoulders, but he would not come.

"I must see what it is," cried Joseph — that was the shepherd's name — and he wandered on to the castle. He whistled to his faithful dog, and desired him to guard the sheep carefully until his return. He wagged his tail obediently, for he understood every word of his master's, and collected the flock to drive them back to their grazing place.

Joseph soon reached the gate of the castle; but what was his astonishment when he found armed men, with long beards and threatening swords, holding watch there.

Terrified, he was going to creep away; but it was too late. One of the soldiers had noticed him, and laid hold of him. They all began to question him — who he was? whence he came? what he wanted here? The boy was half-dead with terror, but as a good conscience never allows people to be disgraced, he soon recovered himself, and he told them openly what had brought him there.

“How?” cried the one who had caught him—“how? You wished to steal to the prisoner? You shall pay dearly for that; we will put you into a little chamber, where you will lose your curiosity soon enough.”

Saying these words, the soldiers dragged Joseph into the courtyard, and he was just about to be thrown into a dark dungeon, when a gentle voice was heard from an upper window.

“Leave him alone, pray — the poor boy!” cried the little prisoner; “even if you wish to prevent him from coming up to me to lessen my sorrow a little, do not, please, harm him.”

The men were moved to pity — they held a council together: and at last they led Joseph up to his unknown friend, who received him in a splendid room. The golden walls, the marble floor, the many splendors which Joseph saw here for the first time, made him silent, so that he scarcely returned the friendliness of the inhabitant of the castle.

“Don’t be afraid,” said he, “and give me your hand; your songs have given me much pleasure already, and I have great need of more.”

“You cannot be in want of pleasure,” replied Joseph courageously, “for here it is really too beautiful. But who are you?”

“I am an unhappy prince, who has been robbed of his

inheritance by a wicked man. That I might not be able to harm him, he has sent me hither, far, far from my native land. Ah, my fatherland! It lies opposite those high ice mountains, and is called Naples. There, it is never winter, and here I am often so cold! But I have said enough about myself. Come, my new young friend. I will now give you as much for your pleasant music as I can."

The prince took Joseph by the hand, and led him up and down through a row of rooms. One was still more splendid than the other. They were glittering with gold and silver; purple hangings, gay carpets, silken couches, and crystal candlesticks; everything was to be found here. Joseph clasped his hands together with wonder, and thought to himself in secret: "How delightful it would be to live in this castle!" A hundred times he wished himself in the place of the prince, and he could not understand how he could feel sorrowful, when nothing was wanting in this splendid abundance.

With jests and play the hours passed by quickly and unnoticed, till late evening approached, and the prince, although unwillingly, had to remind his friend that they must part. With aching heart Joseph prepared to leave the charming place and his delightful playfellow, after promising many times to return. The sentinels saved him the trouble, and told him when he reached the gate, that he must now stay with the prince, and would never be allowed to leave the castle again.

Who was better pleased than Joseph? who more delighted than the prince, who now had a companion, who seemed willing to share his lot with pleasure, and forget flock, home, and former friends, for this new mode of life? Games, stories, songs, and the sweet melodies of the flute shortened the days, and many of them had

passed before discontent and sadness came into Joseph's heart. The boy, who had always been so lively before, sat now for hours in a corner, while the prince sat in another to lament the sorrow of his friend. A nameless longing had taken possession of the shepherd boy — homesickness — a desire for freedom robbed him of his rest. In vain he rolled about on his silken couches; in vain he tried to be pleased with the glittering toys. Sleep fled from his bed; the toys became disgusting in his sight; the food in the golden dishes made him sick, as well as the wine in the crystal cup. The song of the birds was tiresome; the funny chattering of the parrots he thought absurd; even his flute he would no longer touch, and when he went to the window, looked out into the blue sky, and his glance fell upon the sunny fields or the green surface of the lake, tears came into his eyes. Weeping, he fled from the room; but the noise of arms at the gate reminded him that he was a prisoner in the fortress. The prince consoled him as well as he could, but he could not silence the longing for home.

It happened that the prince fell asleep one afternoon on his couch, and Joseph went to the window once more to cry. Behold! he fancied he saw his flocks grazing on the other side of the lake, his faithful dog seeming to look at him, with tail wagging, as if wishing to call his master over to him. It went to the boy's heart, and some voice within him cried: "Flee, flee quickly! This is the moment, or never!" He yielded to the feeling, and hastened to the door of the room. Then he thought of his young friend: to leave him so was hard. He would see him once more. He went over to his couch. The prince seemed sound asleep; but Joseph, bending down to listen to his breathing, became terrified, for the heart was no longer beating, no breath heaved

his breast; a sweet death had delivered him gently from his sorrows. Joseph rushed into the passage to cry for help, but the court was empty, the gate of the castle was open, and the sentinels had fallen asleep from the sultry heat. The moment was favorable. One more farewell to the departed friend, a short prayer to his Father in heaven, and the shepherd boy stole safely past the soldiers out of the castle.

With hasty steps he had soon reached the spot where the faithful dog watched the flock intrusted to his care, though his poor fare had made him lean. The lambs and their four-footed protector received their long wished for master with the greatest joy; and full of delight to have escaped the prison, Joseph commenced a merry mountain lay. But the prince no longer leaned from the window to listen, and fresh tears to his memory interrupted the shepherd's song. The fresh evening breeze, the murmuring of the lake, and the joyful advances of his flock gave him the purest delight.

His breast grew light as he breathed the fragrant flowers and the pure air; and as he from afar beheld the modest thatched roof of his father's cottage, he shouted aloud with joy; and driving his flock to quicker pace by the sound of his flute, he cried: "Welcome, my father's roof! welcome, valley of my home! How gladly I have left the costly palace to return to thee! Here I find no gold or silver, or precious stones; but free from bars, no longer threatened by the swords of cruel watchmen, I shall enjoy calm peace — I shall be poor but I shall be happy."

NOTES FOR COMPOSITION.

A Swiss shepherd boy used to tend his flocks on the slope of a valley, opposite an old castle. While so doing he often played upon his flute.

A pale-faced boy in the castle window used to listen to him all day. The shepherd wishing to find out who the boy was, wandered one day toward the castle. The soldiers on guard there caught him. They were prevented from harming him by the little boy, at whose request Joseph was led up to his room. The boy was a young prince, imprisoned by his enemy. He showed Joseph his beautiful rooms. Joseph, after playing all day wished to go home, but the soldiers would not let him. Joseph gladly remained, but soon began to sigh for home. One afternoon the prince died. Joseph, alarmed, went to call help, but seeing the door open escaped to his flocks again. He was happy to see his poor home and no longer wished for riches or splendor.

glittering crystal yielded interrupted

—o—

LINES WRITTEN IN RICHMOND CHURCH-YARD.

METHINKS it is good to be here ;
If thou wilt, let us build — but for whom ?

Nor Elias nor Moses appear ;
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to ambition ? Ah, no !
Affrighted, he shrinketh away ;
For, see ! they would pin him below
In a small, narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To beauty ? Ah, no ! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before ;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of pride —
The trappings which dizen the crowd ?
Alas ! they are all laid aside ;

And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To riches ? Alas ! 'tis in vain ;
Who hid, in their turn have been hid ;
The treasures are squandered again ;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which mirth can afford —
The revel, the laugh and the jeer ?
Ah ! here is a plentiful board !
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Unto sorrow ? The dead cannot grieve,
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve !
Ah ! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear —
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here !

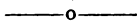
Unto death, to whom monarchs must bow ?
Ah, no ! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow !
Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown !

The first tabernacle to hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise ;
The second to faith, which ensures it fulfilled ;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

methinks	peer	adornment	reveller
encompass	wielded	fringe	trophies
affrighted	frets	shroud	enow
shrinketh	trappings	squandered	tabernacle
begirt	dizzen	tinsel	bequeathed

Questions:—What is ambition? How does all ambition end? What is meant by “the purple of pride”? Relate the parable of the New Testament where “fine purple” is spoken of. Explain “who hid, in their turn have been hid.” How is the worm “a reveller”? Why has death trophies enough? Who is “the Lamb of the great sacrifice”?

Memorize the last stanza, and give it in your own words.



USING THE EYES.

ACCIDENT does very little toward the production of any great result in life. Though what is called “a happy hit” may be made by a bold venture, the old and common highway of steady industry and application is the only safe road to travel. Sedulous attention and painstaking industry always mark the true worker.

The greatest men are not those who “despise the doing of small things,” but those who improve them the most carefully. Michael Angelo was one day explaining to a visitor at his studio, what he had been doing to a statue since his previous visit. “I have retouched this part, polished that, softened this feature, brought out that muscle, given some expression to this lip, and more energy to that limb.” “But these are trifles,” remarked the visitor. “It may be so,” replied the sculptor, “but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.” So it was said of Nicholas Poussin, the painter, that the rule of his conduct was, “whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well;” and when asked, later in life, by a friend, by what means he had gained so high a reputation among the painters of Italy, he emphatically answered: “Because I have neglected nothing.”

Although there are discoveries which are said to

have been made by accident, if carefully inquired into it will be found that there has really been very little that was accidental about them. For the most part, these so-called accidents have only been opportunities carefully improved by genius.

The fall of the apple at Newton's feet has often been quoted in proof of the accidental character of some discoveries. But Newton's whole mind had already been devoted for years to the laborious and patient investigation of the subject of gravitation; and the circumstance of the apple falling before his eye was suddenly apprehended only as genius could apprehend it, and served to flash upon him the brilliant discovery then bursting on his sight.

The difference between men consists, in a great measure, in the intelligence of their observation. The Russian proverb says of the non-observant man: "He goes through the forest and sees no firewood." "The wise man's eyes are in his head," says Solomon; "but the fool walketh in darkness."

"Sir," said Johnson, on one occasion, to a fine gentleman, just returned from Italy, "some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage than others in the tour of Europe." It is the mind that sees as well as the eye.

Many, before Galileo, had seen a suspended weight swing before their eyes with a measured beat; but he was the first to detect the value of the fact. One of the vergers, in the cathedral at Pisa, after replenishing with oil a lamp which hung from the roof, left it swinging to and fro; and Galileo, then a youth of only eighteen, noting it attentively, conceived the idea of applying it to the measurement of time.

Fifty years of study and labor, however, elapsed before he completed the invention of his pendulum,—

an invention the importance of which, in the measurement of time, and in astronomical calculations, can scarcely be overvalued.

While Sir Samuel Brown was occupied in studying the construction of bridges, with the view of contriving one of a cheap description to be thrown across the Tweed, near which he lived, he was walking in his garden one dewy autumn morning, when he saw a tiny spider's net suspended across his path. The idea immediately occurred to him that a bridge of iron ropes or chains might be constructed in like manner, and the result was the invention of his Suspension Bridge.

So James Watt, when consulted about the mode of carrying water by pipes under the Clyde, along the unequal bed of the river, turned his attention, one day, to the shell of a lobster presented at table; and from that model he invented an iron tube, which, when laid down, was found effectually to answer the purpose.

Sir Isambard Brunel took his first lessons in forming the Thames Tunnel from the tiny ship-worm. He saw how the little creature perforated the wood with its well armed head, first in one direction and then in another, till the archway was complete, and then daubed over the roof and sides with a kind of varnish; and by copying this work exactly on a large scale, Brunel was at length enabled to accomplish his great engineering work.

So trifling a matter as the sight of sea-weed floating past his ship, enabled Columbus to quell the mutiny which arose amongst the sailors at not discovering land, and to assure them that the eagerly sought New World was not far off.

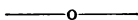
It is the close observation of little things which is the secret of success in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit in life. Though many of these facts and

observations seemed in the first instance to have but slight significance, they are all found to have their eventual uses, and to fit into their proper places.

sedulous	gravitation	observant
investigation	genius	vergers

COMPOSITION.

Write a short sketch of this lesson, and give any other examples **you** may know of.



THE PICKET OF THE POTOMAC.

“**A**LL quiet along the Potomac,” they say,
 “Except now and then a stray picket

Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,

By a rifleman hid in the thicket.”

’Tis nothing — a private or two now and then

Will not count in the tale of the battle;

Not an officer lost — only one of the men

Breathing out all alone the death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,

Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,

Their tents in the ray of the clear autumn moon,

And the light of the watch fires gleaming.

A tremulous sigh from the gentle night wind

Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping,

While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,

Keep watch while the army is sleeping.

There’s only the sound of the lone sentry’s tread,

As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,

And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed

Far away in the hut on the mountain.

His musket falls slack ; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother, — may heaven defend her !

The moon seems to shine as serenely as then,
That night when the love, yet unspoken,
Lingered long on his lips, and when low murmured vows
Were pledged, never more to be broken.
Then, drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes the tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary ;
Yet onward he glides through the broad belt of light,
Towards the shade of a forest so dreary.
Hark ! Was it the night wind that rustled the leaves ?
Is it moonlight so suddenly flashing ?
It looked like a rifle — “ Ha ! Mary, good night ! ”
His life-blood is ebbing and dashing.

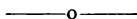
All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river ;
But the dew falls unseen on the face of the dead —
The picket's off duty for ever.

COMPOSITION.

Write an account of the death of a picket, from the following summary : War is declared ; the regular troops go to the front but are insufficient ; volunteers are called for, but still the enemy's advance is not checked. A draft is ordered. (What is a draft ? describe it). A father of a family is drawn ; having no substitute he is compelled to serve. He is put on picket duty ; tell what the duty of a picket is. One moonlight night while pacing his rounds he thinks of his family ; he forgets himself, and steps within the enemy's range. Suddenly he

recollects himself, but too late; a hostile sentry has seen him and fired; he falls, breathing the names of his loved ones. Tell some of the sufferings caused by war.

rifleman	picket	serenely	lagging
Potomac	beat	roughly	glides
gleaming	glittering	welling	rustled
tremulous	trundle-bed	blasted	flashing



THE UNKNOWN PAINTER.

MURILLO, the celebrated artist of Seville, often found on the canvas of his pupils unfinished sketches bearing marks of rare genius. They were executed during the night, and he was utterly unable to conjecture the author.

One morning the pupils had arrived at the studio before him, and were grouped before an easel, uttering exclamations of surprise, when Murillo entered. His astonishment was equal to theirs on finding an unfinished head of the Blessed Virgin, of exquisite outline, with many touches of surpassing beauty. He appealed first to one and then to another of the young gentlemen, to see if any one of them would lay claim to it; but each returned a sorrowful negative. "He who has left this tracery will one day be master of us all," cried they.

"Sebastian," said Murillo to a youthful slave that stood trembling by, "who occupies this studio at night?" "No one but myself, senior." "Well, take your station here to-night; and if you do not inform me of the mysterious visitant to this room, thirty lashes shall be your reward on the morrow." The slave bowed in quiet submission, and retired.

That night he threw his mattress before the easel, and

slept soundly until the clock struck three. He then sprang from his couch and exclaimed: "Three hours are my own, the rest are my master's!" He seized a palette and took his seat at the frame, to erase the work of the preceding night. With brush in hand he paused before making the fatal stroke. "I cannot, oh, I cannot, erase it!" said he; "rather let me finish it!"

He went to work: a little coloring here, a touch there, a soft shade there; and thus three hours rolled unheeded by. A slight noise caused him to look up. Murillo with his pupils stood around! The sunshine was peering brightly through the casement, while yet the taper burned.

Again he was a slave. His eyes fell beneath the students' eager gaze.

"Who is your master, Sebastian?" "You, senior."—"Your drawing-master, I mean!" "You, senior."—"I have never given you lessons." "No, but you gave them to these young gentlemen, and I heard them."—"Yes, you have done better; you have profited by them.—Does this boy deserve punishment, or reward, my dear pupils?" "Reward, senior," was the quick response.—"What shall it be?"

One suggested a suit of clothes, another a sum of money; but no chord was touched in the captive's bosom. One said, "The master feels kindly to-day; ask your freedom, Sebastian." He sank on his knees, and lifting his eyes to his master's face, said: "The freedom of my father!"

Murillo was touched, and said: "Your pencil shows that you have talent; your request, that you have heart. *You* are no longer a slave; *your father* is a free man. Happy Murillo! I have not only painted—I have made a painter."

There may still be seen in classic Italy, in its convents and its churches, many beautiful specimens from the pencils of Murillo and Sebastian.

COMPOSITION.

Give all the questions and answers found in this lesson.

Describe the scene between the son and father when young Murillo announced freedom to his beloved parent.

What Church is the true patroness of painting?

Do you know of any painters the Church has encouraged?

genius	grouped	appealed	palette
conjecture	exquisite	mysterious	chord

— o —

THE KNIGHT'S TOAST.

THE feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
 In lordly cup is seen to shine
 Before each eager guest;
 And silence fills the crowded hall,
 As deep as when the herald's call
 Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
 And smiling cried: "A toast! a toast!
 To all our ladies fair!
 Here, before all, I pledge the name
 Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame,—
 The Lady Gundamere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprang,
 And joyous was the shout that rang,
 As Stanley gave the word;
 And every cup was raised on high,
 Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
 Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head ;
 "That all may have their due,
Now each, in turn, must play his part,
And pledge the lady of his heart,
 Like gallant knight and true !"

Then, one by one, each guest sprang up,
Each drained in turn the brimming cup,
 And named the loved one's name ;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
 Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise ;
On him are fixed those countless eyes ; —
 A gallant knight is he ;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far famed in lady's bower and hall, —
 The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
Lifted the sparkling cup on high :
 "I drink to *one*," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
 Till memory be dead ;

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,
 So holy 'tis and true ;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
 Than any pledged by you."

Each guest up started at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,

With fury flashing eye ;
 And Stanley said : " We crave the name,
 Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
 Whose love you count so high."

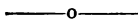
St. Leon paused, as if he would
 Not breathe her name in careless mood,
 Thus lightly to another ;
 Then bent his noble head, as though
 To give that word the reverence due,
 And gently said — "My Mother!"

brimming	gallant	crave	reverence
loyal	constancy	peerless	mood

COMPOSITION.

A large, spacious hall. Tables beautifully decorated. Silver goblets with flashing wine before each guest. The host proposes "to the health of the fair ladies." Each knight in turn speaks the praises of his love, without hurting his neighbors' feelings. At length the finest looking of the knights stands to propose a toast. He says so many grand things of the lady he loves that the other knights become jealous. "Who can deserve such praise?" say they all. The noble knight continues his praises, and finally says :

"For you brave knights, go, love another ;
 My fondest, truest love's for 'Mother.'"



THE RISING TIDE.

HOPE and Cross remained some time quite absorbed in examining the form of the rock and the creatures within it. Hope was in the act of breaking off some small bits to carry home with him, when Cross suddenly gave a loud shout, calling out : "The Lord have mercy on us! I forgot the tide, and here it comes!"

Hope turned towards the sea, and saw a stream of,

water running at a rapid pace, and covering the sandy creek, where the eels had been found. Not aware of the danger, he said very quietly: "Oh, so it does; I suppose we had better be off!"

"If we can," said Cross. "By passing the rock, we may yet be in time." He looked rather pale as he spoke; and Hope, seeing his alarm, hastened to follow him. For the moment, Cross ceased speaking; he scrambled up the rocks, and began walking as rapidly as he could across them, towards the nearest shore; but the pace was necessarily slow, for the roughness in some parts, and the slipperiness in others, obliged them to pick their steps. The numberless chasms, which had been a source of amusement an hour before, now served still further to retard their progress, for they were forced to make many a detour to get past them. At last they reached the highest point, and could see before them.

"Thank God!" said Cross, "the land is not yet covered! But we must run for it."

The sand was, in fact, still visible; but small lines of blue water could be seen marking and breaking the surface.

They hastened on, Hope looking at these lines, which seemed rapidly to increase in breadth; but he was soon obliged to keep his eyes on the ground, for, in looking up, he had placed his foot on a bunch of weed, slipped, fell, and got a severe shake, besides cutting his hands.

In three minutes more, however, they were at the edge of the sand; but when they reached it they saw that it was now in stripes, the water in sheets.

"We shall do yet," said Cross, "for here is a girl before us." He began to run rapidly, and Hope followed. They proceeded thus for about two hundred yards,

when they saw coming hastily towards them the little girl, who turned out to be the same from whom Hope had bought the crabs. She reached them before they had advanced many more paces; and as she ran she called out something, which they could not at first understand, for she was so much out of breath.

When she was close to them, they could distinguish that she said: "The wave! the wave! it is coming! Turn! turn and run or we are lost!"

They did turn; and they saw, far out to sea, a large wave rolling towards the shore. Tired as they were, they yet increased their speed as they retraced their steps towards the rocks they had just left.

The little girl passed them, and led the way; the two friends strained every nerve to keep pace with her, for, as they neared the rock, the wave still rolled on: the sand became gradually covered, and during their last ten steps they were up to their knees in water, but they were on the rock.

"Quick! quick!" said the girl; "there is the passage to cross; and if the second wave comes, we shall be too late."

She ran on for a hundred yards, till she came to a crack in the rock, six or seven feet wide, along which the water was rushing like a mill sluice.

"We are lost!" said the girl. "I cannot cross it; it will carry me away!"

"Is it deep?" asked Cross.

"Not very," she said; "but it is too strong!"

Cross lifted the girl in his arms, for he was a strong, big man, and plunged into the stream, which was up to his waist. With a few strides he was across, and set the girl down. He then held on by the rock, and stretched out his hand to Hope, who was following like an

experienced wader, taking very short steps, and with his legs well stretched out, to prevent his being swept away by the force of the water. Hope grasped the hand thus held out to him, and in another second the two friends were standing by the girl.

"That is tremendous!" said Hope. "If I had not seen it, I never would have believed it!"

"It is indeed," said Cross; "and in winter, or in stormy weather, the tide-wave comes in with far greater force than the one we have just seen."

"Come on! come on!" cried the girl, as she again led the way to the higher point of light-colored rock, which Hope had remarked in the morning. When they had reached it she said: "We are safe now!" and kneeling down, she returned thanks to God for their deliverance.

After a few minutes thus spent, the girl smilingly looked up to Cross. "Thank you," said she, "for lifting me over! I could not have crossed alone. And," she continued, "the second wave has come, and it is all water now!"

The friends looked; all around them was the wide sea. They were on an island, which each moment became less; and this island was three quarters of a mile from the shore.

"I am afraid, sir, you will be cold!" said the little girl. "We are quite safe here, for this point is always above water, except in a storm; but we shall have to remain here three or four hours before we can go to the shore."

"Cold or hot," said Cross, "we may be thankful we are here! But what made you forget the tide, for you must know the coast so well?"

"I did not forget it," she said; "but I feared you would be drowned, as you are strangers, and I thought I should

be in time to tell you; but I was too late, and the wave came!"

"And did you risk your own life to save ours?" said Hope, the tears starting into his eyes.

"I thought that at any rate I should get here," she replied. "As you are strangers, I knew you would not know that it is always dry here; and on the strand you would be lost: so I came to help you; for the gentleman was kind, and gave me a good price for my crabs. So I hoped I should be in time to warn you, but I was very nearly too late!"

Hope took the little girl in his arms, and kissed her. "We owe you our lives, brave little girl!" he said. "I thank you in the meantime, and hope to do more for you hereafter! I wonder what she would most like in the world?"

"Ask her," said Cross. Hope did so.

"To have a dress," she said, "just like the one Angela's sister had on last Sunday."

* * * *

"You must bring Angela to see us to-morrow, and she will help us to get the dress we have promised."

"Oh, happy, happy day!" she said. "Angela will be so pleased."

"If ever we get ashore," said Hope; for a wave at that moment rolled past, and the waters began to run along the little platform they were sitting on. They all rose, and mounted on the rocky points, where they clustered, supporting one another. Another wave came: it appeared only like a ripple; but when they looked down, the water was a foot deep where they had previously been seated. There was silence for awhile. Another wave came: the water was within six inches of their feet.

"It is a terribly high tide," said the girl; "but if we hold together we shall not be washed away."

Hope's face was towards the shore. "There are a great many people on the point," he said. "It is always a comfort to know that our fellow-beings take an interest in us; and I suppose those people are watching us."

The little girl turned to look. The faint sound of a cheer was heard, and they could see the people on shore wave their hats and handkerchiefs.

"They think the tide has turned," she said; "and they are shouting to cheer us."

She was right; the tide had turned. Another wave came and wet their feet: but when it had passed, the water had fallen, and in five minutes more the platform was again dry.

It was dark before the tide had receded far enough to admit of their wading across the sands to the shore.

NOTES FOR COMPOSITION.

Hope and Cross while examining the rocks on the sea-side are caught by the tide. They turn to go inland, but the frequent chasms impede their progress. While crossing the sands they meet a little girl. She points out a big wave rushing in. They run back to the high rocks. Cross has to lift the child and wade through the tide. They are now surrounded by water. The girl tells why she followed them. They see a great many people gathering on the shore. The tide at last turns and they escape at dark.

Memorize :—

Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home:

Lead thou me on !

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant way: one step's enough for me.

absorbed

chasms

stretched

clustered

scrambled

stripes

tremendous

previously

AN APRIL DAY.

Geoffrey Chaucer (1328-1400) is called the Father of English Poetry. He is the first great author in our literature whose diction approaches the genius of our language. The Anglo-Saxon element in his speech takes a more modern form; the grammatical construction is vastly ahead of even the prose of his time in its likeness to later English; rhyme and metre are introduced and wonderfully perfected; so that a modern reader, by a little attention to the final accented *e*, and *ed* of verbs, will find that his verse reads with great smoothness and harmony. His greatest poem, "Canterbury Tales," a series of narratives by a company of pilgrims to Canterbury, is a picture-gallery of the manners of the 14th century.

ALL day the low-hung clouds have dropt
Their garnered fulness down;
All day that soft gray mist hath wrapt
Hill, valley, grove, and town.
There has not been a sound to-day
To break the calm of nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life, or living creature:
Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly lowing;—
I could have half believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.
I stood to hear—I love it well,
The rain's continuous sound:
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground;
For leafy thickness is not yet
Earth's naked breast to screen,
Though every dripping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.
Sure, since I looked at early morn,
Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs;

That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
 The milk-white flowers revealing ;
 E'en now, upon my senses first
 Methinks their sweets are stealing.
 The very earth, the steamy air
 Are all with fragrance rife ;
 And grace and beauty everywhere
 Are flushing into life.
 Down, down they come — those fruitful stores !
 Those earth-rejoicing drops !
 A momentary deluge pours,
 Then thins, decreases, stops ;
 And ere the dimples on the stream
 Have circled out of sight,
 Lo ! from the West a parting gleam
 Breaks forth, of amber light.
 But yet behold — abrupt and loud
 Comes down the glittering rain :
 The farewell of a passing cloud,
 The fringes of her train.

garnered	honeysuckle	ere	abrupt
continuous	cleaving	amber	fringes

Questions:—What is the "garnered fulness" of the clouds? What has been wrapt by the mist? What kind of day has it been? Name various sounds unheard. What cattle low? What might one have *almost* believed? Why did you stand? To hear what? How did the rain fall? When is earth screened by leaves? How have the honeysuckle buds grown in a single day? What are "shoots of tender green"? What are "cleaving cones"? Show me the shape of a cone. Make a cone with a slip of paper. How are the "milk-white flowers revealed"? Through what sense does the odor of flowers steal upon us? When does the air appear steamy? Explain the term "rife." Use it in three or four sentences. Name six creatures rejoiced by rain falling. What is a "momentary deluge"? What are dimples? What are dimples on baby's face? To what does Chaucer compare "glittering rain"? What is a train? How is rain like the fringes of a train? Name four places in sacred history where rain is mentioned.

NOBLE REVENGE.

A YOUNG officer had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, full of personal dignity, and distinguished for his courage. The inexorable laws of military discipline forbade the injured soldier any practical redress. In a tumult of indignation, the soldier said to the officer that he would make him repent it.

Some weeks after this a partial action took place. The armies are facing each other. But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on; in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy's hands, must be recaptured at any price. A strong party has volunteered for the service; there is a cry for somebody to head them; you see a soldier step out from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership; the party moves rapidly forward; in a few minutes it is swallowed up from your eyes in clouds of smoke; for one half-hour from behind those clouds you receive hieroglyphic reports of bloody strife, fierce, repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry and exulting hurrahs, advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling.

All is over: the redoubt has been recaptured. Crimsoned with glorious gore, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to return. From the river you see it ascending. The plume-crested officer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what once was a flag; whilst with his right hand he seizes that of the leader. They pause! This soldier, this officer, who are they? Reader, once before they stood face to face — once again they meet. As one who recovers a

brother whom he has accounted dead, the officer springs forward, throws his arms round the neck of the soldier and kisses him, as if he were some martyr glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning : while on *his* part, the soldier, stepping back, and carrying his open hand through the beautiful motion of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer — an answer which effaced for ever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even whilst for the last time alluding to it : “Sir,” said he, “I told you before that I would *make you repent it.*”

Questions :— What led to the ill feeling between the young officer and the soldier? How was the soldier prevented from retaliating? What did he say to the officer? What occasion soon arose for a display of courage on the part of the soldier? What is a *redoubt*? What did the soldier volunteer to do? What is meant by “hieroglyphic report”? What success attended the enterprise? How did the officer welcome back the conquering party? What took place when the officer and soldier again faced each other? How long did this hesitation last? How did the officer show his appreciation of the soldier's bravery? How did the soldier return this acknowledgment? How may we best *make one repent* of any indignity he may have offered us?

COMPOSITION.

Write an account of the incident related above, in your own words, from the following outline : A young officer strikes a private soldier. The soldier, prevented by discipline from retaliating, says he will make his superior repent it. A short time after the army is attacked ; a redoubt has to be recaptured ; a soldier steps forward to lead those who volunteer ; they charge, capture and hold ; when relieved and returning they meet an officer who salutes the victors. Suddenly he stops, he recognizes in the leader the soldier whom he had struck ; the latter advances and accepts the hand offered him, saying, “I told you I would make you repent it.” Give the Scriptural text in which the doctrine of forgiveness of injuries is inculcated.

irritation
redress

redoubt
fragments

inexorable
action

ANALYSIS.

APPLICATION OF RULES FOR AGREEABLE EXPRESSION.

"Pay close attention to the emotions or feelings the selection suggests."

"Give due attention to the vocal tones called for by the selection."

What are the chief emotions suggested by "Noble Revenge"?

(a) INTEREST, by the narration of fact contained in the sentence:

"A young officer had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, **FULL OF PERSONAL DIGNITY, AND DISTINGUISHED FOR HIS COURAGE.**"

The capitalized words add to the sense of injustice committed, and must therefore have special stress placed upon them.

(b) SELF-COMMAND, as required by the fact that "The inexorable laws of military discipline forbade the injured soldier any practical redress."

This entire sentence should be read in a half subdued, but equally sustained tone throughout.

(c) In a louder, but equally sustained tone, increased in strength towards the end, proceed :

"In a tumult of indignation, the soldier said to his officer that **HE WOULD MAKE HIM REPENT IT.**"

The next few lines being a mere connection to the narrative, may be read in a monotone.

(d) A renewal of interest is created in the next paragraph, where it is related that :

"Some weeks after this a partial action took place. **THE ARMIES ARE FACING EACH OTHER.** But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on; in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for **A DESPERATE SERVICE.** A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy's hands, **MUST BE RECAPTURED AT ANY PRICE.** A strong party has volunteered for the service; there is a cry for somebody to head them; you see a soldier step out from the ranks to assume **THIS DANGEROUS LEADERSHIP;** the party moves rapidly forward; **IN A FEW MINUTES IT IS SWALLOWED UP IN CLOUDS OF SMOKE;** for one half-hour from behind those clouds you receive hieroglyphic reports of **BLOODY STRIFE,** *fierce, repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry and exulting hurrahs, advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling.*"

In the paragraph given above, the first sentence should be read in a

conversational tone. The second, capitalized, should be read slowly, very distinctly, and a prolonged pause follow before proceeding:

"But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on;" which should be spoken in a free, easy tone, to be followed in the same tone by:

"In the course of which, however," followed by, uttered rapidly:

"An occasion suddenly arises;" and in an emphatic tone, and considerable force:

"for A DESPERATE SERVICE."

Continuing in an interesting, talkative tone, proceed to:

"MUST BE RECAPTURED AT ANY PRICE," to be read as the previous phrase.

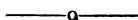
The same holds true of capitalized phrases following.

The description of the signals, *italicized*, should be given rapidly, with some slight pause between each signal.

Thus we realize other rules suggested for EXPRESSIVE READING, viz.:

"Lay special stress on those points that are to attract the attention of an audience."

"The reading should be accelerated or retarded, the volume of voice increased or diminished, to express the progress of thought or sentiment, or to conform to the requirements of imitative harmony."



THE FOUNTAIN.

INTO the sunshine,
Full of light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower like
When the winds blow;

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
 Blithesome and cheery,
 Still climbing heavenward,
 Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
 Still seeming best;
 Upward or downward,
 Motion, thy rest;

Full of a nature
 Nothing can tame,
 Changed every moment —
 Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
 Ceaseless content,
 Darkness or sunshine
 Thy element.

Glorious fountain,
 Let my heart be
 Fresh, changeful, constant,
 Upward, like thee!

COMPOSITION.

Paraphrase "The Fountain," after the following:

The fountain gushes from morn till eve in the clear sunshine. Its waters, when shone upon by the moon's borrowed light, seem whiter than snow, and while the winds blow, the expanded waters look like outspread branches. All through the hours our fountain is happy and gay; its spray has a pretty glare, and being ever in motion, the fountain never seems weary or fatigued. All weather suits it, and its very motion affords it rest. Nothing can keep down the fountain, and though its waters are ever changing, the spring remains the same. We, like the fountain, must do our duty, unchangingly, and like the spring too, we must ever move upward, onward, and do good to all men.

spray

blithesome

aweary

element

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

WHEN I went on deck, on the morning after our departure, we were in the narrow strait between the islands of Mageroe — the northern extremity of which forms the North Cape — and the mainland. On either side, the shores of bare, bleak rock, spotted with patches of moss and stunted grass, rose precipitously from the water, the snow filling up their ravines from the summit to the sea. Not a tree, nor a shrub, nor a sign of human habitation was visible; there was no fisher's sail on the lonely waters, and only the cries of some sea-gulls, wheeling about the cliffs, broke the silence.

The sea and fiords are alive with fish, which are not only a means of existence, but of profit to the Laplanders, while the wonderful Gulf Stream, which crosses five thousand miles of the Atlantic to die upon this Ultima Thule in a last struggle with the Polar Sea, casts up the spoils of tropical forests to feed their fires. Think of Arctic fishers burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco.

On issuing from the strait, we turned southward into the great fiord which stretches nearly a hundred miles into the heart of Lapland. Its shores are high and mountainous hills, half covered with snow, and barren of vegetation except patches of grass and moss. If once wooded, the trees have long since disappeared, and now nothing can be more bleak and desolate. Running along under the eastern shore, we exchanged the dreadful monotony through which we had been sailing, for more rugged and picturesque scenery.

Before us rose a wall of dark cliff, from five to six hundred feet in height, gaping here and there with sharp

clefts or gashes, as if it had cracked in cooling, after the primeval fires. As we approached the end of the promontory which divides the fiords, the rocks became more abrupt and violently shattered. Huge masses, fallen from the summit, lined the base of the precipice, which was hollowed into cavernous arches, the home of myriads of sea-gulls.

Far to the North the sun lay in a bed of saffron light, over the clear horizon of the Arctic Ocean. A few bars of dazzling orange cloud floated above him; and, still higher in the sky, where the saffron melted through delicate rose color into blue, hung light wreaths of vapor, touched with pearly, opaline flushes of pink and golden gray. The sea was a web of pale slate color, shot through and through with threads of orange and saffron, from the dancing of a myriad of shifting and twinkling ripples.

The air was filled and permeated with the soft, mysterious glow, and even the very azure of the southern sky seemed to shine through a net of golden gauze. The headlands of this deeply indented coast lay around us, in different degrees of distance, but all with foreheads touched with supernatural glory. Far to the North-east was the most northern point of the mainland of Europe, gleaming rosy and faint in the full beams of the sun, and, just as our watches denoted midnight, the North Cape appeared to the westward — a long line of purple bluff, presenting a vertical cone of nine hundred feet in height to the Polar Sea.

Midway between these two magnificent headlands stood the MIDNIGHT SUN, shining on us with subdued fires, and with the gorgeous coloring of an hour, for which we have no name, since it is neither sunset nor sunrise, but the blended loveliness of both — but

shining, at the same moment, in the heat and splendor of noonday, on the Pacific Isles. This was the Midnight Sun as I had dreamed it — as I had hoped to see it.

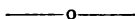
We ran out under the northern headland, which again charmed us with a glory peculiarly its own. Here the colors were a part of the substance of the rock, and the sun but heightened and harmonized their tones. The huge projecting masses of pale yellow had a mellow gleam, like golden chalk; behind them were cliffs, violet in shadow; broad strata of soft red, tipped on the edges with vermilion; thinner layers, which shot up vertically to the height of four or five hundred feet, and striped the splendid sea-wall with lines of bronze, orange, brown, and dark red, while great rents and breaks interrupted these marvellous frescos with their dashes of uncertain gloom.

I have seen many wonderful aspects of nature, in many lands, but rock painting such as this I never beheld. A part of its effects may have been owing to atmospheric conditions, which must be rare, even in the North; but, without such embellishments, I think the sight of this coast will nobly repay any one for continuing his voyage beyond Hammerfest. We lingered on deck, as point after point revealed some change in the dazzling diorama, uncertain which was finest, and whether something still grander might not be in store. But the North-east wind blew keenly across the Arctic Ocean, and we were both satisfied and fatigued enough to go to bed. It was the most northern point of our voyage, about $71^{\circ} 20'$, which is further north than I ever was before, or wish to be again.

Questions: — Point out the Straits of Magellan. Tell me anything you know about the Gulf Stream. What is meant by the "Ultima

Thule"? Mention some fiord. What sort of a country is Lapland? What is meant by rock painting? Where is Hammerfest? Point out 71° 20' N. on the map.

precipitously	saffron	blended	atmospheric
issuing	opaline	harmonized	embellishments
vegetation	ripples	strata	lingered
bleak	permeated	vermilion	diorama
primeval	azure	layers	gorgeous
abrupt	subdued	marvellous.	dazzling



ANTONY CANOVA, THE SCULPTOR.

IT was in the little village of Possagno, in the Venetian territory, that Canova first saw the light of day. Falieri, the senator, was lord of this village. One day he gave a great dinner, and there was served up to his guests the image of a lion beautifully formed in butter. This unexpected dish gave as much surprise to the senator as to his numerous guests. He ordered his cook to come upstairs, that he might congratulate him in presence of the party, so much pleased was he with the marvellous work of art. The cook was introduced into the banqueting hall, and was so overwhelmed with congratulations that the tears came into his eyes.

"You weep for joy?" said his master to him.

"No, my lord," he replied; "it is through despair at not having executed the work of art which is the object of so much admiration."

"I should like to make the artist's acquaintance," said the senator.

The cook withdrew, assuring his master that his wish would be gratified; and in a few minutes returned, leading the artist. He was a little peasant boy, about ten

years old, meanly clad, for his parents were poor. Needy as they were, however, these worthy people had exposed themselves to great straits, rather than deny to their son lessons in the art of sculpture, which a professor had undertaken to give for a very moderate fee.

Antony Canova had early exhibited a strong faculty for statuary. He modelled clay when he could get it, and, with the help of his knife, carved little figures out of all the chips of wood he could lay his hands on. His parents were acquainted with Senator Falieri's cook, who, on the morning of the great dinner, told them of the difficulty he had in giving a graceful finish to the table. He had exhausted all the resources of his skill and imagination; but he still wanted one of those effective dishes, capable of producing a great sensation, which rear on a solid basis the reputation of the cook of a great house. The little Canova thought for a minute, and then said: "Do not trouble yourself; I will soon come to you. Leave it to me, and I will answer for it that your table will be complete." The boy went as he had promised to the senator's house, showed the cook the design of the figure which he intended to execute, answered for the success of the trial, and cut the block of butter, with that purity of imagination and perfect taste which he afterwards displayed in cutting blocks of marble. Surprised as the guests had been by the work, they were much more so when they beheld the workman. He was loaded with attentions, and from this time forth, Falieri was the patron of young Canova.

The happy issue of the first attempt of the little peasant boy suddenly made his name famous, and opened up for him the road to permanent success. Falieri placed him as a pupil in the studio of old Torretti, the best sculptor of the time. Two years after — that

is to say, when Canova was only twelve years of age — he sent his patron a gift of two marble fruit baskets of his own workmanship, which still adorn the Falieri palace at Venice.

You will learn elsewhere the claims of this great artist to the admiration of posterity. All the Academies of Europe solicited the honor of enrolling him among their members. Kings, even vied with one another in enriching their national museums with the beautiful products of his genius. He was elected Prince-perpetual of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome — a title conferred on no other artist since his death. The funeral ceremony with which his remains were honored was the grandest which had ever occurred in connection with the fine arts since the death of Raphael.

NOTES FOR COMPOSITION.

Falieri was lord of the village in which Canova was born. One day his guests were surprised at dinner by the skilful carving of a lion in butter. The cook was questioned, and brought in the artist, who was a poor peasant boy only ten years old. He used to practise cutting in wood and clay. Falieri's cook wanted a centre piece for the dinner. Canova offered to provide one, and so cut the lion in butter. This made his fortune. Falieri placed him at school. Canova was honored by all the Academies of Europe. (What is an Academy?) He had the grandest funeral since the death of Raphael.

Memorize: — "The more those ages which reared our monuments were distinguished for piety and faith, the more striking are those monuments for grandeur and elevation of character."

guests	gratified	imagination
congratulate	congratulations	surprised
acquaintance	admiration	sensation
banqueting	straits	permanent
overwhelming	modelled	museums

OLD TIMES.

Gerald Griffin, a distinguished novelist and dramatist of the present century, was born in the city of Limerick, in 1803. At an early age, when his talents were winning him fame and popularity in London, whither he had repaired, as he pleasantly expresses it in one of his letters, "with the modest desire of rivalling Scott and throwing Shakespeare into the shade," he suddenly withdrew from the path of literature, and became a devoted Brother of the Christian Schools, in which sphere of usefulness he died, in 1840, at the early age of 37. Some of Griffin's novels, and especially "The Collegians," "Suil Dhu," "Tracy's Ambition," and "Tales of the Five Senses," are equal to any thing of the kind in our language. His great historical novel of "The Invasion" contains a mine of antiquarian research. His tragedy of "Gisippus" holds one of the first places in the modern drama. As a poet Griffin was also eminently successful.

OLD times! old times! the gay old times!

When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes,
Under the sally tree ;
My Sunday palm beside me placed,
My cross upon my hand,
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land!
Old times! old times!

It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale,
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale!
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loiter'd there ;
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge care,
Old times! old times!

I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain,

To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love, and love in vain ;
To feel a pang and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes,
To like my own unhappy isle,
And sing the gay old times !
Old times ! old times !

And sure the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still ;
The flowers are springing where we ranged,
There's sunshine on the hill ;
The sally waving o'er my head
Still sweetly shades my frame,
But ah, those happy days are fled,
And I am not the same !
Old times ! old times !

Oh, come again, ye merry times !
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm ;
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes
My tears would flow in vain ;
If I could waste my heart in sighs
They'd never come again !
Old times ! old times !

COMPOSITION.

In the old times I was free from care; I sat under the sally tree to hear the church bells; my heart was at rest. My fortune has been fairly good, but my cheek is paled ; whenever I think of the valley in which I lived, I feel sad. I am wiser now than then, but I have learned through bitter experience. I have felt joy as well as pain; that friendship often fails; that those I love may abandon me. I have travelled, but find no place like home. I return, to find the land the same: birds still singing, flowers still budding, and my old sally tree still there to

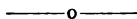
welcome me,—nothing has changed save myself. 'Tis vain trying to recall those days; weeping is of no avail, and sighing useless.

Questions:—Where is the city of Limerick? What is it celebrated for? What is a treaty?

sally
loiter'd

pang
ranged

frame
chimes



ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

Montalembert, Charles Forbes René de, born 1810, died in 1870: French statesman, historian and essayist. He belonged to the period called the "Catholic Revival" in France, of which himself, Chateaubriand, Lacordaire, Ozanam, Dupanloup, Auguste Nicolas and the unfortunate Lamennais were the most prominent exponents. His best known works are the "Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary," and the "Monks of the West." The former is the most perfect work of its kind that has ever been written; the latter is a monument of patient research, and of devotion to the faith of the Middle Ages; both are Catholic classics.

GENEROSITY to the poor, particularly that exercised by princes, was one of the most remarkable features of the age in which she lived; but we perceive that in her charity did not proceed from rank, still less from the desire of obtaining praise or purely human gratitude, but from an interior and heavenly inspiration. From her cradle she could not bear the sight of a poor person without feeling her heart pierced with grief, and now that her husband had granted her full liberty in all that concerned the honor of God and the good of her neighbor, she unreservedly abandoned herself to her natural inclinations to solace the suffering members of Christ. Notwithstanding the resources which the charity of her husband placed at her disposal, she gave away so quickly all that she possessed, that it often

happened that she would despoil herself of her clothes, in order to have the means of assisting the unfortunate.

But it was not alone by presents or with money that the young princess testified her love for the poor of Christ; it was still more by personal devotion, by those tender and patient cares which are assuredly, in the sight both of God and of the sufferers, the most holy and most precious alms.

And then, no distance, no roughness of road, could keep her from them. She knew that nothing strengthens feelings of charity more, than to penetrate into all that is positive and material in human misery. She sought out the huts most distant from her castle, which were often repulsive, through filth and bad air, yet she entered these haunts of poverty in a manner at once full of devotion and familiarity. She carried, herself, what she thought would be necessary for their miserable inhabitants. She consoled them, far less by her generous gifts than by her sweet and affectionate words. When she found them in debt and unable to pay, she engaged to discharge their obligations from her private purse.

One day, when accompanied by one of her favorite maidens, as she descended by a rude little path — still pointed out — and carried under her mantle bread, meat, eggs and other food to distribute to the poor, she suddenly encountered her husband, who was returning from hunting. Astonished to see her thus toiling on under the weight of her burthen, he said to her, "Let us see what you carry," — and at the same time drew open the mantle which she held closely clasped to her bosom; but beneath it were only red and white roses, the most beautiful he had ever seen; and as it was no longer the season of flowers this astonished him.

Seeing that Elizabeth was troubled, he sought to console her by his caresses, but he ceased suddenly, on seeing over her head a luminous appearance in the form of a crucifix. He then desired her to continue her route without being disturbed by him, and he returned to Wartburg, meditating on what God did for her, and carrying with him one of those wonderful roses, which he preserved all his life. At the spot where this meeting took place he erected a pillar, surmounted by a cross, to consecrate for ever the remembrance of that which he had seen hovering over the head of his wife.

Amongst the unfortunate who particularly attracted her compassion, those who occupied the chief place in her heart were the lepers; the mysterious and special character of their affliction rendered them, throughout the Middle Ages, objects of solicitude and affection mingled with fear.

Living thus with the poor and for them, it is not astonishing that God should have inspired her with that holy love of poverty which has rendered souls richest in His grace illustrious. Whilst from amongst the people, Francis of Assisi appeared to the world as a new sanctuary, whereto rushed all those who were eager for self-denial and sacrifice, God raised in the midst of the chivalry of Germany this king's daughter, who at the age of fifteen years already felt her heart burn with the love of evangelical poverty, and who confounded the pride and pomp of her person by a sovereign contempt of earthly grandeur.

We freely confess that in the life of this Saint, which we have studied with so much love, nothing appears to us more touching, more worthy of admiration—nay, almost even of envy, than this child-like simplicity, which may possibly bring to some lips the smile of dis-

dain. To our eyes, this force yielding to all impressions, these frequent smiles and tears, the girlish joys and sorrows, these innocent sports of her whose soul rested in the bosom of her heavenly Father—all these, mingled with such painful sacrifices, such grave thoughts, such fervent piety, such active, devoted, and ardent charity, offer the sweetest and most powerful charm.

It is beyond all, in times like our own, when flowers wither and no fruits ripen—when simplicity is dead in most hearts, in private life as well as in public society, that a Christian cannot study without emotion this development manifested in the soul of Elizabeth, whose short life was but a lengthened and heavenly infancy—a perpetual obedience to the words spoken by our Saviour, when, taking a little child and setting him in the midst of his disciples, he said to them: “Amen I say unto you, if you become not like unto little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.”

Questions:—What is meant by “solace the suffering members of Christ”? Why are the poor called “members of Christ”? Give texts from the New Testament in which our Lord shows his affection for the poor.

Explain the sentence, “She knew that nothing strengthens . . . position and material in human misery.” Give it in your own words. In what virtue besides love of poverty does St. Elizabeth resemble St. Francis? (Simplicity.)

Write in your own words an account of the charities of St. Elizabeth, and the miraculous manner in which her sanctity was made known to her husband.

strengthens
discharge
mysterious
sacrifice
simplicity

repulsive
descended
special
grandeur
familiarity

consecrate
illustrious
admiration
emotion
development

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

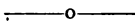
Walter Scott (1771—1832), poet and novelist of the Romantic period in English literature. His greatest poems, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," appeared between 1805 and 1814. The popularity of his verse then declining, he entered upon a new career, that of romancist, in which he has never been surpassed. "Waverley," "Ivanhoe," "Old Mortality," "Kenilworth," "Guy Mannering," "Heart of Midlothian" and "Bride of Lammermoor" are the most powerful of his tales. The chivalry of the Middle Ages, the legends of Scottish history, the civil wars of the 16th and 17th centuries, were the themes of which he sang and wrote. From the multitude and individuality of his creations he has been styled the Shakespeare of romance. His style is easy and animated, and the moral tone of his works pure, manly and elevated. Yet he was not above an occasional bigoted fling at Catholicism, and his tales are too often disfigured by false statements or unkind insinuations against Catholic personages or customs.

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell!
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Questions: — What questions are asked in the first six lines? What answer is to be given to such a person? Give another expression for each of the following: native land, foreign strand, mark him well,

"boundless his wealth as wish can claim," "concentred all in self,"
 "doubly dying."

native	foreign	minstrel
raptures	despite	titles
concentred	forfeit	renown



THE INTREPID YOUTH.

IT was a calm, sunny day in the year 1750 ; the scene, a piece of forest land in the North of Virginia, near a noble stream of water. Implements for surveying were lying about, and several men reclining under the trees betokened, by their dress and appearance, that they composed a party engaged in laying out the wild lands of the country.

These persons had apparently just finished their dinner. Apart from the group walked a young man of a tall and compact frame, who moved with the elastic tread of one accustomed to constant exercise in the open air. His countenance wore a look of decision and manliness not usually found in one so young, for he was apparently little over eighteen years of age. His hat had been cast off, as if for comfort, and he had paused, with one foot advanced, in a graceful and natural attitude.

Suddenly there was a shriek, then another, and several in rapid succession. The voice was that of a woman, and seemed to proceed from the other side of a dense thicket. At the first scream, the youth turned his head in the direction of the sound ; but when it was repeated, he pushed aside the undergrowth which separated him from it, and, quickening his footsteps, as the cries

succeeded each other in alarming rapidity, he soon dashed into an open space on the banks of the stream, where stood a rude log cabin.

It was but the work of a moment for the young man to make his way through the crowd and confront the woman. The instant her eye fell on him, she exclaimed: "Oh! sir, you will do something for me. Make them release me, for the love of God! *My boy, my poor boy is drowning, and they will not let me go!*" "It would be madness; she will jump into the river," said one, "and the rapids would dash her to pieces in a moment!"

The youth scarcely waited for these words, for he recollected the child, a fine little boy of four years old, whose beautiful blue eyes and flaxen ringlets made him a favorite with all who knew him. He had been accustomed to play in the little inclosure before the cabin, but the gate having been left open, he had stolen incautiously out, reached the edge of the bank, and was in the act of looking over, when his mother saw him.

The shriek she uttered only hastened the catastrophe she feared; for the child, frightened at the cry of its mother, lost its balance, and fell into the stream, which here went foaming and roaring along amid innumerable rocks, constituting the most dangerous rapids known in that section of the country. Scream now followed scream in rapid succession, as the agonized mother rushed to the bank.

The party we left reclining in the shade within a few steps of the accident were immediately on the spot. Fortunate it was that they were so near, else the mother would have jumped in after her child, and both been lost. Several of the men approached the brink, and were on the point of springing in after the child, when the sight of the sharp rocks crowding the channel, the rush and

whirl of the waters, and the want of any knowledge where to look for the boy, deterred them, and they gave up the hazardous enterprise.

Not so with the noble youth. His first work was to throw off his coat; next to run to the edge of the bank. Here he stood for a moment, running his eyes rapidly over the scene below, taking in with a glance the different currents and the most dangerous of the rocks, in order to shape his course when in the stream. He had scarcely formed his conclusion, when he saw in the water a white object, which he knew to be the boy's dress, and he plunged into the wild and roaring rapids.

"*Thank God, he will save my child,*" cried the mother; "*there he is!—oh! my boy, my darling boy, how could I leave you!*" Every one had rushed to the brink of the precipice, following with eager eyes the progress of the youth, like a feather in the embrace of the hurricane. Now it seemed as if he would be dashed against a jutting rock, over which the water threw its foam, and now a whirlpool would drag him in, from whose grasp escape would appear impossible.

At times the current bore him under, and he would be lost to sight; then, just as the spectators gave him up, he would appear, though far from where he vanished, still buffeting amid the vortex. Oh! how that mother's straining eyes followed him in his perilous career; how her heart sank when he went under; and with what a gush of joy she saw him emerge again from the waters, and, flinging the waves aside with his athletic arms, struggle on in pursuit of her boy!

But it seemed as if his generous efforts were not to avail; for, though the current was bearing off the boy before his eyes, scarcely ten feet distant, he could not, despite his gigantic efforts, overtake the drowning child.

On went the youth and child ; and it was miraculous how each escaped being dashed to pieces against the rocks. Twice the boy went out of sight, and a suppressed shriek escaped the mother's lips ; but twice he re-appeared, and then, with hands wrung wildly together, and breathless anxiety, she followed his progress, as his unresisting form was hurried onward with the current.

The youth now appeared to redouble his exertions, for they were approaching the most dangerous part of the river, where the rapids, contracting between the narrow shores, shot almost perpendicularly down a declivity of fifteen feet. The rush of the waters at this spot was tremendous, and no one ventured to approach its vicinity, even in a canoe, lest he should be dashed in pieces. What, then, would be the youth's fate, unless he soon overtook the child ? He seemed fully sensible of the increasing peril, and now urged his way through the foaming current with desperate strength.

Three times he was on the point of grasping the child, when the waters whirled the prize from him. The third effort was made just as they were entering within the influence of the current above the fall ; and when it failed, the mother's heart sank within her and she groaned, fully expecting the youth to give up his task. But no ; he only pressed forward the more eagerly ; and, as they breathlessly watched amid the boiling waters, they saw the form of the brave youth following close after that of the boy.

And now, like an arrow from the bow, pursuer and pursued shot to the brink of the precipice. An instant they hung there, distinctly visible amid the foaming waters. Every brain grew dizzy at the sight. But a shout of involuntary exultation burst from the spectators, when they saw the boy held aloft by the right arm

of the youth, — a shout that was suddenly checked with horror, when they both vanished into the abyss below !

A moment elapsed before a word was spoken, or a breath drawn. The mother ran forward, and then stood gazing with fixed eyes at the foot of the cataract, as if her all depended upon what the next moment should reveal. Suddenly she gave the glad cry, "*There they are ! See ! they are safe !* — Great God, I thank thee !" And, sure enough, there was the youth still unharmed, and still buffeting the waters. He had just emerged from the boiling vortex below the cataract. With one hand he held aloft the child, and with the other he was making for the shore.

They ran, they shouted, they scarcely knew what they did, until they reached his side, just as he was struggling to the bank. They drew him out almost exhausted. The boy was senseless ; but his mother declared that he still lived, as she pressed him frantically to her bosom. The youth could scarcely stand, so faint was he from his exertions.

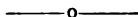
Who can describe the scene that followed, — the mother's calmness while she strove to resuscitate her boy, and her wild gratitude to his preserver, when the child was out of danger, and sweetly sleeping in her arms ? The pen shrinks at the task. But her words, pronounced then, were remembered afterwards by more than one who heard them.

"*God will reward you,*" said she, "*as I can not.* He will do great things for you in return for this day's work, and the blessings of thousands besides mine will attend you." And so it was ; for, to the hero of that hour were subsequently confided the destinies of a mighty nation. But, throughout his long career, what tended to make him more honored and respected than all other men, was,

not the skill and daring which he exhibited in military tactics, nor yet the brilliant victories he achieved, but the *self-sacrificing spirit* which, in the rescue of that mother's child, as in the more august events of his life, characterized GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Memorize : — "It would have been nothing to him (Washington) that his partisans or his favorites out-numbered, or out-looked, or out-managed, or out-clamored those of other leaders. He had no favorites, rejected all partisanship; and, acting honestly for the universal good, he deserved, what he had so richly enjoyed, the universal love."

implements	betokened	compact	flaxen
ringlets	incautiously	catastrophe	reclining
attitude	graceful	release	tactics



PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, born in 1807, was educated at Bowdoin, and studied for several years in Europe. He is a most accomplished linguist, and his poems show the influence of his philological studies in their wonderful nicety of epithet and elaborate finish, and when translations, in their fidelity to the matter and spirit of the originals. Of all non-Catholic poets he is the most liberal, and thoroughly imbued with the Catholic spirit when singing on religious themes. This is evident in "Evangeline," "Robert of Sicily," "The Vision Beautiful" and many other of his poems. "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "The Skeleton in Armor," "Evangeline," "The Launching of the Ship," "The Village Blacksmith," "Excelsior" and "Paul Revere's Ride" are his most widely read poems.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
 Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
 On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five ;—
 Hardly a man is now alive
 Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
 By land or sea from the town to-night,

Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then said he, "good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war :
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen, and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,

And seeming to whisper, "*All is well!*"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead ;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.
Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.

Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape, far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth ;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still ; —

And lo! as he looks on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,

And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark,
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet :
That was all ! And yet through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village, and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed

Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

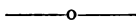
Questions: — When did the events here narrated take place? Where did they take place? Why did Paul Revere want to rouse the colonists to arms? Where is Charlestown? Explain the phrase, "moon-light flowing over all." What does "creeping along from tent to tent" mean? What is the "shadowy something in the bay" which he watches? What is meant by "the fate of a nation was riding that night"? Where is Lexington? Concord? What was the "bloody work" that Paul thought the windows looked aghast at?

COMPOSITION.

Give in your own words an account of Paul Revere's ride, from the following summary, and foregoing questions:

Paul Revere tells his friend to show a light from the Old Church tower, if the British should leave town by night. He rows to the Charlestown shore and gets on his horse, ready to spread the alarm in the country. He passes the British man-of-war. His friend mounts to the Church tower and watches the British fleet and army. He sees the fleet move and gives the signal. Paul Revere sees the signal, mounts his steed, dashes down the village street. At twelve o'clock he reaches Medford; at one, Lexington; at two, Concord. The result of his warning was to prepare the colonists so that they were able to resist the advance of the British on the following day.

Middlesex	encampment	Medford
magnified	sombre	Lexington
muffled	impetuous	glare
Charlestown	spectral	Concord
Somerset	glimmer	bleating
man-of-war	fleet	twitter
spar	alders	regulars
grenadiers	ledge	midnight



THE REVOLUTIONARY ALARM.

George Bancroft was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1800. He graduated at Harvard, and studied for two years in German universities. He entered actively into political life at an early age, and held several high offices under the general government, including that of Minister to England. The first volume of the History of the United States appeared in 1834, and has been followed at intervals by others to the number of nine. This great work is remarkable for "patient industry, eloquent style, and a capacity to array the theme in a garb of philosophy." In the opinion of Dr. Brownson, "Bancroft has written the only work that deserves the title of History of the United States. From a Catholic point of view some objections can be made to the first volumes, but on the whole it is a noble monument of the genius of the author and the genius of his country."

DARKNESS closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war message from hand

to hand, till village repeated it to village; the sea to the backwoods; the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop, till it had been borne North, and South, and East, and West, throughout the land.

It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot. Its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and ringing like bugle notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river, till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale.

As the summons hurried to the South, it was one day at New York; in one more at Philadelphia; the next it lighted a watch fire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond, along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onwards and still onwards, through boundless groves of evergreen, to Newbern and to Wilmington.

"For God's sake, forward it by night and by day," wrote Cornelius Harnett, by the express which sped for Brunswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border and despatched it to Charleston, and through pines and palmettos and moss-clad live-oaks, further to the South, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savannah.

The Blue Ridge took up the voice, and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers that the "loud call" might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough

even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that hunters who made their halt in the matchless valley of the Elkhorn, commemorated the 19th day of April, 1776, by naming their encampment *Lexington*.

With one impulse the colonies sprang to arms; with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other "to be ready for the extreme event." With one heart the continent cried, "LIBERTY OR DEATH."

Questions :— Explain "Darkness closed . . . sleep." Mention three occasions on which a "reveille" is used. Tell anything historical you know about "the cliffs of Quebec" and "Revolution." Show the different places named in this lesson. Where are palmettos found? What is a commonwealth? Name some "extreme events" in history.

Memorize :—

"For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

relays	trappers	palmettos	impulse
Saco	responses	barriers	continent
Penobscot	patriots	commonwealth	pledged
reveille	despatched	commemorated	event

—o—

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Alexander Pope was born in London, of Catholic parents, in 1688; died in 1744. His name marks an era in English poetry, that of the correct, classical school of Queen Anne's reign. His principal poems are a translation of the "Iliad" of Homer; "The Dunciad," a bitter satire upon rival poets of his time; a mock-heroic entitled the "Rape of the Lock;" the "Imitations from Horace," the "Essay on Criticism" and the "Essay on Man." They are characterized by wit, brilliancy and clearness, if not depth of thought, and by vigor and conciseness of expression. His verse is highly polished and harmonious, and completed the work, begun by Dryden, of rendering fluent and easy

the language of poetry. It is to be regretted that a number of his sentiments offend against religion and morals.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark !—they whisper ; angels say : —
“ Sister spirit, come away ! ”

What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts in sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears ;
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring : —
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
“ O Grave, where is thy victory ?
O Death, where is thy sting ? ”

Questions : — When is anything “ vital ” ? Why is the soul called a “ vital spark ” ? What is “ the mortal frame ” ? Why is man “ trembling, hoping, lingering, flying ” ? How is death a pain, yet a bliss ? What does “ languish into life ” mean ? Who is told to hearken ? Whose is the “ sister spirit ” ? How does death “ absorb us quite ” ? “ Steal our senses, shut our sight, drown our spirit ” ? What recedes and disappears ? What happens to my ears ? Who are asked to lend their wings ? When are we victorious over death ? When do we escape its sting ? What is said in Holy Writ of the just man’s death ? Name some very good deaths you know, or have read of.

lingering
languish

absorbs
senses

recedes
seraphic

INSUFFICIENCY OF NATURAL RELIGION.

IF Natural Religion is a sufficient revelation, and no other is necessary, it has been written with a sunbeam upon all lands, — it has been inscribed from the beginning of the creation upon the face of the glorious orb of day. But what is the result? What has Natural Religion effected, in any, in every age? — in any, in every country? “The heavens shew forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of his hands.” But “the world by wisdom knew not God;” they “worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator;” they fell down to the hosts of heaven; or “changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of a corruptible man, and of birds, and of four-footed beasts, and of creeping things.”

Now call for Natural Religion, and she shall answer you from the depths of the forest and the summits of the mountains; from the sea, and from the shore; from the crowded city, and the uncultivated desert; from the hut of the savage, and the dome of the monarch; — everywhere her altars are planted, and her worship maintained. Her influence and her footsteps may be traced on the face of the whole earth, in barbarous rites, revolting superstitions, and disgusting obscenities; in all the forms of idolatry, from the feathered gods of the South Sea Islands, to the misshapen logs of Africa, up to the three hundred and thirty-three thousand deities of philosophic India.

Would you see her in her own person? Bid her come forth, — she appears “in garments rolled in blood;” “the battle of the warrior with confused noise” rages around her; her children drop into the fires kindled to her honor; human victims are slaughtered on the altars

raised to her praise, or crushed beneath the ponderous car upon which she sits enthroned. Around her, dying cries and agonizing shrieks mingle with loud acclamations and frantic songs; her look withers the country and depopulates the city.

This is Natural Religion, and not as she came from the hands of God, the witness of his eternal power and Godhead; but as she is deformed by the passions of men, and debased by their corruptions; not as "the image of the invisible Creator," but as the idol of the fallen and depraved creature. Yes, this is Natural Religion, stained with gore, and foul with crimes; not depicted by fancy, but demonstrated by facts,—by facts drawn from all climes and from all generations.

But *Reason* was to have rectified these errors; Reason was to sit supreme, enshrined in the light of Natural Religion, the arbitress of human destinies. To her was intrusted the key of knowledge, to unlock and dispense the riches of the universe. She was to be the architect, rearing a structure of happiness and of virtue, under which man should repose, and a temple of religion, in which he should worship. She was to be the polar star, upon which fixing a steady eye, he might safely sail over the stormy sea of life, and find a port of rest at last. But the light of the star is obscured; the plans of the architect are marred; the key of knowledge is mislaid; the arbitress of man's fate is dethroned.

How is it she has lost her high prerogative, and suffered her authority to be overthrown? How is it that she has fallen from her pinnacle of glory? She was beguiled by sense. "The invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made: His eternal power also and Divinity." But when men became vain in

their imaginations, — their foolish heart was darkened ; and professing themselves to be wise, they became fools.

But *Philosophy* is to restore the reign of Natural Religion, of reason, of conscience, and of virtue. Were Greece and Rome, then, barbarians? Were they ignorant of philosophy? or was the experiment not made? It was not in a desert, surrounded by savages, but in the centre of Athens, encircled by philosophers, that Paul stood amidst the monuments and upon a mount of idolatry, — although a court, and the highest court of justice, evincing how closely allied the civil government was with their debasing superstitions, — and pointed to an altar inscribed : — “*To the unknown God.*”

Such is the true character of every altar which reason and philosophy, and Natural Religion, unaided by revelation, have raised, although all do not bear the same inscription. These are the altars which the missionary of the Gospel is hastening to overthrow, to plant the cross in their place, and to proclaim to the poor idolater : — “What, therefore, you worship, without knowing it, that I preach to you.”

And is it not to men like these, the mighty minds of departed ages, who sought after truth, but missed it, because they lacked the guiding ray of revelation, — is it not to men like these that infidels of the present day appeal, acknowledging them as masters, and adopting their systems, — men who, if they now lived, would be ashamed of their professed scholars? If, among such men, Natural Religion, and reason, and conscience, and philosophy, all proved an unequal guard against the passions of a corrupt nature, and a guide, absolutely insufficient through the mazes of ignorance, to the throne of God, — if, in such hands, the grand experiment altogether failed, what further pretensions have modern

philosophers, the opposers of revelation, to advance?

They will not dare to tell you that it has been denied either time or space; it has been made nearly six thousand years, from the fall of man to the present time, — it has been made by the intellectual giants of the olden time. They will not dare to tell you that the results have ever been different from those which we have stated. They will not dare to deny, that such is, at this moment, the aggregate of the experiment now trying, among all states, whether savage or civilized, which revelation has not reached.

I disdain to contrast the intellectual and moral influence of Christianity, wherever it extends, with the scenes of horror and degradation to which I have alluded; but I demand of infidel opponents to explain, if they can, by what fatality, or by what chance, it occurs, that their efforts to elevate the moral condition of man have never succeeded, and that those of Christianity have never failed.

COMPOSITION.

Copy third and fourth paragraphs. Then answer the following questions: (*a*) How does Natural Religion treat children? (*b*) Tell the part of the New Testament where St. Paul speaks of the altar "to the unknown God." (*c*) Name six "intellectual giants" of the olden time.

Memorize: —

"Let us ask these martyrs,* then, these monarchs of the East,
Who are sitting now in heaven at their Saviour's endless feast,
To get us faith from Jesus, and, hereafter, faith's bright home,
And day and night to thank him for the glorious faith of Rome."

orb	obscenities	rectified	acknowledging
handiwork	depopulates	enshrined	pretensions
incorruptible	debased	experiment	alluded

* The three kings.

LINES ON A SKELETON.

BEHOLD this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot.
What dreams of pleasure long forgot.
Nor Hope, nor Love, nor Joy, nor Fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye ;
But, start not at the dismal void —
If social Love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle Concord never broke,
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth or Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod.
 These feet the paths of duty trod?
 If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
 To seek Affliction's humble shed,
 If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
 And home to Virtue's cot returned,
 These feet with angels' wings shall vie,
 And tread the palace of the sky.

Questions:—What is a ruin? Why is the skull a ruin? What are found in ruins? What was once in this skull? Mention some ethereal things. What is a retreat? Name some favored American retreats. What kind of visions fill youthful heads, and older ones? Are any left? Where are canopies seen? Name some you have seen. What shone from out this canopy? What use must we make of our eyes? What will then be our reward? Where is the cavern? What use should we make of our tongue? What good things say? What evil avoid? What will be the result? How can "fingers shine with envied rubies"? What is all the same to those fingers now? How can our hands "comfort the mourner"? What society in the Catholic Church does this? What are "bowers of Ease"? How may we seek "Affliction's humble shed"? What is meant by "Grandeur's guilty bribe"? How will the feet of the just vie with angels' wings?

ethereal	rubies	mouldering
meed	canopy	shod
tuneful	bowers	unveils
spurned	delve	vie

—o—

A TERRIBLE FIFTY MINUTES.

IN August, 1859, I arrived at Chamounix with one of my friends, a traveller like myself. For about five weeks we had been exploring Switzerland, so that we had plenty of time to get used to snow and glaciers. We had made several ascents, one of 14,000 feet.

We had ascended the Brévent, and we now had only the Mer de Glace and the Jardin to visit. We slept

at the Montanvert in the solitary little inn at the foot of the glacier. Next morning we were up at dawn. Furnished with provisions and two bottles of wine, we started with our guides. It was a splendid morning, and augured well for our excursion. For half an hour we followed a rough path which skirted the Mer de Glace, which displayed below us its surface, riven with crevasses and covered with rocks and fragments. Our road ended at the glacier, upon which we now began to descend, and to traverse in zig-zags in the midst of numerous fissures. The Mer de Glace is not considered dangerous, and it is quite the exception to take axes and ropes, when crossing it. Alert and cheerful we hastened on, without taking notice of the guide, who, some way behind, cried out to us several times to be cautious and wait for him. We were obliged at last to halt before a vast crevasse which barred up our passage. It opened with a length of some sixty yards, and ended upon our left in a slope of ice, somewhat steep, but which I thought I could easily mount. Using the iron spike of my alpenstock as a hatchet, I began to cut holes in the ice, large enough to put my feet in. At this moment our guide rejoined us. He looked at the slope and at the yawning crevasse below it, and said in a grave tone, "It is dangerous; let us go round it."

With the help of my alpenstock I had already got half-way up this icy hillock, and was now quite convinced that it was too steep and slippery to be crossed without an axe. The guide's warning confirmed my opinion. I resolved to retrace my steps. I was cautiously lowering my right leg, seeking for the hole that I had made in the ice; my foot passed it; I felt that I was sliding down; there was nothing rough to stop me, not the least projection by which I could hold myself in. The

declivity became perpendicular, and I fell into the gulf.

I heard the cries of despair of my companion and my guide. My own sensation cannot be described. I was giddy and half stunned, sent backwards and forwards from one wall of ice to the other ; I felt myself descending to a great depth, condemned to be dashed to pieces, to die a horrible death. Suddenly something stopped me, I felt myself suspended. I took breath again, and could cry out, "A rope ! a rope !"

By God's mercy I had fallen upon a narrow ledge of ice, which formed a sort of bridge across the crevasse. This frail support, as far as I could judge, was about four inches broad and eighteen thick. My head hung from one side of it, my feet from the other. Instinctively, by what means I know not, I raised myself up and stood upright on this projection, where there was a hollow just large enough for me to plant one foot.

My position was a terrible one, the thin ledge of ice being so narrow that I could not place both feet on it. I could only support myself on one leg, half resting against one of the ice walls, and pressing the other with my hand. The ice was smooth as a mirror, there was nothing to grasp. A stream of ice-water flowed down upon my shoulders, piercing me to the very bones ; above my head I saw the long and narrow streak of the sky, around which the mouth of the crevasse formed a frame.

The ice, which was of darkest blue color, encircling me on all sides, looked threatening and gloomy. The two walls seemed as if they were about to meet in order to crush me, rather than to release their prey. Numerous watercourses streamed down their sides, but in this extent of more than sixty yards I could not see any other projection or obstacle, except this ledge on which I had so miraculously fallen.

I risked looking, for one second only, down into the terrible abyss above which I was suspended. At the spot where I was, the crevasse was not more than two feet wide, lower down it narrowed rapidly, and a hundred yards below the two sides appeared to touch each other. It was impossible to change my position without the risk of losing my balance. The cold of the wall of ice against which I was resting more and more benumbed me, the water continued to fall, and I dared not stir.

I called my companion; no one replied. I called again. Nothing! Nothing! Not a human being within reach of my voice. I was seized with giddiness as a thought crossed my brain.

"He has gone to see if the help is coming, and he cannot find the crevasse again. There are hundreds such — I am lost!"

I commended my soul to God. My strength was quite exhausted. I had never yet given up all hope. I was tempted to let myself fall, and thus put an end to this agony.

At this critical moment I heard myself called. My friend had run to look for the guide, but when he wished to return he was horror stricken on perceiving that the surface of the glacier was rent by countless crevasses, all so similar that there was not a single sign by which he could recognize the abyss where I was buried alive. In this cruel perplexity God led him to see a little knapsack which the guide had left at the edge of the gulf.

I felt that I could hold on but very little longer. The frail support on which my safety alone depended might yield at any moment and break beneath me. I remembered that I had a strong knife in my pocket, and I

resolved to make use of it to draw myself out. I informed my companion of this project; he implored me to do nothing of the kind; but my situation had become intolerable. I made a notch in the ice, high enough for me to reach it, and large enough for me to insert my hand in it; then about two feet above the little bridge I dug out a hole sufficiently large for me to place my foot in it. I succeeded, and grasping these two points of support, my back resting with all my strength against the opposite wall, I was able to raise myself and keep myself firm in this new position. I descended again upon the bridge, and began another notch above the first. I flattered myself that I should thus be able to escape from my prison, but a single slip, a false step, would precipitate me into the abyss.

I was working diligently at my second step when I heard a joyous cry above me: "Here they are! Three men with ropes — they are running as fast as their legs can carry them."

I steadied myself as firmly as possible upon the narrow and slippery bridge, so as to be able to seize the rope they were about to lower, and tie it around me. I saw the end of it swinging about two yards above my head. "May God have mercy upon me! it is too short!"

"We have another," cried they, to my delight.

That was fastened to the first, and let down. I seized the end of it. I bound it strongly around my waist, and grasping the rope with both hands I gave the signal for them to pull up.

They began — I was saved. A minute afterwards I was standing upon the glacier. I had passed fifty minutes in the crevasse, during which time I had happily lost neither my confidence in God nor my presence of mind.

fissures	augured	crevasses	zig-zags
alpenstock	exception	alert	cautious
sensation	yawning	hillock	retrace
instinctively	projection	declivity	perpendicular
benumbed	stunned	suspended	frail
intolerable	streak	encircling	threatening
steadied	exhausted	perplexity	notch

Questions:—Where is Switzerland? What is a glacier? What does “augured well” mean? What is an alpenstock? What is a crevasse? Name other dangers of the Alps. What is an avalanche? What has been done to protect travellers? Tell all you know about the monks of St. Bernard. In what poem is death by the avalanche described? (“Excelsior.”) What recent change has removed the necessity of riding over the mountain?

COMPOSITION.

Write an account of an imaginary adventure in the Alpine glaciers. A party of tourists stop at Mount St. Bernard. The monks warn them not to attempt to climb the mountain. They do not heed the advice; they procure guides and ropes. Descending the side they come to an ice-field traversed by a crevasse. Attempting to go around the opening, one of the number slips, fails to recover his footing and falls into the abyss. A ledge of ice stops his descent. His thoughts and movements there. His companions lower a rope; it is too short. They run to the convent for another. Meanwhile he is about to succumb to the frost and to weakness. The rescuers cannot find their way back; at last they see a knapsack on the brink and recognize the spot. This time the rope is long enough and the man is lifted out.

Memorize:—

“Eternal Providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appears can make herself a way.”

—o—

THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,

Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more? —
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, — “No.”

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs, —
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, — “No.”

And thou, serenest moon,
That, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded, — “No.”

Tell me, my secret soul,
O! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot,

Where mortals may be blessed,
 Where grief may find a balm,
 And weariness a rest?
 Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
 Waved their bright wings, and whispered,—“YES, IN HEAVEN!”

Questions :— What question is asked in the first four lines? How is this spot described in the next four lines? Why did the wind sigh? What are the billows doing? What kind of a spot is “the favored island”? For what does weary man sigh? What always lives and what never dies in this isle? By what is the earth embraced at night? What question is asked the moon? Why did the moon withdraw? What virtues are questioned in the last stanza? What question is asked them? What may grief find there? What are the best boons to mortal given? What did Faith and Hope answer?

mortals	billows	serenest	responded
dwindled	perpetual	embrace	boons

—o—

RULES OF BEHAVIOR.

EVERY action in company ought to be done with some sign of respect to those present.

In presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

Sleep not when others speak; sit not when others stand; speak not when you should hold your peace; walk not when others stop.

Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

Be no flatterer; neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

Read no letters, books, or papers, in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one

so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt him, without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him till his speech is ended.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.

Undertake not to teach your equal in the art he himself professes; it savors of arrogancy.

Be not immoderate in urging your friend to discover a secret.

If two contend together, take not the part of either unconstrained, and be not obstinate in your own opinion; in things indifferent, be of the major side.

Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language, and as those of quality do, and not as the vulgar; sublime matters treat seriously.

In dispute, be not so desirous to overcome, as [you are] to give liberty to each one to deliver his opinion; and submit to the judgment of the major part, especially if they are judges of the dispute.

Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers present, for good humor makes one fish of meat a feast.

When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any strait place, to give way to him to pass.

They that are in dignity, or in office, have in all places precedency; but, while they are young, they ought to respect those who are their equals in birth, or other qualities, though they have no public charge.

It is good manners to prefer them, to whom we are to speak, before ourselves, especially if they be above us, with whom in no sort we ought to begin.

In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer; and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

When your superiors talk to anybody, hearken not, neither speak, nor laugh.

When you speak of God or of his attributes, let it be seriously, in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.

In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to times and places.

Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings set neatly, and clothes handsomely.

Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

When you deliver a matter, do it without passion, and with discretion, however mean the person may be you do it to.

Be not tedious in discourse; make not many digressions, nor repeat often the same manner of discourse.

Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse, nor revile.

Let your countenance be pleasant, but in all serious matters somewhat grave.

Being to advise or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or private, presently or at some other time, in what terms to do it; and, in reproving, show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.

Mock not nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp biting; and if you deliver anything witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Utter not base and frivolous things among grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant; nor things hard to be believed.

Break not a jest where none takes pleasure in mirth; laugh not aloud, nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seems to be some cause.

Go not thither where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked; and when desired, do it briefly.

Treat with men at fit times about business, and whisper not in the company of others.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor earnest ; scoff at none, although they give occasion.

Detract not from others, neither be excessive in commending.

Be not apt to relate news, if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

When a man does all he can, though he succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of tractable and commendable nature ; and, in all causes of passion, admit reason to govern.

Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

COMPOSITION.

Give first two advices in your own words.

hesitate	speak	digressions
comprehensive	precedency	intimate
savors	orderly	tractable
arrogancy	discretion	blemishes

—o—

EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION.

Abbé J. Balmez, born in Catalonia, Spain, in 1810 ; died in 1848. He is the intellectual phenomenon of the century. In lofty eloquence, keen historical insight, profound philosophy and solid learning he stands unrivalled amongst the writers of the age. The "Civilization of Europe" is a masterpiece. It should be read by every one who aspires to a true knowledge of the work of the Church in the advancement of mankind. "Fundamental Philosophy," translated by Henry F. Brownson, is the best work on Christian Philosophy which English

readers can consult. The "Criterion," translated by the same author, is an admirably practical guide to the formation of sound habits of study, thought and action. It should be a text-book in the hands of every young student.

IT is a fact now generally acknowledged, and openly confessed, that Christianity has exercised a very important and salutary influence on the development of European civilization. If this fact has not yet had given to it the importance which it deserves, it is because it has not been sufficiently appreciated. With respect to civilization, a distinction is sometimes made between the influence of Christianity and that of Catholicity: its merits are lavished on the former, and stinted to the latter, by those who forget that, with respect to European civilization, Catholicity can always claim the principal share; and, for many centuries, an exclusive one; since during a very long period she worked alone at the great work. People have not been willing to see that when Protestantism appeared in Europe the work was bordering on completion; with an injustice and ingratitude which I cannot describe, they have reproached Catholicity with the spirit of barbarism, ignorance and oppression, while they were making an ostentatious display of the rich civilization, knowledge and liberty for which they were principally indebted to her.

If they did not wish to fathom the intimate connection between Catholicity and European civilization,—if they had not the patience necessary for the long investigations into which this examination would lead them, at least it would have been proper to take a glance at the condition of countries where the Catholic religion has not exerted all her influence during centuries of trouble, and compare them with those in which she has

been predominant. The East and the West, both subject to great revolutions, both professing Christianity, but in such a way that the Catholic principle was weak and vacillating in the East, while it was energetic and deeply rooted in the West; these, we say, would have afforded two very good points of comparison to estimate the value of Christianity without Catholicity, when the civilization and the existence of nations were at stake.

In the West, the revolutions were multiplied and fearful; the chaos was at its height; and, nevertheless, out of chaos came light and life. Neither the barbarism of the nations who inundated those countries, and established themselves there, nor the furious assaults of Islamism, even in the days of its greatest power and enthusiasm, could succeed in destroying the germs of a rich and fertile civilization. In the East, on the contrary, all tended to old age and decay; nothing revived; and, under the blows of the power which was ineffectual against us, all was shaken to pieces. The spiritual power of Rome, and its influence on temporal affairs, have certainly borne fruits very different from those produced under the same circumstances by its violent opponents.

If Europe were destined one day again to undergo a general and fearful revolution, either by a universal spread of revolutionary ideas, or by a violent invasion of social and proprietary rights by pauperism; if the Colossus of the North, seated on its throne of eternal snows, with knowledge in its head, and blind force in its hands, possessing at once the means of civilization and unceasingly turning towards the East, the South, and the West that covetous and crafty look which in history is the characteristic march of all invading empires; if, availing itself of a favorable moment, it

were to make an attempt on the independence of Europe, then we should perhaps have a proof of the value of the Catholic principle in a great extremity; then we should feel the power of the unity which is proclaimed and supported by Catholicity, and while calling to mind the Middle Ages, we should come to acknowledge one of the causes of the weakness of the East and the strength of the West.

Then would be remembered a fact, which, though but of yesterday, is falling into oblivion, viz.: that the nation whose heroic courage broke the power of Napoleon was proverbially Catholic; and who knows whether, in the attempts which the Vicar of Jesus Christ has deplored in such touching language, — who knows whether it be not the secret influence of a presentment, perhaps even a foresight, of the necessity of weakening that sublime power, which has been in all ages, when the cause of humanity was in question, the centre of great attempts? But let us return.

It cannot be denied that, since the sixteenth century, European civilization has shown life and brilliancy; but it is a mistake to attribute this phenomenon to Protestantism. In order to examine the extent and influence of a fact, we ought not to be content with the events which have followed it; it is also necessary to consider whether these events were already prepared; whether they are any thing more than the necessary result of anterior facts. Without Protestantism, and before it, European civilization was already very much advanced, thanks to the labors and influence of the Catholic religion; that greatness and splendor which it subsequently displayed were not owing to Protestantism, but arose in spite of it.

COMPOSITION.

State what is said about the identity of Christianity and Catholicity previous to the Protestant Reformation. Mention the mistake made by Protestant writers.

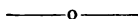
Continue by mentioning the degree to which civilization had arrived before the Reformation.

Show from the life of some saint, say St. Boniface or St. Augustine, how the Church civilized her first converts.

Still further elucidate this by referring to the history of early American missions among the Indians.

Memorize:—"The Church aims, not at making a show, but at doing a work. She regards this world, and all that is in it, as a mere show, as dust and ashes, compared with the value of one single soul."

development	ostentatious	vacillating	proprietary
stinted	predominant	Islamism	anterior



TACT AND TALENT.

TALENT is something, but *tact** is everything. *Talent* is serious, sober, grave and respectable: *tact* is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way *into* the world; it is useful in society for it shows him his way *through* the world.

Talent is power, *tact* is skill; *talent* is weight, *tact* is momentum; *talent* knows *what* to do, *tact* knows *how* to do it; *talent* makes a man respectable, *tact* will make him respected; *talent* is wealth, *tact* is ready money.

* The expression "tact" is here used in the sense of "skilful prudence in action."

For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent, ten to one. Take them to the theatre, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together: so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry; talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically, tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints. Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one; talent gets a good name, tact a great one; talent convinces, tact converts; talent is an honor *to* the profession, tact gains honor *from* the profession.

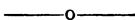
Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart, and has its votes; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. Tact has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball

insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know every thing, without learning any thing. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship; it wants no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius:

COMPOSITION.

Give six expressions in reference to tact. Explain the following sentences: (a) Take them to the bar, and let them shake their curls at each other in legal rivalry: talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. (b) Tact has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship; it wants no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. (c) Tact seems to know everything without learning anything.

talent	tragedy	glibness
tact	rivalry	extemporary
interpreter	compliment	details
momentum	fees	dexterously



THE SHIP.

HER giant form
 O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
 Majestically calm would go
 'Mid the deep darkness, white as snow!
 But gently now the small waves glide,
 Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
 So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
 The main she will traverse for ever and aye.

Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast —
Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer: this hour is her last.

Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck;
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck!
Her keel had struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are draggled in the brine
That gladdened late the skies;
And her pennant, that kissed the fair moonshine,
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
Gleamed softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral rocks are hurrying down,
To sleep amid colors as bright as their own.

Oh! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death;
And sights of home, with sighs disturb'd
The sleepers' long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming tree,
Alive through all its leaves;
The hum of the spreading sycamore,
That grows before his cottage door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms enclose a blooming boy,
Who listen'd with tears of sorrow and joy
To the dangers his father had pass'd;
And his wife — by turns she wept and smiled,

As she look'd on the father of her child —
 Returned to her heart at last.
 — He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
 And the rush of the waters is in his soul.

Astounded, the reeling deck he paces,
 'Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces; —
 The whole ship's crew are there!
 Wailing around and overhead —
 Brave spirits stupefied or dead,
 With madness and despair.

Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
 Unbroken as the floating air.
 The ship hath melted quite away,
 Like a struggling dream at break of day.
 No image meets my wandering eye
 But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky.
 Though the nightshades are gone, yet a vapor dull
 Bedims the waves so beautiful;
 While a low and melancholy moan
 Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

COMPOSITION.

Describe a shipwreck from this

SUMMARY:

The ship is sailing proudly on the calm waters. A cloud is seen in the horizon. It grows bigger and blacker, the wind tosses the white caps on the waves. The captain gives orders to furl the sails. Suddenly the storm strikes the ship. The wind whistles through the rigging. The waves toss the ship about; she springs a leak; the men are ordered to the pumps; the sea gains on them and the passengers are called to assist. The masts go over; the life-boat is lowered, some get in, others fall into the waves; some wait till the ship goes down and cling to spars and rafts. Some may be afterwards picked up, while many are lost. Try to bring in quotations from above poem.

surge	array	pennant	sycamore	ghastly
majestically	draggled	fathom	eaves	bedims

ON THE SYMBOLISM OF CHRISTIANITY.

Cardinal Wiseman (1802 – 1865) was born of Irish parents at Seville, in Spain; ordained priest in 1825, and for several years was Rector of the English College at Rome. On the re-establishment, in 1850, of the English Catholic Hierarchy, he was appointed by Pius IX. Archbishop of the new See of Westminster, and raised to the dignity of Cardinal. It was a beneficent Providence which selected such a man for the revival of the Church in England. To the essentials of the priestly character he united the most profound and varied learning, the most liberal and pleasing culture. In languages, in philology, in orientalism, in theology, in literary criticism, in natural science, in controversy, even in fiction — he has left the records of his versatile genius, and has shed lustre not only upon his Church but upon English literature. His “Lectures on Revealed Religion” are a complete answer to modern infidelity. His best known work is “Fabiola,” a historical work of fiction.

I WILL suppose, if you please, an ancient Roman revisiting the Pantheon: the first thing which would strike him would be the sign of salvation — the image of Christ crucified, raised upon every altar, and most conspicuously upon the principal and central one. On the right, the picture of one whom men are stoning, while he, with eyes uplifted, prays for their conversion, would rivet his attention: and on the left, the modest statue of a virgin, with an infant in her arms, would invite him to inquiry. Then he would see monuments of men, whose clasped or crossed hands express how they expired in the prayer of hope; the inscription, on one side, would tell him how the immortal Raphael had willed that no ornament should deck his tomb but that very statue of God’s mother which he had given to that church; another informs you that the illustrious statesman (Gonsalvi), after bequeathing the fortune he had made in the service of the public, without reserve, to the propagation of Christianity among distant nations, would have no tomb; but that his friends had, as it

were by stealth, erected to him that modest memorial.

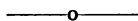
Around him he would see, at whatever hour of the day he might enter, solitary worshippers, who gently come in through the ever-unclosed brazen portals, to keep watch, like the lamp which sheds its mild light upon them, before the altar of God. And I fancy it would be no difficult task, with these objects before us, to expound and fully develop to him the Christian faith: the life of our Redeemer, beginning with his birth from a virgin, to his death upon a cross; the testimony to his doctrine, and the power which accompanied it, exhibited in the triumph of the first among his martyrs: the humble and modest virtue his teaching inspired to his followers, their contempt of worldly praise, and the fixing of their hopes upon a better world; the constant and daily influence his religion exercises amongst its believers, whom it sweetly invites and draws to breathe a solitary prayer, amidst the turmoils of a busy life. And methinks this ancient heathen would have an idea of a religion immensely different from that which he had professed — the religion of the meek and of the humble, of the persecuted and the modest, of the devout and the chaste. I believe, too, that by seeing the substitution of symbol for symbol — of the cross, for the badge of ignominy; with its unresisting Victim, for the haughty thunderer; of the chastest of virgins, for the lascivious Venus; of the forgiving Stephen for the avenging god of war — he would thereby conceive a livelier idea of the overthrow of his idolatry by the mildest of doctrines; of the substitution of Christianity for heathenism, than if the temple had been merely stripped, and left a naked hall, or a tottering ruin.

For I think that the ark of God, standing in the very temple of Dagon, with the idol at its side, broken and

so maimed that it might no longer be made to stand upon its pedestal, would convey a stronger and prouder demonstration of the superiority of the Law to the religion of Syria, than when concealed in silence behind the curtain of the sanctuary.

Pantheon	memorial	substitution
conspicuously	expound	haughty
rivet	solitary	lascivious
bequeathing	turmoils	pedestal

Questions :— Define “symbolism,” “solitary worshippers;” and then resume second paragraph, showing how a Catholic church recalls the chief events in the life of our divine Lord. Or, write the death scene of “forgiving Stephen,” and name an Apostle there converted through St. Stephen’s prayer. What did St. Ambrose say to Monica about the fruit her prayer would bear for her hesitating son Augustine?



SPEECH OF LORD CHATHAM ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

I CANNOT, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation : the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give its support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon it? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and

contempt! "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence." The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by our inveterate enemy, — and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an utter impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent — doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms — never, — never, — never!

But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? — to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods? — to

delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; “for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.” I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity! “That God and nature have put into our hands!” What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the Constitution. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? Our brethren! To lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the

instrumentality of these horrible hounds of war! I solemnly call upon your lordships and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of public abhorrence.

Questions : — What is it to join in congratulation? What is meant by “instructing the throne”? Name three prophets who thus instructed the throne. What is here meant by ministers? When are ministers of state infatuated? Name three ministers or kings who shared such infatuation and suffered for it. When is a parliament “dead to duty”? Name some parliament that was dead to duty in England, France or America. What body in the United States corresponds with the English Parliament? What is a foreign troop? Write the following sentence in four ways :

“If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms — never, — never, — never!”

crisis	rapine	delusion	obtruded
vindicate	abetted	procedure	achieve
stigma	accumulate	abhorrence	mercenary

—o—

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852) was a native of Dublin. The “Irish Melodies,” undoubtedly his best production, have made the traditions, the trials, the patriotism, the hopes and the beauty of his native land famous the world over. In melody and neatness of versification, in clear and apt diction, in vigor and sprightliness, they have seldom been surpassed. “Lalla Rookh,” his most ambitious work, is an Oriental love-tale, marked by great splendor of imagination, luxuriance of description and voluptuousness of sentiment. The decline in Moore’s once great popularity is owing to lack of real poetic depth of sentiment, and to the evidence that his verse comes offener from the head and the wit, than from the heart.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.
 O, the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
 'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or rill ;
 O, no ; it was something more exquisite still.

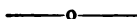
'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
 When the storms that we feel in this cold world shall cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

crystal
 streamlet

exquisite
 enchantment

reflected
 mingled



JOAN OF ARC.

Thomas De Quincey, (1785-1859) one of the greatest masters of English prose, superior even to Macaulay in the extraordinary compass of his diction, which, says an able critic, "accommodates itself without efforts to the highest flights of imagination, to the minutest subtleties of reasoning, and to the gayest vagaries of humor." He has written many essays and literary criticisms; but it is rather to his unique style, which will always be studied as a marvel of our literature, than to the intrinsic value of his works, that his fame is to be attributed.

WHAT is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that, like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea, rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at

the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious act, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good-will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first act. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a byword amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judea. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang the songs that rose in her native Domremy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances of Vaucouleurs, which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust.

Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom from earliest youth ever I believed in, as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once — no, not for a moment of weakness — didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee? Oh, no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found *in contempt*. When the

thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries.

To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life: to *do*—never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own; that was thy destiny, and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. “Life,” thou saidst, “is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long.”

Pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious, never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end, on every road, pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future; but the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

Great was the throne of France, even in those days. and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joan knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her*; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them*: not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had they been spreading their beauty over land and sea,

until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joan knew—early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth—that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for her.

Having placed the king on his throne, it was her fortune thenceforward to be thwarted. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. Too well she felt the end to be nigh at hand. Still she continued to jeopard her person in battle as before; severe wounds had not taught her caution; and at length she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally given up to the English. The object now was to vitiate the coronation of Charles the Seventh as the work of a witch, and for this end Joan was tried for sorcery. She resolutely defended herself from this absurd accusation.

Never from the foundations of the earth was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence and all its malignity of attack. O child of France! shepherdess, peasant girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, I honor thy flashing intellect, quick as the lightning and as true to its mark, that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood! “Would you examine me as a witness against myself?” was the question by which many times she defied their arts. The result of this trial was the condemnation of Joan to be burnt alive. Never was a fairer victim doomed to death by baser means.

Woman, sister! there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man—no, nor ever

will. Yet, sister, woman, cheerfully and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of men — you can die grandly ! On the 20th of May, 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, Joan of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was taken, before midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air currents.

With an undaunted soul, but a meek and saintly demeanor, the maiden encountered her terrible fate. Upon her head was placed a mitre bearing the inscription, "*Relapsed heretic, apostate, idolatress.*" Her piety displayed itself in the most touching manner to the last, and her angelic forgetfulness of self was manifested in a remarkable degree. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upward in billowing volumes. A monk was then standing at Joan's side. Wrapt up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him* — the one friend that would not forsake her — and not for herself, bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God.

"Go down," she said, "lift up the cross before me, that I may see it in dying, and speak to me pious words to the end." Then, protesting her innocence and recommending her soul to heaven, she continued to pray as the flames leaped and walled her in. Her last audible word was the name of Jesus. Sustained by faith in him

in her last fight upon the scaffold, she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted death. A soldier who had sworn to throw a fagot on the pile, turned away, a penitent for life, on hearing her last prayer to her Saviour. He had seen, he said, a white dove soar to heaven from the ashes where the brave girl had stood.

Illustrious to-day, through the efforts of her countryman, Monseigneur Dupanloup, Joan's memory is to be held up to still greater fame. Through the sunlit windows of a great Cathedral, the gift of the noble of Joan's sex, her legend as told in the tinted glass will cause men to give glory to Him who was her strength. The name that fire could not tarnish will, through the cheery reflections of summer sun and autumn glow, through the gladdening gleams of spring's fair mornings, be reflected in the house of her Creator. The chills of the winter of historical falsehood have passed, Joan lives in the windows of holy Church, the glory of her sisters' land.

COMPOSITION.

Give a short sketch of Joan's execution. Name three or four noble ladies who also met with tragic deaths for their country or for God's sake.

volleying	thwarted	sorcery	laggard
restraints	jeopard	malignity	oracles

—o—

THERE'S NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
 There's nothing *true* but Heaven.

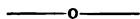
And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even ;
 And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb —
 There's nothing *bright* but Heaven.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven ;
 And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
 Serve but to light the troubled way —
 There's nothing *calm* but Heaven.

COMPOSITION.

Write the first stanza of this selection. Change all the nouns, adjectives and verbs in last two stanzas. Mention six circumstances in which we see "the smiles of joy ;" six on which we notice "the tears of woe." Explain "fancy's flash," "reason's ray."

illusion deceitful plume fancy's



THE LION.

THE lion is often erroneously styled lord of the forest ; nevertheless, the forest is not his haunt ; he lives in desert, arid plains, lightly covered with shrubby vegetation, or interspersed with tracts of low brushwood ; or, in India, he frequents the borders of rivers, and makes his lair in the jungles. The lion slumbers during the day in his retreat, and as night falls he prowls abroad in search of prey. He loves the nocturnal tempests of wind and rain so common in Southern Africa ; his voice mingles with the thunder, and adds to the terror of the timid animals, on whom he then boldly advances. He usually, however, waits in ambush, or creeps insidiously

towards his victim, which he dashes to the earth, with a bound and a rush.

In South Africa the lion is seldom seen, unless surprised asleep in his lair of thicket. Except in darkness or during violent storms, which excite the fiercer carnivora, he is a timid animal, much less feared by the people than the angry and agile leopard. When encountered in the daytime, he stands a second or two gazing; then turns slowly round, and walks as slowly away for a dozen paces, looking over his shoulder; he then begins to trot, and when he thinks himself out of sight, bounds like a greyhound.

If attacked, however, he will show fight, as the following experience, not likely to be often repeated, will testify:—"Being about thirty yards off the foe," says Dr. Livingstone, "I took a good aim at his body, through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, 'He is shot! he is shot!' others cried, 'He has been shot by another man, too; let us go to him!' I did not see any one else shoot at him; but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people, said, 'Stop a little, till I load again! When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height. He caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but

feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, is a merciful provision by our beneficent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at the distance of fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels. The lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received had taken effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds in the upper part of my arm."

Dr. Livingstone contradicts the generally received stories about the majestic roar of the lion. "The silly ostrich," says he, "makes a noise as loud, yet it was never feared by man."

On my mentioning this fact some years ago the assertion was doubted; so I have been careful ever since to inquire the opinion of Europeans who have heard both, if they could detect any difference between the roar of a lion and that of an ostrich. The invariable answer was that they could not when the animal was at a distance. The natives assert that they can detect a variation at the commencement of the noise of each. There is, it must be admitted, a considerable difference

between the singing noise of a lion when full, and his deep, gruff voice when hungry. In general, the lion's voice seems to come deeper from the chest than that of an ostrich: but to this day I can distinguish between them with certainty only by knowing that the ostrich roars by day, and the lion by night.

Attempts to deprive the lion of its prey are of frequent occurrence in the interior of Africa. Indeed, it is no unusual thing to find a number of natives residing near such pools of water as are frequented by antelopes, other wild animals, and their constant attendant, the lion, subsisting almost altogether in this way, or on carcasses which the lion has not had time to devour before the return of day, when it is his habit to return to his lair.

Questions:—Why should not the lion be termed the “lord of the forest”? Where does he usually live? When does he hunt his prey? What seasons are specially agreeable to him? What is his usual way of hunting his prey? What are the “carnivora”? What is his ordinary character? What animal do the natives of Africa dread more than the lion? How does the animal act when encountered in the daytime? Who was Dr. Livingstone? Give an account of his adventure with a lion. What effect had the shock upon him? What does he suppose was the cause of this state? What wise purpose may be seen in this? What is its great use? Does Dr. Livingstone believe in the “majestic” roar of the lion? Whose cry does its roar resemble at other times? How was Dr. Livingstone able to distinguish between the cry of the ostrich and that of the lion? How does the lion contribute to the support of many of the natives of Africa?

COMPOSITION.

Write a short account of the lion's roar. Tell how it may be distinguished from the ostrich's cry. Describe the manner in which lions furnish some of the natives with food.

erroneously	insidiously	stupor	crunching
lair	carnivora	annihilated	subsisting

WHAT IS TIME?

I ASKED an aged man, a man of cares,
 Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary hairs
 "Time is the warp of life," he said. "Oh, tell
 The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"
 I asked the ancient venerable dead,
 Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled:
 From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
 "Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode!"
 I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide
 Of life had left his veins: "Time!" he replied,
 "I've lost it! ah, the treasure!" and he died.
 I asked the golden sun, and silver spheres,
 Those bright chronometers of days and years:
 They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare!"
 And bade us for eternity prepare.
 I asked a spirit lost; but oh, the shriek
 That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak!
 It cried, "A particle! a speck! a mite
 Of endless years, duration infinite!"
 Of things inanimate, my dial I
 Consulted, and it made me this reply:
 "Time is the season fair of living well,
 The path of glory, or the path of hell."
 I asked old father Time himself, at last,
 But in a moment he flew swiftly past;
 His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
 His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.
 I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand,
 One foot on sea, and one on solid land;
 "By heavens," he cried, "I swear the mystery's o'er;
 Time was, time is, but time shall be no more!"

Questions:—What persons were questioned? What is meant by:
 "A man of cares"? "The warp of life"? "Tide of life"? "Silver

spheres"? "Bright chronometers of days and years"? Give the words of the dying sinner and of the spirit lost, in three ways.

DEATH OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

John Lingard, D. D., was born in England in 1771; died in 1851. His "History of England," complete in ten volumes, is the only impartial history of that nation. The splendid styles of Hume and Macaulay can never make amends for their false, unjust, or careless treatment of Catholic questions. Lingard's style is pure, dignified and classical; but it is in the higher requisites of history, it is in fairness, in accuracy and completeness of details, in diligent research, in clear and methodical arrangement, that his work vindicates its claim to be considered the standard book of reference on all disputed points of English history.

IN the midst of the great hall of the castle had been raised a scaffold, covered with black serge, and surrounded with a low railing. About seven, the doors were thrown open; the gentlemen of the country entered with their attendants; and Paulet's* guard augmented the number to between one hundred and fifty and two hundred spectators. Before eight, a message was sent to the queen, who replied that she would be ready in half an hour.

At that time, Andrews, the sheriff, entered the oratory, and Mary arose, taking the crucifix from the altar in her right, and carrying her prayer-book in her left hand. Her servants were forbidden to follow; they insisted; but the queen bade them be content, and turning, gave them her blessing. They received it on their

* This was Sir Amias Paulet, the appointed custodian of the unfortunate queen. How unflinchingly he performed his office may be inferred from a letter of Queen Elizabeth to him, in which she says:

"Amias, my most faithful and careful servant, God Almighty reward thee treblefold for thy most troublesome charge so well discharged."

knees, some kissing her hands, others her mantle. The door closed; and the burst of lamentation from those within resounded through the hall.

Mary was now joined by the earl and her keepers, and descending the staircase, found at the foot Melville, the steward of her household, who, for several weeks, had been excluded from her presence. This old and faithful servant threw himself on his knees, and wringing his hands, exclaimed, — “Ah, madam, unhappy me! was ever a man on earth the bearer of such sorrow as I shall be, when I report that my good and gracious queen and mistress was beheaded in England!”

Here his grief impeded his utterance; and Mary replied: “Good Melville, cease to lament; thou hast rather cause to joy than mourn; for thou shalt see the end of Mary Stuart’s troubles. Know that this world is but vanity, subject to more sorrow than an ocean of tears can bewail. But, I pray thee, report that I die a true woman to my religion, to Scotland, and to France. May God forgive them that have long thirsted for my blood, as the hart doth for the brooks of water. O God, thou art the author of truth, and truth itself. Thou knowest the inward chambers of my thoughts, and that I always wished the union of England and Scotland. Commend me to my son, and tell him that I have done nothing prejudicial either to the dignity or independence of his crown, or favorable to the pretended superiority of our enemies.” Then bursting into tears, she said, — “Good Melville, farewell;” and kissing him, “once again, good Melville, farewell, and pray for thy mistress and thy queen.” It was remarked as something extraordinary, that this was the first time in her life that she had ever been known to address a person with the pronoun thou.

Drying up her tears, she turned from Melville and made her last request, that her servants might be present at her death. But the Earl of Kent objected that they would be troublesome by their grief and lamentations, might practice some superstitious trumpery, perhaps might dip their handkerchiefs in her grace's blood. "My lords," said Mary, "I will give my word for them. They shall deserve no blame. Certainly your mistress, being a maiden queen, will vouchsafe, in regard of womanhood, that I have some of my own women about me at my death."

Receiving no answer, she continued, — "You might, I think, grant me a far greater courtesy, were I a woman of lesser calling than the Queen of Scots." Still they were silent; when she asked with vehemence, — "Am I not the cousin to your queen, a descendant of the blood royal of King Henry VII., and the anointed Queen of Scotland?" At these words the fanaticism of the Earl of Kent began to yield; and it was resolved to admit four of her men and two of her women servants. She selected her steward, physician, apothecary, and surgeon, with her maids Kennedy and Curle.

The procession now set forward. It was headed by the sheriff and his officers; next followed Paulet and Drury, and the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent; and lastly came the Scottish queen, with Melville bearing her train. She wore the richest of her dresses, — that which was appropriate to the rank of a queen dowager. Her step was firm, and her countenance cheerful. She bore without shrinking the gaze of the spectators, and the sight of the scaffold, the block, and the executioner, and advanced into the hall with that grace and majesty which she had so often displayed in her happier days, when in the palace of her fathers. To aid her as she

mounted the scaffold, Paulet offered his arm. "I thank you, sir," said Mary; "it is the last trouble I shall give you, and the most acceptable service you have ever rendered me."

The queen seated herself on a stool which had been prepared for her. On her right stood the two earls; on the left the sheriff and Beal, clerk of the council; in front, the executioner from the Tower, in a suit of black velvet, with his assistant, also clad in black. The warrant was read, and Mary, in an audible voice, addressed the assembly. She would have them recollect, also, that she was a sovereign princess, not subject to the Parliament of England, but brought there to suffer by injustice and violence. She, however, thanked her God that he had given her this opportunity of publicly professing her religion, and of declaring, as she had often before declared, that she had never imagined, nor compassed, nor consented to, the death of the English queen, nor ever sought the least harm to her person. After her death, many things, which were then buried in darkness, would come to light. But she pardoned from her heart all her enemies, nor should her tongue utter that which might turn to their prejudice.

Here she was interrupted by Dr. Fletcher, dean of Peterborough, who, having caught her eye, began to preach, and under cover — perhaps through motives of zeal — contrived to insult the feelings of the unfortunate sufferer. Mary repeatedly desired him not to trouble himself and her. He persisted; she turned aside. He made the circuit of the scaffold, and again addressed her in front. An end was put to this extraordinary scene by the Earl of Shrewsbury, who ordered him to pray. His prayer was the echo of his sermon; but Mary heard him not. She was employed at the time in

her devotions, repeating with a loud voice, and in the Latin language, passages from the book of Psalms; and, after the dean was reduced to silence, a prayer in French, in which she begged of God to pardon her sins, declared that she forgave her enemies, and protested that she was innocent of ever consenting in wish or deed to the death of her English sister. She then prayed in English for Christ's afflicted Church, for her son James, and for Queen Elizabeth, and in conclusion, holding up the crucifix, exclaimed:—"As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of thy mercy, and forgive my sins."

When her maids, bathed in tears, began to disrobe their mistress, the executioners, fearing the loss of their usual perquisites, hastily interfered. The queen remonstrated, but instantly submitted to their rudeness, observing to the earls with a smile, that she was not accustomed to employ such grooms, or to undress in the presence of so numerous a company.

Her servants, at the sight of their sovereign in this lamentable state, could not suppress their feelings; but Mary, putting her finger to her lips, commanded silence, gave them her blessing, and solicited their prayers. She then seated herself again. Kennedy, taking from her a handkerchief edged with gold, pinned it over her eyes; the executioners, holding her by the arms, led her to the block; and the queen, kneeling down, said repeatedly with a firm voice,—"Into thy hands, O Lord I commend my spirit."

But the sobs and cries of the spectators disconcerted the headsman. He trembled, missed his aim, inflicted a deep wound in the lower part of the skull. The queen remained motionless; and, at the third stroke, her head was severed from her body. When the executioner

held it up, the muscles of the face were so convulsed that the features could not be recognized. He cried as usual, — “God save Queen Elizabeth!”

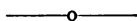
“So perish all her enemies!” subjoined the dean of Peterborough.

“So perish all the enemies of the gospel!” exclaimed, in a still louder tone, the fanatical Earl of Kent.

Not a voice was heard to cry amen. Party feeling was absorbed in admiration and pity.

Questions:— Show three ways in which Mary proved her courage as a woman. Two, her independence as a Queen. Three, her devotedness as a Catholic.

serge	lamentation	impeded	utterance
trumpery	fanaticism	dowager	audible
compassed	prejudice	persisted	dean
protested	perquisites	remonstrated	lamentable
convulsed	recognized	fanatical	absorbed



A NAME IN THE SAND.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand;

A pearly shell was in my hand;

I stooped and wrote upon the sand

My name, — the year, — the day.

As onward from the spot I passed,

One ling'ring look behind I cast;

A wave came rolling high and fast,

And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be

With every mark on earth for me;

A wave of dark oblivion's sea

Will sweep across the place

Where I have trod the sandy shore
 Of time, and be to me no more, —
 Of me, — my day, — the name I bore,
 To leave no track nor trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
 And holds the water in his hands,
 I know a lasting record stands,
 Inscribed against my name, —
 Of all this mortal part has wrought;
 Of all this thinking soul has thought;
 And, from these fleeting moments caught,
 For glory or for shame.

Questions: — What did you do with the shell? What washed the lines away? What thought struck the author? Show difference between track and trace. What is a lasting record? What will be found in this book? What is your mortal part? What is the immortal? Commit closing stanza to memory.

strand	methought	trod	inscribed
ling'ring	oblivion's	record	wrought

—o—

FUNERAL ORATION OF THE PRINCE OF CONDE.

COME now, you people; or rather, come, princes and lords; and you, who judge the earth; and you, who open to men the gates of heaven; and you, more than all, princes and princesses, noble progeny of so many kings, lights of France, but to-day obscured, and covered with your grief as with a cloud; come and see the little that remains to us of so august a birth, of so much greatness, of so much glory. Cast your eyes on all sides: behold all that magnificence and piety could do, to honor a hero; titles, inscriptions, vain marks of that which is no more; figures which seem to weep around

a tomb, and frail images of a grief which time bears away, along with all the rest; columns which seem as if they would raise to heaven the magnificent testimony of our nothingness; and nought, in fine, is wanted, amid all these honors, but he to whom they are given. Weep, then, over these feeble remains of human life; weep over that sad immortality which we give to heroes.

But approach, in particular, O you who run with so much ardor in the career of glory; warlike and intrepid souls! Who was more worthy to command you? yet in whom have you found authority more gentle? Weep, then, for this great captain, and say, with sighs,—Behold him who was our leader in dangers; under him have been formed so many renowned captains, whom his examples have raised to the first honors of war; his shade could still gain victories; and behold, now, in his silence, his very name animates, and at the same time warns us, that to find at death some rest from our labors, and not to arrive unprovided at our eternal dwelling, with the earthly king we must likewise serve the King of heaven. Serve, then, that King, immortal and so full of mercy, who will value a sigh and a glass of water given in his name, more than all others will ever do the effusion of all your blood; and begin to date the time of your useful services from the day on which you shall have given yourself to a master so beneficent.

For me, if it be allowed me, after all others, to come to render the last duties at this tomb, O prince, worthy subject of our eulogies and of our regrets, you shall live eternally in my memory; your image shall there be traced, not with that boldness which promised victory; no, I will see nothing in you of that which is effaced by death. You shall have in this image immortal lineaments; I shall there behold you such as you were at that last

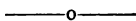
day under the hand of God, when his glory seemed already to appear to you. There I shall behold you more triumphant than at Fribourg and Rocroy; and, ravished by a triumph so splendid, I shall repeat, with thanksgiving, these beautiful words of the beloved disciple: "*And this is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith.*" Enjoy, prince, this victory; enjoy it eternally by the immortal virtue of this sacrifice. Accept these last efforts of a voice which was known to you. You shall put an end to all these discourses. Instead of deploring the death of others, great prince, henceforward I will learn of you to render my own holy. Happy, if, warned by these white hairs of the account which I am to render of my ministry, I reserve for the flock which I ought to nourish with the word of life, the remains of a faltering voice and of an ardor which will soon be extinguished.

progeny	unprovided	Fribourg
august	effusion	Rocroy
nothingness	beneficent	ravished
intrepid	eulogies	deploring
animates	lineaments	faltering

COMPOSITION.

Copy the last seven lines, "Instead of deploring," etc., and write sentences in which *one* of the following words will occur in each:

Deploring, henceforward, account, ministry, nourish.



SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road,
 Strewed acorns on the lea;
 And one took root, and sprouted up,

And grew into a tree;
Love sought its shade at evening time
To breath its early vows ;
And age was pleased, in heat of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore ;
It stood a glory in its place —
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way,
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink.
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues
And saved a life beside.

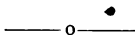
A dreamer dropped a random thought,
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new —
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true ;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life — a beacon ray —
A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great —
A watch fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,
 Let fall a word of hope and love,
 Unstudied, from the heart—
 A whisper on the tumult thrown,
 A transitory breath,
 It raised a brother from the dust,
 It saved a soul from death.
 O germ! O fount! O word of love!
 O thought at random cast!
 Ye were but *little at the first*,
 But mighty at the last.

COMPOSITION.

Relate the circumstances mentioned in this poem. In connection with this narration give some idea contained in Tennyson's "Brook."

lea	scooped	beacon	thronged
bask	ladle	monitory	tumult
dormouse	parching	issue	transitory
dangling	genial	valley	fount



THE CHURCH PROGRESSIVE.

THE Church unquestionably stands at the head of the influences that have civilized mankind. If Guizot's definition of civilization, "The reform and elevation of society through the reform and elevation of the individual," is true, and that it is true the Protestant schools of history admit, then the Church must be regarded as the civilizer by excellence. Home, with its manifold influences, is deemed a powerful agency in the formation of individual perfection, and to the Church, under Christ, the modern world owes all expressed by those tender words, "home," and the "family circle."

Heathenism made the family, with all its relations, subject to the supreme arbitrament of the State. Deformed children were destroyed as prospectively unfit for military service. Infanticide was one of the most prevalent crimes of heathendom. It was the Babe of Bethlehem that saved his infant companions. The stability of the family is based on the indissolubility of the marital tie. This the Church has ever upheld and preserved. By insisting on it, the Church forms society into families and kin, throwing about them defences and safeguards of liberty and happiness, and out of the Christian family the civilized state, such as we have it, arose. Here is the first step in that march of progress in which the Church leads humanity. We often hear the axiom, proved by a thousand years' experience, that the family is the social unit. It was the Church that taught and realized the axioms which all statesmanship and political science accept as fundamental science.

After reforming the family, she reformed the State. Heathen statesmanship proceeded on the assumption that the governed were created for the governors. The pyramids overshadowed a multitude of toiling slaves, who were taught to regard their sovereign as God, the Supreme Disposer of their lives and fortunes. Republican Greece and Rome were never republican in the Christian sense. The Church, on the downfall of the Roman Empire, took the barbarians in hand, shaped their wild tribes into stable forms of government, and gave to their disunited clans an organic form. Guizot admits that the Church originated the idea of election, personal freedom, the right of the people to rebel against despotism, municipal independence, and the abolition of slavery. Here, then, is the Church fashioning the two elements of all progress, the family

and the free state. Without these subsisting in the relations established by her, all progress is impossible. To her, as to source and fountain, all modern progress and civilization can, therefore, be traced.

deemed	stability	fundamental	municipal
arbitrament	indissolubility	originated	subsisting
prospectively	axioms	despotism	traced

QUESTIONS AND COMPOSITION.

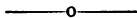
Change first sentence. How is civilization effected? How was the family treated by heathenism? How were children treated? What is the marital tie? At what sacrifice were the pyramids erected? Show from Guizot's admission that the Catholic Church is favorable to Republics. What did Pius IX. say about his independence in the United States? Write four sentences, in defence of Catholicity, including the following expressions:

..... the Church had made slaves free.

By teaching princes their duty, the Church people their rights.

The Church which raised men from degradation brought about by tyranny must be able..... the right use of liberty.

In our own country..... the leaders of Catholic thought contributed no small share to liberty, which by its extent has become Catholic in character.



DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armor against fate:
 Death lays his icy hands on kings;
 Sceptre and crown
 Must humble down,
 And in the dust must be equal made
 With the poor, crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still;
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garland withers on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
 Upon death's purple altar now
 See where the victor, victim bleeds;
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

COMPOSITION.

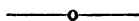
Write sentences with the words "substantial" and "shadows" in each. A sentence in which "humble" will qualify "crown." A sentence in which "sword" will be nominative to "kill." A sentence in which "tame" will be an adjective, "still" a noun, "laurels" a verb, and "sweet" an adverb.

substantial

armor

fate

blossom



WAGES.

WAGES are a compensation given to the laborer for the exertion of his physical powers, or of his skill and ingenuity. They must, therefore, vary according to the severity of the labor to be performed, or to the degree of skill and ingenuity required. A jeweller or engraver, for example, must be paid a higher rate of

wages than a servant or laborer. A long course of training is necessary to instruct a man in the business of jewelling and engraving, and if the cost of his training were not made up to him in a higher rate of wages, he would, instead of learning so difficult an art, betake himself to such employments as hardly require any instruction.

The following are the chief circumstances which cause the rates of wages in some employments to rise above or fall below the general average :

The pleasant or unpleasant nature of the employment. The *pleasantness* of an employment may arise from the lightness of the labor to be performed, its healthiness or cleanliness, and the degree of esteem in which it is held. The *unpleasantness* of any employment will arise from the opposite circumstances, — from the severity of the labor to be performed, its unhealthiness or dirtiness, and the degree of odium attached to it. Now it is not in the nature of things likely that any one will be so blind to his own interests as to engage in any occupation which is considered mean, or where the labor is severe, if he obtain only the same wages as are obtained by those engaged in employments that are held in higher esteem, and where the labor is light. The labor of the ploughman is not unhealthy, nor is it either irksome or disagreeable ; but being more *severe* than that of the shepherd, it is uniformly better paid. Miners, gilders, smiths, distillers, and all who carry on an unhealthy, disagreeable, and dangerous business, always obtain higher wages than those who are engaged in more agreeable employments.

The wages of labor, in particular employments, vary according to the comparative ease with which it is learned. There are many kinds of labor which a

man may perform without any previous instruction whatever, and in which he will gain a certain rate of wages from the moment he is employed. But there are also many kinds of labor which can be carried on only by those who have been regularly instructed in them. Now, it is evident that the wages of the latter class of laborers must be greater than those of the first class, in order to make up to them the time lost, and the expense they have incurred in their education. A skilled mason, who has served a long apprenticeship to his trade, will always obtain higher wages than a common laborer, who has simply to use his mere bodily strength. Were it not so, there would be nothing to induce the mason to spend many years in learning a trade at which he could earn no higher wages than the man who was simply qualified to carry lime in a hod, or to roll a wheelbarrow.

The wages of labor, in different employments, vary with the constancy and inconstancy of employment. Employment is much more constant in some trades than in others. Many trades can be carried on only in particular states of the weather, and seasons of the year; and if the workmen who are employed in these cannot easily find employment in others during the time they are thrown out of work, their wages must be proportionally raised. A journeyman weaver, shoemaker, or tailor may reckon, unless trade is dull, upon obtaining constant employment; but masons, bricklayers, pavers, and, in general, all those workmen who carry on their business in the open air, are liable to constant interruptions. Their wages, accordingly, must be sufficient to maintain them while they are employed, and also when they are *necessarily* idle. This principle shows how foolish is the opinion generally entertained respecting

the great earnings of porters, cabmen, coachmen, painters and all workmen employed only for short periods, and on particular occasions. Such persons frequently make as much in an hour or two as a regularly employed workman makes in a day. But this greater hire scarcely ever compensates for the labor they perform, and the time they are necessarily idle. Such persons are almost always poorer than those who are employed in more constant occupations.

The wages of labor vary according to the small or great trust which must be reposed in the workmen. The wages of goldsmiths and jewellers are everywhere greater than those of many other workmen, not only of equal but of much superior ingenuity, on account of the precious materials with which they are intrusted. We trust our health to the physician; our fortune, and sometimes our life and character, to the lawyer. Their reward must be such, therefore, as may give them that rank in society which so important a trust requires.

The wages of labor in different employments vary according to the chances of success in them. If a young man is bound apprentice to a shoemaker or a tailor, there is hardly any doubt but he will attain to an ordinary degree of skill in his business, and that he will be able to live by it. But if he is bound apprentice to a lawyer, a musician, a sculptor, or a player, there are ten chances to one that he never attains such a degree of skill in any of these callings as will enable him to live on his earnings. But where many fail for one who succeeds, the fortunate one ought not only to gain such a rate of wages as will make up for the expense incurred in his education, but also for all that has been incurred in the education of his unsuccessful competitors. If we add together what is likely to be annually gained, and what

is likely to be annually spent, by all the different workmen in any common trade, such as that of shoemakers or of weavers, we shall find that the sum gained will usually be greater than the sum spent. But if we add together the sums gained by all the students of law and all the lawyers in the world, and then add the sums spent by the same, we shall find that the annual gains bear but a small proportion to the annual expense. Why, then, is such a profession as the law so much run after? The love of that wealth, power, and respect, which most commonly attend superior excellence in any of the liberal professions, and the confidence placed by each individual in his own good fortune, are sufficient to overbalance the drawbacks that attend them; and never fail to crowd their ranks with all the most liberal and generous minds.

From the preceding observations it is evident that those who receive the highest wages are not, when the cost of their education, the chances of their success, and the various disadvantages incident to their professions are taken into account, really better paid than those who receive the lowest. The wages earned by the different classes of workmen are *equal*, not when each individual earns the *same* number of dollars in a given space of time, but when each is paid in proportion to the severity of the labor he has to perform, to the degree of previous education and skill it requires, and to the other causes of variation already mentioned. So long as each individual is allowed to employ himself as he pleases, we may be assured that the rate of wages in different employments will be comparatively equal.

COMPOSITION.

Define the term "wages," in your own words. Show what causes

difference in wages between jeweller and farm hand; the lawyer and the blacksmith. Is it wages alone that induce so many to embrace the practice of law? Is this difference in wages just? Illustrate this by a paraphrase of the third paragraph. (What is a paragraph?) Name some trades that call for higher wages, owing to the seasons in which work is suspended. Name some not given in the lesson. Go over the sixth paragraph, and carefully resume the last ten lines.

Memorize:—

If little labor, little are our gains;
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

ingenuity	comparative	employments	compensates
odium	induce	vary	preceding

— o —

THE BRAVE MAN.

LOUD let the Brave Man's praises swell
As organ blast or clang of bell.
Of lofty soul and spirit strong,
He asks not gold — he asks but song!
Then glory to God, by whose gift I raise
The tribute of song to the Brave Man's praise!

The thaw wind came from the southern sea,
Dewy and dark o'er Italy;
The scattered clouds fled far aloof,
As flies the flock before the wolf;
It swept o'er the plain, and it strewed the wood,
And it burst the ice bonds on river and flood.

The snow-drifts melt, till the mountain calls,
With the voice of a thousand waterfalls;
The waters are over both field and dell —
Still doth the land flood wax and swell;
And high roll its billows, as in their track
They hurry the ice crags, a floating wrack.

On pillars stout, and arches wide,
A bridge of granite stems the tide;
And midway o'er the foaming flood,
Upon the bridge the toll-house stood;
There dwelleth the gate-man, with babes and wife;
Oh, seest thou the water? quick! flee for thy life.

Near and more near the wild waves urge;
Loud howls the wind, loud roars the surge;
The gate-man sprang on the roof in fright,
And he gazed on the waves in their gathering might.
"All-merciful God! to our sins be good!
We are lost! we are lost! The flood! the flood!"

High rolled the waves! In headlong track
Hither and thither dashed the wrack!
On either bank uprose the flood;
Scarce on their base the arches stood!
The gate-man, trembling for house and life,
Out-screams the storm with his babes and wife.

High heaves the flood's wrack: block on block,
The sturdy pillars feel the shock;
On either arch the surges break,
On either side the arches shake:
They totter! they sink 'neath the 'whelming wave!
All-merciful heaven, have pity and save!

Upon the river's further strand
A trembling crowd of gazers stand;
In wild despair their hands they wring,
Yet none may aid or succor bring;
And the hapless gate-man, with babes and wife,
Is screaming for help through the stormy strife.

When shall the Brave Man's praises swell
As organ blast or clang of bell?

Ah! name him *now*, he tarries long;
Name him at last, my glorious song!
O! speed, for the terrible death draws near;
O Brave Man! O Brave Man! arise, appear!

Quick gallops up, with headlong speed,
A noble Count on noble steed!
And lo! on high his fingers hold
A purse well stored with shining gold.
"Two hundred pistoles for the man who shall save
Yon perishing wretch from the yawning wave!"

Who is the Brave Man? Say, my song,
Shall to the Count thy meed belong?
Though, heaven be praised, right brave he be,
I know a braver still than he.
O Brave Man! O Brave Man! arise, appear!
Oh, speed! for the terrible death draws near!

And ever higher swell the waves,
And louder still the storm-wind raves,
And lower sink their hearts in fear —
O Brave Man! Brave Man! haste, appear!
Buttress and pillar, they groan and strain,
And the rocking arches are rent in twain!

Again, again, before their eyes,
High holds the Count the glittering prize; —
All see, but all the danger shun —
Of all the thousand stirs *not one*.
And the gate-man in vain, through the tumult wild,
Out-screams the tempest, with wife and child.

But who amid the crowd is seen,
In peasant garb, with simple mien,
Firm, leaning on a trusty stave,
In form and feature tall and grave?

He hears the Count, and the scream of fear;
He sees that the moment of death draws near!

Into a skiff he boldly sprang;
He braved the storm that round him rang;
He called aloud on God's great name —
And back he a deliverer came.
But the fisher's skiff seems all too small,
From the raging waters to save them all.

The river round him boiled and surged;
Thrice through the waves his skiff he urged,
And back, through wind and waters' roar,
He bore them safely to the shore:
So fierce rolled the river, that scarce the last
In the fisher's skiff through the danger passed.

Who is the Brave Man? Say, my song,
To whom shall that high name belong?
Bravely the peasant ventured in,
But 'twas, perchance, the prize to win.
If the generous Count had proffered no gold,
The peasant, methinks, had not been so bold.

Out spake the Count: "Right boldly done!
Here, take thy purse; 'twas nobly won."
A generous act, in truth, was this,
And truly the Count right noble is;
But loftier still was the soul displayed
By him in the peasant garb arrayed.

"Poor though I be, thy hand withhold;
I barter not my life for gold!
Yon hapless man is ruined now;
Great Count, on *him* thy gift bestow."
He spake from his heart in his honest pride,
And he turned on his heel and strode aside.

Then loudly let his praises swell,
 As organ blast, or clang of bell;
 Of lofty soul and spirit strong,
 He asks not gold — he asks but song!
 Then glory to God, by whose gift I raise
 The tribute of song to the Brave Man's praise!

DIRECTIONS AND CAUTIONS FOR READING.

VERSE 1. — Line 1: Avoid the verse accent on *let*, and hasten on to *brave* and *swell*. VERSE 2. — Line 4: No accent on *doth*; the emphatic word is *still*. Line 5: Avoid the verse accent on *in*. Line 10: Do not place any accent on *upon*, but read *upon-the-bridge* as one word. VERSE 3. — Line 1: Read *and-more-near* as one word. Line 2: *Loud* is the emphatic word. VERSE 4. — Line 7: No accent on *upon*, but hasten on to *further strand*. VERSE 5. — Line 1: The word with the greatest weight of emphasis is *when*, and *shall* has none at all. VERSE 6. — Line 1: The emphatic word is *who*. No emphasis at all on *is*. Line 2: Hasten on to the emphatic word *Count*. VERSE 7. — Line 2: *High* is more emphatic than *holds*. Line 3: *All* is emphatic; not *see*. Line 4: *Thousand* is the chief word; and then the two very emphatic words *not one*. VERSE 8. — Line 8: *Thrice* is emphatic, not *through*.

COMPOSITION.

Write the story of "The Brave Man" from the following headings: A flood in the north of Italy. The blocks of ice come down and strike a bridge. A large part of it is carried away. The bridge-keeper and his family are in danger. A gentleman offers a purse of gold to any one who will save them. A peasant jumps into a boat, and brings the family away in safety. The gentleman offers him the purse; but he says:—

"Poor though I be, thy hand withhold;
 I barter not my life for gold!
 Yon hapless man is ruined now;
 Great Count, on him thy gift bestow."

lofty	wrack	whelming	yawning
aloof	stems	pistoles	meed
tumult	stave	arrayed	barter
mien	skiff	withhold	strode

EDUCATION.

WE are taught that we have three powers in our soul — memory, will, and understanding. These three powers are, as it were, shut up in the soul of every child when first it is born into the world. But something is necessary in order to *draw out* these powers and give them their proper direction, and this makes up what we call the work of education.

The word “education” is derived from a Latin term which means “to lead or draw forth,” because the training of a man’s soul is really the gradual bringing out of all his different powers. For we are not to suppose that education consists merely in the teaching which a child receives at school. Whatever influence, good or bad, calls out his faculties, and teaches him how to use them, is to him education. Thus all men are more or less educated; they cannot exist with eyes and ears, in a world full of varying objects, without receiving ideas and notions from what they see around them, and learning, by observation of other men, and a thousand means besides, how to use their natural powers.

But the education of rude nature is not sufficient to make man what his Creator designed that he should be. It acts very slowly and imperfectly, and only produces such results as are witnessed in wild and barbarous life. Savages are nature-educated men. They grow cunning and ingenious, and learn to catch animals that are suitable to serve them as food; they also make themselves canoes that can float them across rivers and seas, and fashion for themselves garments out of leaves and skins. But they are never able to compel the great physical powers of nature to work in their service and for their advantage;

neither can they control and direct their own impulses and passions.

Nations that are civilized are so precisely because they possess a higher kind of education. The ideas of other minds have been preserved among them, and have become their property ; they have been communicated from one individual to another, and have been written down, and kept in those registers of other men's thoughts which we call books. So that, as years roll on, the young start in the pursuit of knowledge and wisdom, furnished, with all that has been already gained and laid up for them, by the toil of those who have lived before ; and each age adds to the stores thus laid up for succeeding generations.

Education, properly so called, therefore, consists in the training of all the powers of the soul. In the popular way in which we use the term, it is very often made to express the particular training of the intellect or the memory. If a man learns to read or write, he is said to have some education ; if, in addition to this, he has been taught Greek, Latin, and mathematics, he is said to be *well* educated ; and yet, in spite of his learning, he may only be *half* educated, after all. His intellect may have been developed, but his other powers may never yet have been "drawn out ;" nay, his very intellect may not have been properly directed, nor shown on what it may most worthily employ its strength ; and hence the man, with all his learning, may have less that will really serve his purpose than the nature-taught savage.

To understand the full meaning and real value of education, let us remember that everything in the world approaches perfection in proportion as it is adapted to its end. A knife that is made of gold and ornamented with jewels may be a handsome trinket, but it is not a

good knife unless it cuts. And so a man's education must fit him for his end, or it would be simply good for nothing. It must call forth his powers of observation and reasoning, because in all the affairs of life he has need of good sense and sound judgment. It must strengthen his memory, and fill it with useful facts; and must aim at making him an intelligent being, with powers capable of being directed to the particular end which each man has to accomplish.

It is obvious, however, that every man does not stand in need of the same kind of education. A physician requires a different kind of teaching from a priest, and a soldier has to learn many things which would be quite useless to a ploughman, or a shoemaker. Of what use would it be to an artisan's wife if she thoroughly comprehended the whole solar system, and yet knew not how to make a shirt, or keep her husband's house in proper order? Or if her husband himself were to be learned in Greek and Latin, yet unable to cast accounts or spell his own language? There are some things, therefore, in which people do not all require the same kind of education, because all have not the same aim. But, again, in other respects they all *have* the same requirements, because in some things their end is the same. The real end of man is not to be a carpenter, or a physician, or a soldier; it is to know God, to love God, and to serve God in this world, and to be happy with him for ever in the next. Without recollecting this, we can never form any true idea of what constitutes education. For without this thought in our minds, how can we know in what direction our powers are to be "led out," on what objects they are to be employed, and to what purpose we shall use them? If things are perfect in proportion as they are fitted for their end

how can the powers of my soul reach perfection if they be not trained to do that for which God created them? Unless my *memory* shall have been taught to think of God, and my *will* to love him and serve him, by resisting what is evil and resolving on what is good, and unless my *understanding*, enlightened by faith, shall have been directed to distinguish truth from falsehood — my education is imperfect; for surely that would be a sorry education by which the intellect had only been nurtured in error. Never, therefore, let us fall into the common mistake of thinking a man well educated simply because he knows many things. Knowledge alone is not education, any more than it is wisdom. Knowledge is merely the information of the memory — a very useful part of education, provided always that the facts so communicated be good and true; for there may be a knowledge of evil.

Neither is a man well educated merely because he can think and reason. Here again we have a great power; but does he think and reason rightly? Steam is an enormous power also; but what would be the result if it were set in motion for some mischievous purpose? Instead of propelling a railway engine or working a cotton-mill, it might crush a hundred men, or blow up a dozen houses. And human reason needs control and direction quite as much as any steam-engine. The education of the understanding is not intended merely to make a man into a reasoning machine, but to lead him to form true conclusions, and to teach him how sometimes to use and sometimes to submit his judgment.

And what shall we say of the will of man — that gigantic power which all are conscious of possessing, and on the use of which all our other powers depend for good or for evil? Shall not this also have its education?

Shall we know how to work our intellects, and yet never have learned how to command our passions? Shall our heads be trained to a thousand difficult exercises, and our hearts, from which are the issues of life and death, be still untamed, undisciplined, and savage?

It is evident that religion and religious influences are required in order to "lead out" all our powers, and shape them to their true end, by training our whole intellectual and spiritual nature "to the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ."

COMPOSITION.

Write the following in four ways:

"A knife that is made of gold unless it cuts."

"Never, therefore, let us fall into nurtured in error."

faculties	intellect	sorry
varying	developed	propelling
ingenious	obvious	issues
impulses	requirements	undisciplined

— o —

THE MESSIAH.

RAPT into future times, the bard began:

A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!

From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,

Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:

The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,

And on its top descends the mystic dove.

Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,

And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!

The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid,

From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;

Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn;
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe; be born!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies;
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys rise!
With heads reclined, ye cedars homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold.
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;

But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead.
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hands shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
 Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

Questions:— Explain "from Jesse's root;" "from high the dewy nectar pour;" "returning Justice lift aloft her scale;" "olive wand." What *auspicious Babe* is meant? Whose voice said "I'prepare ye the way of the Lord"? Explain:

"But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end."

What is peculiar about the basilisk's eye?

root	wand	roe	falchion
ethereal	bards	adamantine	graze
nectar	films	grim	crib
frauds	visual	explores	basilisk

— o —

LETTER TO THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

OUR creed, my lord, is short; all we believe is embodied in the profession of faith, published under the name of Pius IV., and found in many of our books of common prayer, and in all our rituals or liturgies: it is detailed and justified, and defined, in the decrees of

the Council of Trent; and if your excellency should ever have cast your eye over it, you might not prefer it to that which you profess, but it is impossible that you would not respect it; it is quite impossible that your excellency would deem it a slavish superstition, or say that those who professed it were thereby rendered unfit for freedom.

It was the creed, my lord, of a Charlemagne, of a St. Louis, of an Alfred and an Edward, of the monarchs of the feudal times, as well as of the emperors of Greece and Rome; it was believed at Venice and at Genoa, in Lucca and the Helvetic nations, in the days of their freedom and greatness: all the barons of the Middle Ages, all the free cities of latter times, professed the religion we now profess. You well know, my lord, that the charter of British freedom, and the common law of England, have their origin and source in Catholic times. Who framed the free constitution of the Spanish Goths? Who preserved science and literature during the long night of the Middle Ages? Who imported literature from Constantinople and opened for her an asylum at Rome, Florence, Padua, Paris, and Oxford? Who polished Europe by art, and refined her by legislation? Who discovered the New World, and opened a passage to another? Who were the masters of architecture, of painting, of music? Who invented the compass, and the art of printing? Who were the poets, the historians, the jurists, the men of deep research and profound literature? Who have exalted human nature, and made man appear little less than the angels? Were they not almost exclusively the professors of our creed? Were they who created and possessed freedom under every shape and form, unfit for her enjoyment? Were men, deemed even now the lights of the world,

and the benefactors of the human race, the deluded victims of a slavish superstition?

But what is there in our creed, which renders us unfit for freedom? Is it the doctrine of passive obedience? No; for the obedience we yield to authority is not blind, but reasonable; our religion does not create despotism; it supports every established constitution, which is not opposed to the laws of nature, unless it be altered by those who have the right to change it. In Poland it supported an elective monarch; in France, an hereditary sovereign; in Spain, an absolute or constitutional king indifferently; in England, when the houses of York and Lancaster contended, it declared that he who was king *de facto*, was entitled to the obedience of the people. During the reign of the Tudors, there was a faithful adherence of the Catholics to their prince, under trials the most severe and galling, because the constitution required it: the same was exhibited by them to the ungrateful race of Stuart; but since the expulsion of James, (foolishly called an abdication,) have they not adopted with the nation at large, the doctrine of the revolution, "that the crown is held in trust for the benefit of the people; and that should the monarch violate his compact, the subject is freed from the bond of his allegiance?" Is there any obligation, either to a prince or to a constitution, which it does not enforce?

For nearly four centuries, whilst two nations struggled in the womb of Ireland, the one laboring to conquer, the other to defend, we find Religion always recommending an adjustment, and exhibiting to her infuriated children the olive-branch of peace: we find her in the person of O'Toole, the archbishop of Dublin, standing between the living and the dead, praying for the people, whilst the plague raged. Has she ever ceased to pour

the balm of consolation upon the wounds of the country, and to instil hope or resignation into her almost broken heart? Yet this is the religion which is said to unfit us for freedom.

COMPOSITION.

Write out questions 1, 2, 3, 4, and answer in as few words as possible. Then, take question 5 :

“Who discovered the New World, and opened a passage to another?” It may be answered thus :

“Columbus, aided by Catholic Isabella and Ferdinand of Spain, and also encouraged in his venture by Dominican friars, discovered the New World, and opened a passage to another.

rituals	Goths	passive
liturgies	architecture	hereditary
superstition	jurists	constitutional
Charlemagne	research	Tudors
Helvetic	exclusively	womb
framed	deluded	instil

— o —

THE INCHCAPE BELL.

Robert Southey (1774-1843), one of the Lake School of poets. His literary activity was wonderful. The list of his published writings numbers 109 volumes, besides which he contributed 149 articles to the reviews. His poetry is very much neglected, and most of it will soon be quite forgotten. The “Metrical Tales,” of which the following is a specimen, are the best of his poems. As a prose writer he ranks high. Of his prose works the best known is the *Life of Nelson*, written for young readers.

NO stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
 The ship was as still as she could be;
 Her sails from heaven received no motion,
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess —
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float:
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;

Sir Ralph leant over from the boat,
And cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high.
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers' roar?
For, methinks, we should be near the shore.
Yet where we are I cannot tell,
I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
"O Heavens! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
And bent his breast in his despair;
The waves rushed in on every side,
And the ship sank down beneath the tide.

Questions:— Give the first two stanzas in your own words. Change the adjectives and verbs in third and fourth. What was Sir Ralph's occupation? How was he punished? What conversation had taken place previously?

Inchcape	buoy	joyaunce	float
Aberbrothok	surge's	excess	swell

—o—

THE REAPER.

William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was the first great poet who turned the current of English poetry into its present channel, that of *humanity*; by which we mean those sentiments arising from the contemplation of the threefold relations of God, man's soul, and nature. We say the first *great* poet, because before his time such poets as Cowper, and Goldsmith and Burns had really begun the re-action against romanticism, and Wordsworth has been given the credit of originating a movement of which he was but the instrument. The "Excursion" is his greatest poem. It is philosophy in numbers. Many of Wordsworth's sonnets are the finest in the language. All his reflective poems are marked by great loftiness of sentiment, and are better appreciated as the mind grows older and lays aside the passions and ardor of youth.

BEHOLD her, single in the field, yon solitary Highland Lass! reaping and singing by herself; stop here, or gently pass! Alone she cuts and binds the grain, and sings a melancholy strain; Oh listen! for the vale profound is overflowing with the sound. No nightingale did ever chaunt more welcome notes to weary bands of travellers, in some shady haunt among Arabian sands: no sweeter voice was ever heard in spring-time from the cuckoo-bird, breaking the silence of the seas among the farthest Hebrides. Will no one tell me what she sings? Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow for old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago: or is it some more humble lay, familiar matter of to-day? some natural sorrow, loss, or pain, that has

been, and may be again? Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang as if her song could have no ending; I saw her singing at her work, and o'er the sickle bending; I listened till I had my fill; and as I mounted up the hill, the music in my heart I bore long after it was heard no more.

COMPOSITION.

Re-write the above in verse form.

Highland Lass Hebrides sickle

—o—

THE IDEA OF A SAINT.

John Henry, Cardinal Newman, was born in England in 1801. He was educated at Oxford. In 1845 he became a convert to the Catholic faith; in 1847 was ordained priest, and in 1848 established the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in England. He was the first rector of the Catholic University of Ireland, which office he held for several years. He is unquestionably one of the leading minds of the age. In his writings a profound and varied learning, a mind eminently philosophical and a keen analytic genius are displayed, through the medium of a style at once copious and compact, full of vigor and nervous energy, and yet of majestic and sustained harmony. He is the greatest living master of English prose. His best known works are "Grammar of Assent," "Apologia pro Vita Sua," "Discourse on University Education," "History of Arianism," "Loss and Gain" and "Callista," the two latter being works of fiction.

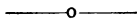
WORLDLY-MINDED men, however rich, if they are Catholics, cannot, till they utterly lose their faith, be the same as those who are external to the Church; they have an instinctive veneration for those who have the traces of heaven upon them, and they praise what they do not imitate.

Such men have an idea before them which a Protestant nation has not; they have the idea of a Saint;

they believe they realize the existence of those rare servants of God, who rise up from time to time in the Catholic Church like angels in disguise, and shed around them a light as they walk on their way heavenward. They may not in practice do what is right and good, but they know what is true; they know what to think and how to judge. They have a standard for their principles of conduct, and it is the image, the pattern of Saints which forms it for them. Very various are the Saints, their variety being a token of God's workmanship; but however various, and whatever was their special line of duty, they have been heroes in it; they have attained such noble self-command, they have so crucified the flesh, they have so renounced the world; they are so meek, so gentle, so tender-hearted, so merciful, so sweet, so cheerful, so full of prayer, so diligent, so forgetful of injuries; they have sustained such great and continued pains, they have persevered in such vast labors, they have made such valiant confessions, they have wrought such abundant miracles, they have been blessed with such strange successes, that they have set up a standard before us, of truth, of magnanimity, of holiness, of love. They are not always our examples, and we are not always bound to follow them; not more than we are bound to obey literally some of our Lord's precepts, such as turning the cheek or giving away the coat; not more than we can follow the course of the sun, moon, or stars in the heavens; but, though not always our examples, they are always our standard of right and good; they are raised up to be monuments and lessons, they remind us of God, they introduce us into the unseen world, they teach us what Christ loves, they track out for us the way which leads heavenward. They are to us who see them, what wealth, notoriety, rank and name are to the

multitude of men who live in darkness, — objects of our veneration and of our homage.

Questions : — What feeling distinguishes even worldly-minded Catholics, who have not lost their faith? What pattern do Catholics take for their lives? What name is given the Saints here? Why were they heroes? Name their chief works. Why were the Saints raised up? Name six Saints whose lives you admire, and say why.



THE VIRGIN.

MOTHER! whose virgin bosom was uncross'd
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tossed,
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak, strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemish'd moon
Before her vane begins on heaven's blue coast,
Thy image falls to earth. Yet some I ween,
Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible power, in which did blend
All that was mix'd and reconciled in thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene.



It is this thought to-day that lifts
My happy heart to heaven,
That for our sakes thy choicest gifts
To thee, dear Queen, were given.
The glory that belongs to thee
Seems rather mine than thine,
While all the cares that harass me
Are rather thine than mine.



Ave Maria! thou whose name
 All but adoring love may claim,
 Yet may we reach thy shrine :
 For he, thy Son and Saviour, vows
 To crown all lowly, lofty brows
 With love and joy like thine.

COMPOSITION.

Give the following in two ways:

“Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncross’d
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied.”

The first four lines of second selection. The first two lines of the third selection.

tainted

vane

terrene

— o —

THE WIND AND THE LEAVES.

Charles Dickens (1812-1870), the most popular novelist in the English language. His chief power lies in his wonderful humor and pathos, in a genius for description which invests the commonest scenes and incidents with peculiarly romantic interest, and in a grotesque, almost caricature-like delineation of the oddities of humanity. In the artistic development of character he is decidedly inferior to Thackeray; all his characters that are not portraits from originals lacking individuality. As regards the spirit and matter of his novels, their general tendency is towards goodness, charity, and morality. But the morality is too often vapid and emotional, and his love episodes are so often strained to mawkishness, that the reading of his works should be deferred till the mind is mature enough to distinguish between silly sentimentality and practical sentiment.

IT was pretty late in the autumn of the year, when the declining sun, struggling through the mist which had obscured it all day, looked brightly down upon a little Wiltshire village, within an easy journey of the fair old town of Salisbury.

Like a sudden flash of memory or spirit kindling up

the mind of an old man, it shed a glory upon the scene, in which its departed youth and freshness seemed to live again. The wet grass sparkled in the light; the scanty patches of verdure in the hedges—where a few green twigs yet stood together bravely, resisting to the last the tyranny of nipping winds and early frosts—took heart and brightened up; the stream which had been dull and sullen all day long, broke out into a cheerful smile; the birds began to chirp and twitter on the naked boughs, as though the hopeful creatures half believed the winter had gone by, and spring had come already. The vane upon the tapering spire of the old church glistened from its lofty station in sympathy with the general gladness; and from the ivy-shaded windows such gleams of light shone back upon the glowing sky, that it seemed as if the quiet buildings were the hoarding-place of twenty summers, and all their ruddiness and warmth were stored within.

Even those tokens of the season which emphatically whispered of the coming winter, graced the landscape, and, for the moment, tinged its livelier features with no oppressive air of sadness. The fallen leaves, with which the ground was strewn, gave forth a pleasant fragrance, and subduing all harsh sounds of distant feet and wheels, created a repose in gentle unison with the light scattering of seed hither and thither by the distant husbandman, and with the noiseless passage of the plough as it turned up the rich brown earth, and wrought a graceful pattern in the stubbled fields. On the motionless branches of some trees autumn berries hung like clusters of coral beads, as in those fabled orchards where the fruits were jewels; others, stripped of all their garniture, stood, each the centre of its little heap of bright red leaves, watching their slow decay; others

again, still wearing theirs, had them all crunched and crackled up, as though they had been burnt; about the stems of some were piled, in ruddy mounds, the apples they had borne that year; while others (hardy evergreens this class) showed somewhat stern and gloomy in their vigor, as charged by nature with the admonition that it is not to her more sensitive and joyous favorites she grants the longest term of life. Still athwart their darker boughs the sunbeams struck out paths of deeper gold; and the red light, mantling in among their swarthy branches, used them as foils to set its brightness off, and aid the lustre of the dying day.

A moment, and its glory was no more. The sun went down beneath the long, dark lines of hill and cloud which piled up in the West an airy city, wall heaped on wall, and battlement on battlement: the light was all withdrawn; the shining church turned cold and dark; the stream forgot to smile; the birds were silent; and the gloom of winter dwelt on everything.

An evening wind uprose too, and the slighter branches cracked and rattled as they moved, in skeleton dances, to its moaning music. The withering leaves, no longer quiet, hurried to and fro in search of shelter from its chill pursuit; the laborer unyoked his horses, and with head bent down, trudged briskly home beside them; and from the cottage windows lights began to glance and wink upon the darkening fields.

Then the village forge came out in all its bright importance. The lusty bellows roared Ha! ha! to the clear fire, which roared in turn, and bade the shining sparks dance gaily to the merry clinking of the hammers on the anvil. The gleaming iron, in its emulation, sparkled too, and shed its red-hot gems around profusely. The strong smith and his men dealt such strokes upon

The smile of an old man, it shed a glory upon the scene
 and its departed youth and freshness seemed to
 be again. The wet grass sparkled in the light; the
 young ones of verdure in the hedges—where a few
 old ones stood together bravely, resisting to the
 last the autumn-stripping winds and early frosts—took
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 that summer and spring had come ahead-
 of time; the tapering spire of the old church
 stood in sympathy with the
 sunbeams from the ivy-shaded window
 and shone back upon the glowing sky
 and all things were the hoarding
 of summer and all their ruddiness a
 foretaste of autumn.

The autumn season with emphatic
 beauty and grace graced the landscape
 and its brother features with

air of sadness. The fallen leaves, with which
 the ground gave forth a pleasant fragrant
 and all back sounds of distant feet
 and a voice in gentle unison with the
 at soul higher and higher by the
 and with the noiseless pass
 entered up the rich brown earth
 nature in the scattered fields
 and a new scene
 and back in the
 and with the
 and with the

their work as made even the melancholy night rejoice, and brought a glow into its dark face as it hovered about the door and windows, peeping curiously in above the shoulders of a dozen or so loungers. As to this idle company, there they stood, spell-bound by the place, and, casting now and then a glance upon the darkness in their rear, settled their lazy elbows more at ease upon the sill, and leaned a little further in, no more disposed to tear themselves away than if they had been born to cluster round the blazing hearth like so many crickets.

Out upon the angry wind ! how from sighing, it began to bluster around the merry forge, banging at the wicket, and grumbling in the chimney, as if it bullied the jolly bellows for doing anything to order. And what an impotent swaggerer it was, too, for all its noise ; for if it had any influence on that hoarse companion, it was but to make him roar his cheerful song the louder, and by consequence to make the fire burn the brighter, and the sparks to dance more gayly yet ; at length, they whizzed so madly round and round that it was too much for a surly wind to bear ; so off it flew with a howl ; giving the old sign before the ale-house door such a cuff as it went, that the Blue Dragon was more rampant than usual ever afterwards, and indeed, before Christmas, reared clean out of its crazy frame.

It was small tyranny for a respectable wind to go wreaking its vengeance on such poor creatures as the fallen leaves, but this wind happening to come up with a great heap of them just after venting its humor on the insulted Dragon, did so disperse and scatter them that they fled away, pell-mell, some here, some there, rolling over each other, whirling round and round upon their thin edges, taking frantic flights into the air, and playing all manner of extraordinary gambols, in the

extremity of their distress. Nor was this enough for its malicious fury: for not content with driving them abroad, it charged small parties of them and hunted them into the wheelwright's saw-pit, and below the planks and timbers in the yard, and, scattering the sawdust in the air, it looked for them underneath, and when it did meet with any, whew! how it drove them on and followed at their heels!

The scared leaves only flew the faster for all this, and a giddy chase it was; for they got into unfrequented places, where there was not an outlet, and where their pursuer kept them eddying round at his pleasure; and they crept under the eaves of houses and clung tightly to the sides of hay-ricks like bats; and tore in at open chamber windows and cowered close to hedges; and in short, went anywhere for safety. But the oddest feat they achieved was to take advantage of the sudden opening of Mr. Pecksniff's front door, to dash wildly into his passage; whither the wind, following close upon them, and finding the back door open, incontinently blew out the lighted candle held by Miss Pecksniff, and slammed the front door against Mr. Pecksniff, who was at that moment entering, with such violence that in the twinkling of an eye he lay on his back at the bottom of the steps. Being by this time weary of such trifling performances, the boisterous rover hurried away rejoicing, roaring over moor and meadow, hill and flat, until it got out to sea, where it met with other winds similarly disposed, and made a night of it.

COMPOSITION.

Write the fifth paragraph carefully. Look out of some window or door at home; select the nicest portion of the sky you notice, and tell what the clouds look like. A lake dotted with islands; towers capped with moss; animals with huge or small limbs; queer looking

houses, perhaps; something just like what you may have seen in your holiday walks, or that father, mother, sister or brother may have told you about. Read "The Sky," by Ruskin, (page 276), and take something from it to help you to express your thoughts. Learn these subjoined lines by heart:

"The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires: for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft starting such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air."

Wiltshire	admonition	trudged	malicious
scanty	athwart	emulation	eddyng
hoarding-place	mantling	melancholy	incontinently
ruddiness	battlement	frantic	boisterous

—o—

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Washington Irving, born in New York, 1783, died in 1860; historian, essayist and humorist, and next to Fenimore Cooper, America's most popular prose writer. The "History of Columbus," the "Life of Washington," the "Sketch-book," and "Knickerbocker," a highly humorous history of New York under the Dutch, are the most widely read of his works. His genial, kindly humor, that wins its way to the reader's heart, and his simple yet easy and elegant style, have won for him the title of the "Goldsmith of America." Though free from all striving after effect, his vocabulary is found to be of surprising extent and variety, and used with singular skill in descriptions of nature and character, in wit, and humor, and pathos, in trifling sketches as well as in dignified historical narrative. His works may be studied as models of English style.

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the West of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of

weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have discerned the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small, yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gabled fronts, and surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor,

and an obedient hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all the family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, a troop of them surrounded him, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up

hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to any body's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be

got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and every thing he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf, with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in

hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf!" he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad; whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was bent upon his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue Highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he

thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a loud growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be someone in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they

ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, towards which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something so strange about the unknown that it inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion. Some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small, piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance. He wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather,

red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaich, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were withal the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses became overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, Rip Van Winkle found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the

glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the wo-begone party at ninepins—the flagon. “O that flagon! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip; “what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun; but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same, when to his astonishment he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of

children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing to his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before? There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. “My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and appeared to be abandoned. The desolateness overcame his connubial fears—he called out loudly for his wife and children. The lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it too was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great, gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was as usual a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the school-master, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens, elections, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of '76, and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator hustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted." Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed; "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man with the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"O, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — Congress — Stony Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three; "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up to the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wits' end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip!" cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask, and he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"O, she too died but a short time since; she broke a

blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he; "young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat — who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field — screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head; upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick

Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for her husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war — that the country had thrown off the yoke of old

England — and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was — petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

COMPOSITION.

Describe Rip Van Winkle's conduct upon his arrival at the tavern, during the election.

Appalachian	outlandish	disputatious
latticed	doublet	phlegm
gallantly	hanger	doling
chivalrous	uncouth	haranguing
adherent	lack-lustre	vehemently
besetting	quaffed	jargon
precipitation	subsided	bewildered
alternative	reiterated	akimbo
wistfully	woe-begone	counterpart
reciprocated	flagon	bewilderment
unconsciously	roysterers	suggestion
knoll	bewitched	corroborated
impending	addled	ditto
jerkin	connubial	hereditary
amphitheatre	gaping	chronicle
azure	metamorphosed	revolutionary

PAST AND PRESENT.

Thomas Hood (1799-1845), is one of the "poets" of English Literature. The frolicsome disportings of his mirth and the deep melancholy of his graver musings are almost childlike in their sudden alternations, and win our hearts like the gleeful romplings and fitful sorrows of a child. He was undoubtedly the greatest wit and humorist of his time; but his wit is quite often far-fetched and apparently "made to order." His reputation rests rather upon pathos, upon his insight into the sorrows of humanity and his keen sympathy for them. Consequently he is best known by those poems in which that sympathy is expressed. Among these the principal are: "The Bridge of Sighs," "Eugene Aram," "The Song of the Shirt," "The Death-Bed," and the one here quoted.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Exchanged for light of day.

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups —
Those flowers made of light;
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday —
The tree is living yet.

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing:
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,

And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Questions:—What do you remember about sunrise? Name some of the flowers that grew around your birthplace, and their general appearance. Relate your play at "swing," and narrate an imaginary accident likely to have happened in this place. What thought makes one sad in the lines

"But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy?"

Memorize the following lines from "The God of my Childhood," and give them in your own words:

"At school Thou wert a kindly face
Which I could almost see;
But home and holiday appeared
Somehow more full of Thee."

laburnum

pools

fir-trees

—o—

PETER OF CORTONA.

A LITTLE shepherd boy twelve years old one day gave up the care of sheep he was tending, and betook himself to Florence, where he knew no one but a lad of his own age, nearly as poor as himself, and

who had lived in the same village, but who had gone to Florence to be scullion in the house of Cardinal Sachetti. It was for a good motive that little Peter desired to come to Florence: he wanted to be an artist, and he knew there was a school for artists there. When he had seen the town well, Peter stationed himself at the Cardinal's palace; and inhaling the odor of the cooking, he waited patiently till his Eminence was served, that he might speak to his old companion Thomas. He had to wait a long time; but at length Thomas appeared.

"You here, Peter! What have you come to Florence for?"

"I am come to learn painting."

"You had much better learn kitchen work to begin with; one is then sure not to die of hunger."

"You have as much to eat as you want here, then?" replied Peter.

"Indeed I have," said Thomas; "I might eat till I made myself ill every day, if I chose to do it."

"Then," said Peter, "I see we shall do very well. As you have too much and I not enough, I will bring my appetite, and you will bring the food; and we shall get on famously."

"Very well," said Thomas.

"Let us begin at once, then," said Peter; "for as I have eaten nothing to-day, I should like to try the plan directly."

Thomas then took little Peter into the garret where he slept, and bade him wait there till he brought him some fragments that he was freely permitted to take. The repast was a merry one, for Thomas was in high spirits, and little Peter had a famous appetite.

"Ah," cried Thomas, "here you are fed and lodged.

Now the question is, how are you going to study?"

"I shall study like all artists—with pencil and paper."

"But then, Peter, have you money to buy the paper and pencils?"

"No, I have nothing; but I said to myself, 'Thomas, who is scullion at his lordship's, must have plenty of money!' As you are rich, it is just the same as if I was."

Thomas scratched his head and replied, that as to broken victuals, he had plenty of them; but that he would have to wait three years before he should receive wages. Peter did not mind. The garret walls were white. Thomas could give him charcoal, and so he set to draw on the walls with that; and after a little while somebody gave Thomas a silver coin.

With joy he brought it to his friend. Pencils and paper were bought. Early in the morning Peter went out studying the pictures in the galleries, the statues in the streets, the landscapes in the neighborhood; and in the evening, tired and hungry, but enchanted with what he had seen, he crept back into the garret, where he was always sure to find his dinner hidden under the mattress, *to keep it warm*, as Thomas said. Very soon the first charcoal drawings were rubbed off, and Peter drew his best designs to ornament his friend's room.

One day Cardinal Sachetti, who was restoring his palace, came with the architect to the very top of the house, and happened to enter the scullion's garret. The room was empty; but both Cardinal and architect were struck with the genius of the drawings. They thought they were executed by Thomas, and his Eminence sent for him. When poor Thomas heard that the Cardinal had been in the garret, and had seen what he called Peter's daubs, he thought all was lost.

"You will no longer be a scullion," said the Cardinal to him; and Thomas, thinking this meant banishment and disgrace, fell on his knees, and cried, "Oh, my lord what will become of poor Peter?"

The Cardinal made him tell his story.

"Bring him to me when he comes in to-night," said he, smiling.

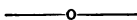
But Peter did not return that night, nor the next, till at length a fortnight had passed without a sign of him. At last came the news that the monks of a distant convent had received and kept with them a boy of fourteen, who had come to ask permission to copy a painting of Raphael in the chapel of the convent. This boy was Peter. Finally, the Cardinal sent him as a pupil to one of the first artists in Rome.

Fifty years afterwards there were two old men who lived as brothers in one of the most beautiful houses in Florence. One said of the other, "He is the greatest painter of our age." The other said of the first, "He is a model for evermore of a faithful friend."

COMPOSITION.

Write out the conversation between the two young friends, *in your own words*, making the talk as natural as possible. Try to find four cases in history where monks helped poor young men to acquire fame, and give a very short account of one of these instances of their encouragement.

tending	inhaling	famously	enchanted
scullion	Eminence	victuals	restoring



DEATH.

FROM death the strongest spirit shrinks,
For mystery veils the last dread strife:

None loves to die. And yet methinks
We have been dying all our life.

When first thy Childhood sang its hymn
Above the opening bud, that hour
Thine Infancy with eyelids dim
Lay cold in death, a faded flower!

When Youth in turn its place had won,
What whispered Childhood's ebbing breath?
Sad words it sighed o'er bright things gone,
And that first sin, true Childhood's death.

And Youth was dead ere Manhood came:
And wisdom's fruits of bitter taste
Were rooted in a soil of shame,
Poor funeral fruits of Manhood's waste.

Oh Life, long-dying, wholly die,
That Death not less may die at last:
And live, thou great Eternity
That Present art at once and Past!

COMPOSITION.

Write a short composition from the following ideas, taken from above stanzas on death:

The strongest minds draw back from death, for men cannot tell what is then to happen. No one likes to die, and still we are dying every day.

Our infancy dies so soon as we enter childhood, and youth, even while continuing external life, dies the most deplorable death when the first grievous sin is committed.

Long before we become men we have, perhaps, thus died. From experience we have learned the bitterness of sin, and our strength has been wasted away in allowing evil habits to grow up in the soil of our soul.

To prevent the habit of sin and its consequences, we must remember that "in the midst of life we are in death:" that is, we may die at any moment. Also recall that the wages of sin is death, and that the death

of the sinner is the beginning of a life without past or future, being an eternally miserable present.

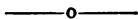
Commit to memory the following stanza:

Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive as dead.

shrinks

ebbing

waste



A STORY OF TOURS.

IN the latter part of the thirteenth century, there dwelt in the city of Tours, in France, a poor widow, who eked out a scanty living by letting a few rooms in her house to any strangers whom business or pleasure might attract to the ancient capital of Touraine.

Amongst her lodgers was one who, at the period of the occurrence we are about to relate, had already resided some months in her house. He was a young lawyer; his days, and even many of his nights, were spent in studying all the subtleties of the intricate science to which he had devoted himself; and already he had acquired a distinguished reputation.

But he was more than learned; he was truly pious, as his devout attention to his religious duties amply testified.

Soon the fame of his learning and piety spread abroad, and numbers of poor persons flocked to him in their necessities. Often he pleaded their causes gratuitously, and obtained justice for those whose poverty might otherwise have prevented them from getting a hearing. Thus he led the life of a saint, while pursuing a career which is usually supposed to offer greater temptations than almost any other.

During his stay the annual fair took place, and the

town was consequently crowded with merchants, traders, and adventurers from all parts.

Two persons, belonging apparently to the former class, took up their abode in the house of the widow. They appeared to be wealthy, and carried with them a large leathern bag of money, which they seemed in great fear of losing, as it might be supposed there were many dishonest persons among the multitudes who filled the town. In order, therefore, to avoid the risk of carrying such a large sum constantly about with them, they persuaded their hostess to take charge of it for them until such time as they should require it.

They further stipulated that, in order to avoid any possibility of fraud, she should only deliver up the bag of money to the two friends together, not to either separately.

A day or two passed away; her two lodgers made themselves extremely agreeable, and the good woman congratulated herself upon having such worthy people in her house.

One morning they bade her "good day," as usual, and were leaving the house together, when one of them returned, saying he would be glad if she would give them the bag of money, which they had only just recollected they should that day require.

Quite unsuspectingly, she gave it to him, and he took his departure.

In the course of the day, his companion returned, said they had been making some purchases, and requested to have the bag of money. The widow at once replied that she had given it them that very morning.

He answered that she had given it to his companion when he was not present; that she had done very wrong, and had acted quite in opposition to the agreement.

She said that she had fully believed him to be standing close to the door. He replied that such was not the case; and that she must make good the loss.

The poor woman assured him that she had acted in good faith, and that all she possessed would not make up the sum which he declared the bag to contain.

He said that he would compel her to pay the sum due to him according to agreement; and the next morning he had her summoned to court.

When she received the summons, her heart at first sank within her; but, presently, calling to mind the wisdom and learning of her young lodger, she went to him and made known her trouble. He at once perceived that it was a scheme devised by those two heartless villains to ruin his poor hostess, and to defraud her of her little possessions. He bade her, however, be of good courage, for that he would be present on the following day to plead her cause.

The next day the widow appeared before the judge and told her tale, with a sincerity that was convincing.

Still the judge decided that as she had paid the money, only one of the owners being present, the other was fairly entitled to redress.

Then, up rose the young lawyer, and, assuring the judge that he bowed to his most just decision, he addressed his adversary, asking him if he were quite certain that such was the agreement, that the money should be paid in the presence of both parties.

"Such was one of the conditions of the agreement," he replied.

"Then," said the lawyer, "by what right do you claim to have it paid to you, as your companion is not present? Bring your friend into this court, and the money shall be forthcoming immediately."

The rogue was thus caught in his own snare, and the lawyer, turning to the judge, requested that he might be detained while officers of justice were sent in search of his companion, who was discovered with the leathern bag in his possession, which, upon examination, was found to contain only pebbles.

The two heartless thieves suffered the punishment of their crime. The lawyer afterwards entering the ecclesiastical state, became a bishop, and was subsequently canonized; he has been ever since venerated as the patron of lawyers, under the name of St. Yves.

COMPOSITION.

Write the above story in your own language, from the following

SUMMARY:

A young lawyer boarding with a poor widow at Tours is noted for his learning and piety. During his stay the town fair is held. Merchants, travellers and adventurers attend it. Two men, apparently merchants, put up at the widow's inn. They ask her to keep their bag of money and to deliver it only in presence of both. After a few days one obtains the bag in the absence of the other, who shortly returns and demands his money. The widow, threatened with the law, appeals to the young lawyer. The judge deciding against her, the lawyer tells her prosecutor that as the money was to be paid to both together, he must bring his friend forward in order to receive the purse. The scheme thus laid bare, the judge sends men to capture the absent knave, and both are punished. The lawyer becomes a priest, and, under the name of St. Yves, is the patron of lawyers.

eked	gratuitous	unsuspectingly
ancient	temptations	departure
occurrence	adventurers	purchases
lawyer	apparently	summons
subtleties	dishonest	villains
intricate	hostess	defraud
reputation	congratulated	ecclesiastical
necessities	require	subsequently

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

William Collins' (1721-1759) short career gave evidence of a poetic genius, which, if ripened by time and experience, would have placed him among the first lyric writers of literature. In true poetic fire and natural sentiment he is superior to his contemporary, Gray, while the finish of his verse is quite often as perfect. The "Ode on the Passions," the "Ode to Evening," and the verses, "How Sleep the Brave?" are the most frequently quoted of his songs.

When Music — heavenly maid! — was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First FEAR his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords, bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next ANGER rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan DESPAIR,
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;

A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O HOPE! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail
 Still would her touch the strain prolong;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She called on ECHO still through all the song;
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close;
 And HOPE enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.—

And longer had she sung; but with a frown
 REVENGE impatient rose:
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat;
 And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected PITY at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his
 head.

Thy numbers, JEALOUSY, to naught were fixed;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state;
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
 And now it courted LOVE, now raving called on HATE.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale MELANCHOLY sat retired,

And, from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole:
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When CHEERFULNESS, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown EXERCISE rejoiced to hear,
And SPORT leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with MIRTH, a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound:
And he, amidst his frolic play,

As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of PLEASURE, WISDOM's aid,
Why, goddess! why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power;
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native, simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?

Arise, as in that elder time!
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page;
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all, at once, together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
Oh! bid our vain endeavors cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state;
Confirm the tales her sons relate.

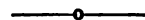
COMPOSITION.

Write sentences, each containing at least two or three of the proper nouns in this Ode. Form a sufficient number to embrace all these proper nouns.

Example: Cecilia's sway will temper *anger*, increase *pleasure*, drive away *despair* and banish *fear*.

thronged	rapt	myrtles	recoiled
wan	beguiled	bade	theme

responsive	nymph	sequestered	subduing
mien	dryad	hue	glades
glooms	viol	satyrs	buskins
beechen	lyre	fantastic	sylvan
goddess	Cecilia's	energetic	laggard
veering	dejected	endeavors	unwearied



CHARITY.

IF I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And if I should have prophecy, and should know all mysteries, and all knowledge, and if I should have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And if I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and if I should deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity is patient, is kind : charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely : is not puffed up,

Is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil,

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth :

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never falleth away : whether prophecies shall be made void, or tongues shall cease, or knowledge shall be destroyed.

For we know in part, and we prophecy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child. But when I became a man, I put away the things of a child.

We see now through a glass, in a dark manner: but then face to face. Now I know in part: but then I shall know even as I am known.

And now there remain, faith, hope, charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity.

COMPOSITION.

Give, as tersely as possible, the substance of above quotation; or write a short sketch of St. Paul's conversion.

tinkling	prophecy	envieth	perversely
cymbal	mysteries	dealeth	tongues

—o—

THE VISION OF THE MONK GABRIEL.

TIS the soft twilight. Round the shining fender,

Two at my feet and one upon my knee,
Dreamy eyed Elsie, bright lipped Isabel,
And thou, my golden-headed Raphael,

My fairy, small and slender,

Listen to what befell
Monk Gabriel,

In the old ages ripe with mystery —

Listen, my darlings, to the legend tender.

A bearded man with grave, but gentle look —

His silence sweet with sounds

With which the simple-hearted spring abounds:

Lowing of cattle from the abbey grounds,

Chirping of insect, and the building rook,

Mingled like murmurs of a dreaming shell;

Quaint tracery of bird, and branch, and brook,

Flitting across the pages of his book,
Until the very words a freshness took.
 Deep in his cell
 Sat the Monk Gabriel.

In his book he read
The words the Master to His dear ones said:
 “A little while and ye
 Shall see,
 Shall gaze on Me;
A little while again,
Ye shall not see Me then.”
 A little while!

The Monk looked up — a smile
 Making his visage brilliant, liquid-eyed:
“O Thou who gracious art
Unto the poor of heart,
 O blessed Christ!” he cried,
“Great is thy misery
Of mine iniquity;
But would *I* now might see,
Might feast on Thee!”

The blood with sudden start,
Nigh rent his veins apart —
 (O condescension of the crucified!)
In all the brilliancy
Of his humanity —
 The Christ stood by his side!

Pure as the early lily was His skin,
 His cheek outblushed the rose,
 His lips, the glows
 Of autumn sunset on eternal snows;
And His deep eyes within,

Such nameless beauties, wondrous glories dwelt,
The monk in speechless adoration knelt.

In each fair Hand, in each fair Foot there shone,
The peerless stars He took from Calvary:
Around His brows in tenderest lucency,
The thorn-marks lingered, like the flush of dawn;
And from the opening in His side there rilled
A light, so dazzling, that the room was filled
With heaven: and transfigured in his place,
His very breathing stilled,
The friar held his robe before his face,
And heard the angels singing!

'Twas but a moment — then upon the spell
Of this sweet Presence, lo! a something broke:
A something, trembling, in the belfry woke,
A shower of metal music flinging
O'er wold and moat, o'er park and lake and fell,
And thro' the open windows of the cell
In silver chimes came ringing.

It was the bell
Calling Monk Gabriel
Unto his daily task
To feed the paupers at the abbey gate.
No respite did he ask,
Nor for a second summons idly wait;
But rose up, saying in his humble way,
"Fain would I stay,
O Lord! and feast alway
Upon the honeyed sweetness of Thy beauty —
But 'tis *Thy* will, not mine, I must obey;
Help me to do my duty!"
The while the Vision smiled,
The monk went forth, light-hearted as a child.

An hour thence, his duty nobly done,
 Back to his cell he came.
 Unasked, unsought, lo! his reward was won!
 Rafters and walls and floor were yet aflame
 With all the matchless glory of the Sun,
 And in the centre stood the Blessed One —
 (Praised be His holy Name!)
 Who for our sakes our crosses made His own,
 And bore our weight of shame.

Down on the threshold fell
 Monk Gabriel,
 His forehead pressed upon the floor of clay;
 And while in deep humility he lay
 (Tears raining from his happy eyes away),—
 “Whence is this favor, Lord?” he strove to say.

The Vision only said,
 Lifting Its shining head:
 If *thou* hadst staid, O son! *I* must have fled!

COMPOSITION.

Write out the first three stanzas, in prose. Name six early monks. What is a monk? Tell how Gabriel was rewarded, and *why*.

fender	glows	rilled	moat
iniquity	peerless	belfry	fell
condescension	lucency	spell	rafters
outblushed	lingered	wold	threshold

— o —

CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN THE NORTHWEST.

RELIGIOUS zeal not less than commerical ambition had influenced France to recover Canada; and Champlain, its governor, whose imperishable name will

rival with posterity the fame of Smith and Hudson, ever disinterested and compassionate, full of honor and probity, of ardent devotion and burning zeal, esteemed "the salvation of a soul worth more than the conquest of an empire."

Thus it was neither commercial enterprise nor royal ambition which carried the power of France into the heart of our Continent; the motive was religion. Religious enthusiasm founded Montreal, made a conquest of the wilderness of the upper lakes, and explored the Mississippi. The Roman (Catholic) Church created for Canada its Altars, its Hospitals, and its Seminaries.... The first permanent efforts of French enterprise in colonizing America preceded any permanent English settlement on the Potomac.

Years before the pilgrims landed in Cape Cod, the Roman (Catholic) Church had been planted, by missionaries from France, in the eastern moiety of Maine; and Le Caron, an unambitious Franciscan, had penetrated the land of the Mohawks, had passed to the North of the hunting-grounds of the Wyandots, and, bound by his vows to the life of a beggar, had, on foot, or paddling a bark canoe, gone onward, and still onward, taking alms of the savages, till he reached the rivers of Lake Huron.

While Quebec contained scarcely fifty inhabitants, priests of the Franciscan Order—Le Caron, Fiel Lagard—had labored for years as missionaries in Upper Canada, or made their way to the neutral Huron tribe that dwelt on the waters of the Niagara.

To confirm the missions, the first measure was the establishment of a College in New France, and the parents of the Marquis de Gamache, pleased with his pious importunity, assented to his entering the Order of the Jesuits, and added from their ample fortunes the

means of endowing a Seminary for education at Quebec. Its foundation was laid, under happy auspices, in 1635, just before Champlain passed from among the living; and two years before the emigration of John Harvard, and one year before the General Court of Massachusetts had made provisions for a College.

The fires of charity were at the same time enkindled. The Duchess D'Aguillon, aided by her uncle, the Cardinal Richelieu, endowed a public hospital dedicated to the Son of God, whose blood was shed in mercy for all mankind. Its doors were opened, not only to the sufferers among the emigrants, but to the maimed, the sick, and the blind of any of the numerous tribes between the Kennebec and Lake Superior; it relieved misfortune without asking its lineage. From the hospital nuns of Dieppe, three were selected, the youngest but twenty-two, to brave the famine and rigors of Canada in their patient mission of benevolence.

The same religious enthusiasm, inspiring Madame de la Peltrie, a young and opulent widow of Alençon, with the aid of a nun of Dieppe and two others from Tours, established the Ursuline Convent for girls. Is it wonderful that the natives were touched by a benevolence which their poverty and squalid misery could not appall? Their education was attempted; and the venerable ash-tree still lives beneath which Mary of the Incarnation, so famed for chastened piety, genius, and good judgment, toiled, though in vain, for the education of the Huron children.

The life of the missionary on Lake Huron was simple and uniform. The earliest hours, from four to eight, were absorbed in private prayer. The day was given to schools, visits, instructions in the catechism, and a service for proselytes. Sometimes, after the manner of

St. Francis Xavier, Brebeuf would walk through the village and its environs ringing a little bell, and inviting the Huron braves and counsellors to a conference. There, under the shady forest, the most solemn mysteries of the Catholic faith were subject to discussion.

Yet the efforts of the Jesuits were not limited to the Huron race. Within thirteen years, the remote wilderness was visited by forty-two missionaries, members of the Society of Jesus, besides eighteen others, who, if not initiated, were yet chosen men, ready to shed their blood for their faith. Twice or thrice a year they all assembled at St. Mary's; during the rest of the time they were scattered through the infidel tribes.

The first missionaries among the Hurons — Fathers De Brebeuf, Daniel, and Lallemant — all fell glorious martyrs to their devoted zeal. . . . Father Reymbault soon after fell a victim to the climate, and died in Quebec (1642). His associate, Father Jogues, who with him had first planted the cross in Michigan, was reserved for a still more disastrous, though glorious, fate. He was taken prisoner by the fierce Mohawks, and was made to run the gauntlet at three different Mohawk villages.

For days and nights he was abandoned to hunger and every torment which petulant youth could contrive. But yet there was consolation, — an ear of Indian corn on the stalk was thrown to the good Father; and see, to the broad blade there clung little drops of dew, or of water — enough to baptize two captive neophytes. He had expected death; but the Mohawks, satisfied, perhaps, with his sufferings, or awed at his sanctity, spared his life, and his liberty was enlarged.

On a hill apart, he carved a long cross on a tree; and there, in the solitude, meditated the Imitation of Christ, and soothed his griefs by reflecting that he, alone in

that vast region, adored the true God of earth and heaven. Roaming through the stately forests of the Mohawk valley, he wrote the name of Jesus on the bark of trees, engraved the cross, and entered into possession of these countries in the name of God — often lifting up his voice in a solitary chant. Thus did France bring its banner and its faith to the confines of Albany. The missionary himself was humanely ransomed from captivity by the Dutch, and sailing for France, soon returned to Canada.

Similar was the fate of Father Bressani. Taken prisoner while on his way to the Hurons; beaten, mangled, mutilated; driven barefoot over rough paths, through briers and thickets; scourged by a whole village; burned, tortured, wounded, and scarred; — he was an eye-witness to the fate of one of his companions, who was boiled and eaten. Yet some mysterious awe protected his life, and he, too, was humanely rescued by the Dutch.

In 1655, Fathers Chaumont and Dablon were sent on a mission among the tribes of New York. They were hospitably welcomed at Onondaga, the principal village of that tribe. A general convention was held at their desire; and before the multitudinous assembly of the chiefs and the whole people, gathered under the open sky, among the primeval forests, the presents were delivered; and the Italian Jesuit, with much gesture, after the Italian manner, discoursed so eloquently to the crowd, that it seemed to Dablon as if the word of God had been preached to all the nations of that land. On the next day, the chiefs and others crowded round the Jesuits with their songs of welcome.

“Happy land,” they sang, “happy land, in which the Jesuits are to dwell!” and the chief led the chorus,

"Glad tidings! glad tidings! It is well that we have spoken together; it is well that we have a heavenly message." At once a chapel sprung into existence, and by the zeal of the nation was finished in a day. "For marble and precious stones," writes Dablon, "we employed only bark; but the path to heaven is as open through a roof of bark as through arched ceilings of silver and gold." The savages showed themselves susceptible of the excitements of religious ecstasy; and there, in the heart of New York, the solemn services of the Roman (Catholic) Church were chanted as securely as in any part of Christendom.

The Cayugas also desired a missionary, and they received the fearless René Mesnard. In their village a chapel was erected, with mats for the tapestry; and there the pictures of our Saviour and of the Virgin Mother were unfolded to the admiring children of the wilderness. The Oneidas also listened to the missionary; and early in 1657, Chaumont reached the most fertile and densely peopled lands of the Senecas. The Jesuit priests published their faith from the Mohawk to the Genesee. The Missions stretched westward along Lake Superior to the waters of the Mississippi. Two young fur traders, having travelled to the West five hundred leagues, returned in 1656, attended by a number of savages from the Mississippi valley, who demanded missionaries for their country.

Their request was eagerly granted; and Gabriel Dreuillettes, the same who carried the cross through the forests of Maine, and Leonard Gareau, of old a missionary among the Hurons, were selected as the first religious envoys to a land of sacrifices, shadows and deaths. The canoes are launched; the tawny warriors embark; the oars flash, and words of triumph and joy mingle with

their last adieus. But just below Montreal a band of Mohawks, enemies to the Ottawas, awaited the convoy: in the affray Gareau was mortally wounded, and the fleet dispersed.

But the Jesuits were still fired with zeal to carry the cross westward. "If the Five Nations," they said, "can penetrate these regions to satiate their passion for blood; if mercantile enterprise can bring furs from the plains of the Sioux, why cannot the cross be borne to their cabins!" The zeal of François de Laval, the Bishop of Quebec, kindled with a desire himself to enter on the mission; but the lot fell to René Mesnard. He was charged to visit Green Bay and Lake Superior, and on a convenient inlet to establish a residence as a common place of assembly for the surrounding nations.

His departure was immediate (A. D. 1660), and with few preparations; for he trusted — such are his words — "in the Providence which feeds the little birds of the desert, and clothes the wild flowers of the forests." Every personal motive seemed to retain him in Quebec; but powerful instincts impelled him to the enterprise. Obedient to his vows, the aged man entered on the path that was red with the blood of his predecessors, and made haste to scatter the seeds of truth through the wilderness, even though the sower cast his seed in weeping. "In three or four months," he wrote a friend, "you may add me to the *memento* of deaths."

His prediction was verified. Several months after, while his attendant was employed in transporting the canoe, Mesnard was lost in the forest, and never seen more. Long afterwards, his cassock and breviary were kept as amulets among the Sioux. Similar was the death of Father Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi. Joliet returned to Quebec to announce

the discovery, but the unaspiring Marquette remained to preach the Gospel to the Miamis, who dwelt in the northern part of Illinois, around Chicago. Two years afterwards (A. D. 1675), sailing from Chicago to Mackinaw, he entered a little river in Michigan. Erecting an altar, he said Mass after the rites of the Catholic Church; then, begging the men who conducted his canoe to leave him alone for a half hour,

"In the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication."

At the end of half an hour they went to seek him, and he was no more. The good missionary, discoverer of a new world, had fallen asleep on the margin of the stream which bears his name. Near its mouth the canoe men dug his grave in the sand. Ever after, the forest rangers, if in danger on Lake Michigan, would invoke his name. The people of the West will build his monument.

COMPOSITION.

Make three columns. Put names of persons in (a); places in (b); in (c) put the affirmation as to persons and places.
Thus:

(a) PERSON.	(b) PLACE.	(c) ASSERTION.
Smith and Hudson	<i>France</i>	sent Champlain to save the natives of Canada.
	<i>Montreal</i>	was founded through religious enthusiasm.
	<i>Potomac</i>	were bold adventurers, who, however, had not the religious zeal of Catholic pioneers.
	<i>Maine</i>	foundations were preceded by many years, through the efforts of Catholic explorers.
		foundations had been made by French missionaries long before the Pilgrim Fathers touched the shores of Cape Cod.

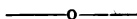
(a) PERSON.	(b) PLACE.	(c) ASSERTION.
Le Caron, . .		a fearless Franciscan, travelled in a frail canoe amid many dangers, on treacherous waters, or trudged through still more threatening haunts of savage tribes, till he reached the borders of Lake Huron.

Divide the class into as many sections as there are paragraphs in the lesson, and let each section work up its paragraph in manner above indicated.

This plan may be adopted with advantage in many of the historical or descriptive selections.

Let the principal words or phrases be taken in different ways, and treated, making the subject the object, and *vice versa*.

posterity	benevolence	humanely	mercantile
enthusiasm	squalid	mutilated	immediate
permanent	environs	hospitably	instincts
moiety	braves	convention	predecessors
importunity	disastrous	susceptible	breviary
endowing	petulant	launched	amulets



TO THE EVENING WIND.

William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878) is the most national of all our poets. He is the poet of nature, not of character or passion; and so deeply inspired with the spirit of American scenery is his free, lofty, and thoughtful muse, that, in the words of his most intelligent critic, "any reader on the other side of the ocean, gifted with a small degree of sensibility and imagination, may derive from his poems the very awe and delight with which the first view of one of our majestic forests would strike his mind." "Thanatopsis," "The Ages," "Green River," "The Prairies," "The Evening Wind," and the "Flood of Years," are among the most popular of Bryant's poems.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,

Riding all day the wild, blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests and scattering high the spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone: a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier at the coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade, go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide, old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass;
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

The faint, old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to burning brow.

Go; but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more;

Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
 Shall tell the homesick mariner of the shore,
 And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
 He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

COMPOSITION AND QUESTIONS.

Write the following in two ways:

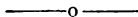
First three lines of first stanza, changing nouns and adjectives.

"I welcome thee to the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea,"
 changing verb, adjective, and nouns.

Last two lines of second stanza,

In the third stanza, what is the wind told to do? Who are relieved
 by the evening wind?

lattice	inhale	summoning	homesick
sultry	languid	haunt	deem
roughening	rouse	range	rustling



THE AFFECTION AND REVERENCE DUE A MOTHER.

WHAT an awful state of mind must a man have attained, when he can despise a mother's counsel! Her very name is identified with every idea that can subdue the sternest mind; that can suggest the most profound respect, the deepest and most heartfelt attachment, the most unlimited obedience. It brings to the mind the first human being that loved us, the first guardian that protected us, the first friend that cherished us; who watched with anxious care over infant life, whilst yet we were unconscious of our being; whose days and nights were rendered wearisome by her anxious cares for our welfare; whose eager eye followed us through every path we took; who gloried in our honor; who sickened in heart at our shame; who loved and

mourned, when others reviled and scorned; and whose affection for us survives the wreck of every other feeling within. When her voice is raised to inculcate religion, or to reprehend irregularity, it possesses unnumbered claims to attention, respect and obedience. She fills the place of the eternal God; by her lips that God is speaking; in her counsels he is conveying the most solemn admonitions; and to disregard such counsel, to despise such interference, to sneer at the wisdom that addresses you, or the aged piety that seeks to reform you, is the surest and the shortest path which the devil himself could have opened for your perdition. I know no grace that can have effect; I know not any authority upon earth to which you will listen, when once you have brought yourself to reject such advice. Nothing but the arm of God, that opens the rock and splits the mountain, can open your heart to grace, or your understanding to correction.

COMPOSITION.

Give two examples in ancient history of reverence and affection shown a mother. Give three examples from the life of our Lord, showing his love and reverence for the Blessed Virgin.

Memorize:—

A mother's love, how sweet the name!
 What is a mother's love?
 A noble, pure and tender flame,
 Enkindled from above,
 To bless a heart of earthly mould,
 The warmest love that can grow cold,—
 'This is a mother's love.

identified	profound	unconscious	piety
sternest	cherished	sneer	reject

LOVE DUE TO THE CREATOR.

AND ask ye why He claims our love?
O answer, all ye winds of even!
O answer, all ye lights above,
That watch in yonder darkening heaven!
Thou Earth, in vernal radiance gay
As when His angels first arrayed thee,
And thou, O deep tongued Ocean, say
Why man should love the Mind that made thee!

There's not a flower that decks the vale,
There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
There's not a hue that paints the rose,
There's not a leaf around us lying,
But in its use or beauty shows
True love to us, and love undying.

There is an eye that never sleeps,
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

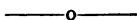
That eye is fix'd on seraph throngs;
That ear is fill'd with angels' songs;
That arm upholds the world on high;
That love is throned beyond the sky.

But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,

That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
 That list'ning ear to gain.
 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
 And feeds on bliss beyond the sky!

Questions :— When is mortal aid vain? What is the greatest power in man's possession? Name six instances in the Holy Bible, showing the power of prayer. What are "seraph throngs"? Explain the difference between "throng" and "crowd." What spirits are higher than seraphs? Give three texts of holy writ showing Christ's valuation of prayer. What is "the wing of night"? Give fourth stanza in your own words.

even	arrayed	shrub	wield
vernal	decks	seraph	vain



MAJESTY AND SUPREMACY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

CONFESSED BY A SCEPTIC.

I WILL confess that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the Gospel hath its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers with all their pomp of diction. How mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scriptures! Is it possible that a book, at once so simple and sublime, should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage, whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary?

What sweetness, what purity in his manner! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what subtlety, what truth in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the

philosopher, who could so live, and so die, without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato described his imaginary good man, loaded with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he describes exactly the character of JESUS CHRIST.

What prepossession, what blindness must it be, to compare the son of SOPHRONISCUS to the son of MARY! What an infinite disproportion there is between them! SOCRATES, dying without pain or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether SOCRATES, with all his wisdom, was anything more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had only to say, therefore, what they had done, and reduce their examples to precepts.

ARISTIDES had been *just* before Socrates defined justice; LEONIDAS had given up his life for his country, before Socrates declared patriotism to be a duty; the Spartans were a sober people, before Socrates recommended sobriety; before he had even defined virtue, Greece abounded in virtuous men. But where did JESUS learn, among his competitors, that pure and sublime morality, of which he only hath given us both precept and example? The greatest wisdom was made known among the most bigoted fanaticism, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues did honor to the vilest people on earth.

The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophizing with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for; that of JESUS, expiring in the midst of agonizing pains, abused, insulted, and accused by a

whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blessed indeed the weeping executioner who administered it; but JESUS, in the midst of excruciating torments, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of JESUS are those of a GOD.

Shall we suppose the evangelic history a mere fiction? Indeed, it bears not the marks of fiction; on the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of JESUS CHRIST. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty without obviating it;—it is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history, than that one only should furnish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality contained in the Gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero.

COMPOSITION.

Copy the first paragraph, and write each of the following sentences in three ways:

(a) How mean, how contemptible are the works of our philosophers, when compared with the Scriptures. (b) Is it possible that a book (the Bible), at once so simple and sublime, should be merely the work of a man? (c) Yes, if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God.

majesty	sublimity	ignominy	competitors
peruse	maxims	Aristides	fanaticism
personage	subtlety	defined	excruciating
enthusiast	Plato	Leonidas	fiction
ambitious	imaginary	patriotism	supposition
sectary	Socrates	Spartans	obviating

POLONIUS' ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Shakespeare, "the myriad-minded," is said to have been born about 1564. He died in 1616. Very little is known concerning his personal history. He is without doubt the greatest poet mankind has ever seen. His plays are a world in themselves; in his own words they "hold the mirror up to nature," and exhibit humanity in its countless phases. Like humanity too, the good in them is mingled with the bad; the pure with the licentious; the noble and elevating with the degrading and vile. And as youth should be restrained from too early an intercourse with the mixed characters of the world, so should the acquaintance with these plays be deferred to maturer years. Some of the historical dramas, Roman and English, are free from the above mentioned defects, and, though sometimes false and inaccurate in fact, are useful to the student of history, as they serve to impress the characters of their time more vividly upon the mind.

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, — to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,

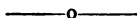
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell! my blessing season this in thee.

Questions:— Explain the sentence "Give thy thoughts no tongue."
What is an "unproportioned" act? How can we dull our palm (hand) with unknown or too youthful (unfledged) comrades? How may we "give ear" to friends without giving them our voice? How does Shakespeare advise us to dress? What does the dress often indicate? What do we often lose by lending? To whom must we above all be true? Will this prevent us from being false to others? Name some one in the New Testament who was very false to his best friend. One who was most faithful. What is meant by a blessing "seasoning" advice? How would you season meat? And fruit? Wine? A reading lesson? An instructive sermon?

unproportioned
vulgar
unfledged

censure
judgment
gaudy

apparel
husbandry
season



FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

THE FORCE OF PRAYER.

MORE things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep and goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast;
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;

For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

In the morning, prayer is a golden key to open the heart for God's service; and in the evening, it is an iron lock to guard the heart against sin. "He that loves his neighbor fulfils the law."

TRUTH.

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie,
The fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface float,
He who would seek for pearls, must dive below.

How many among us at this very hour,
Do forge a lifelong trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true;
Here through the feeble twilight of this world,
Groping, how blindly, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!

COMPOSITION.

Give the first quotation on "Truth" in your own words. Change the nouns, pronouns and verbs in the last.

WIT AND WISDOM.

THERE is an association in men's minds, between dulness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a very powerful influence in decision upon character,

and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is, that the *outward* signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to except that the majority will be disposed to look to much *more* than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be, that wit is very seldom the *only* eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times have been witty.

The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty, and something much *better* than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit;—wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men, than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness,—teaching age and care and pain to smile,—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of

society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the *flavor of the mind*! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his painful steps over the burning marl."

COMPOSITION.

Copy the first paragraph. Give sentences in which the following words will occur in the same sense as that in which they are used in this lesson:

Association, amusement, influence, difficulty, frivolous, eminent, fertile.

association	irretrievably	extorting
influence	benevolence	reluctant
frivolous	restrained	pilgrimage
judicious	expanding	marl

—o—

CURIOSITIES OF WORDS.

TRIBULATION.—We all know in a general way that this word, which occurs not seldom in Scripture and in the liturgy, means affliction, sorrow, anguish; but it is quite worth our while to know *how* it means this, and to question the word a little closer. It is derived from the Latin *tribulum*, which was the threshing instrument or roller whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and *tribulatio*, in its primary significance, was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer of the Christian Church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a

higher truth; and sorrow, distress, and adversity being the appointed means for the separating in men of whatever in them was light, trivial, and poor from the solid and the true, their chaff from their wheat, he therefore called these sorrows and trials "tribulations;" threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner.

MISER.—Every one must, I think, acknowledge it as a remarkable fact, that men should agree to apply the word *miser* or *miserable* to the man eminently addicted to the vice of covetousness—to him who loves his money with his whole heart and soul. Here, too, the moral instinct lying deep in all hearts has borne testimony to the tormenting nature of this vice, to the gnawing cares with which even here it punishes him that entertains it—to the enmity which there is between it and all joy; and the man who enslaves himself to his money is proclaimed in our very language to be a "miser" or miserable man.

PASSION.—There is much, too, that we may learn from the word "passion." We sometimes think of the "passionate" man as a man of strong will, and of real though ungoverned energy. But this word declares to us most plainly the contrary; for it, as a very solemn use of it declares, means properly "suffering:" and a passionate man is not a man doing something, but one suffering something to be done to him. When, then, a man or child is "in a passion," this is no coming out in him of a strong will, of a real energy, but rather the proof that, for the time at least, he has no will, no energy; he is suffering, not doing—suffering his anger, or what other evil temper it may be, to lord over him without control. Let no one, then, think of passion as a sign of strength. As reasonably might one assume

that it was a proof of a man being a strong man, that he was often well beaten; such a fact would be evidence that a strong man was putting forth his strength on him, but of anything rather than that he himself was strong.

HUSBAND and WIFE, and other words there are, having reference to the family and the relations of family life, which are not less full of teaching, while each may serve to remind of some duty. For example, "husband" is properly "houseband," the *band* and *bond* of the *house*, who shall bind and hold it together. Thus old Tusser, in his *Points of Husbandry* :

The name of the husband, what is it to say?
Of wife and of household the *band* and the stay.

So that the very name may put him in mind of his authority, and of that which he ought to be to all the members of the house. And the name "wife" has its lesson too, although not so deep a one as the equivalent word in some other tongues. It belongs to the same family of words as "weave," "woof," "web," and the German "weber." It is a title given to her who is engaged at the web and woof, these having been the most ordinary branches of female industry, of wifely employment, when the language was forming. So that in the word itself is wrapped up a hint of earnest, indoor, stay-at-home occupations as being the fittest for her who bears this name.

To the foreigner, however, the use of most ordinary words is not so apparent. Blaine illustrates this difficulty in an amusing way in his "*Wonders of the English Language*," as follows :

"The construction of the English language must seem most formidable to foreigners. One of them, looking at

a picture of a number of vessels, said, 'See what a flock of ships!' He was told that a flock of ships is called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep is called a flock. And it was added, for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd."

COMPOSITION.

Take "Wonders of the English Language" as a model, and write something similar, starting with the expressions "a cluster of stars," "a bunch of flowers," etc.

significance
garner
addicted

evidence
reference
formidable

intricacies
bevy
horde

 WATERLOO.

George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824), for many years wielded an unparalleled influence upon English poetry. Fortunately for the purity and health of our literature, that influence has been dissipated by the more beneficent spirit of Wordsworth and Tennyson. No

other poet has excelled Byron in intensity of feeling and in vividness of description ; no other, alas, has shown a gloomier misanthropy, a more sarcastic contempt for religion and morality. And yet, in the midst of his most cynical and atheistical revilings will often be found passages of wondrous pathos, beauty, and majesty of sentiment, like flowers blooming in a charnel-house. But the reading of his poems by youth should be discouraged.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;—
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined,
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet;
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat!
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar.

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled, because he deemed it near—
His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell—
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet, such awful morn could rise.

And there was mounting in hot haste, the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "the foe! they come—they
come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so filled the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears.

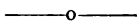
And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden down like grass,

Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay;
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms, — the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent!

Questions:— What description is given in the first stanza? What was heard, as described in second? Who was Brunswick's "fated chieftain"? What scene followed the roar of cannon? How did the officers mount? Tell who were the various parties named in the sixth stanza. What is described in the last stanza? Write the last line in your own words.

voluptuous	fated	peal	squadron
niche	prophetic	partings	burial



LOVE FOR THE DEAD.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal — every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open — this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to

remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved — when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal — would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?

No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection — when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness — who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error — covers every defect — extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

* * * * *

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited — every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never — never — never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet — then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear — more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

QUESTIONS AND COMPOSITION.

What is an ordeal? What are precincts? Name the precincts of this school. What is a survivor? Give names of some survivors. What is it to "brood over"? When do boys brood over anything? What is the dying child compared to? Why is it like a blossom? What is it to "survive"? What is revelry? What is a resentment? Give some simple expression explaining "a compunctious throb." Explain "unrequited." How can you soothe pain? What is a "silvered brow"? What is an "ungracious word"? Explain "knocking dolefully." What is a "chaplet of flowers"? What are "futile tributes"? How may we repay our neglect of those now dead? Who are the living? What general name is applied to the living? Who is my neighbor?

Memorize: —

There is no death ! What seems so is transition.

This life, its mortal breath,

Is but a suburb of the life elysian,

Whose portals we call Death.

Paraphrase the above.

divorced	convulsive	unrequited	thronging
brood	pensive	endearment	dolefully
survives	gayety	pang	unavailing
attributes	resentment	ungracious	futile

ANALYSIS.

"Pay close attention to the emotions or feelings the selection suggests."

"Give due attention to the vocal tones called for by the selection."

"Lay special stress on those points that are to attract the attention of the audience."

What is the general sentiment suggested by "Love for the Dead"?

One of subdued emotion, requiring sustained, quiet, soft, yet firm intonation. In the first sentence,

"The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced," the chief words requiring special attention are **SORROW FOR THE DEAD, ONLY SORROW, REFUSE, DIVORCED**; and among these: **THE DEAD, ONLY, REFUSE**, call for more particular emphasis. Thus,

"The **SORROW** for **THE DEAD** is the **ONLY** sorrow from which we **REFUSE** to be **DIVORCED**," would suggest a proper reading, the emphasis being in proportion to the capitalizing.

In the following sentence, the appositeness of the adjective clauses must be attended to. Thus,

"**EVERY OTHER** wound we seek to heal — **EVERY OTHER** affliction to forget ; but **THIS** wound we consider it a **DUTY** to keep open — **THIS** affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude."

In the following series of interrogatory sentences, the climax must be indicated by the gradual increasing of the strength and earnestness of tone:

"Where is **THE MOTHER** who would **WILLINGLY FORGET** the **INFANT** that perished like a blossom from her arms, though **EVERY RECOLLECTION** is a pang?" "Where is **THE CHILD** that

would WILLINGLY FORGET the MOST TENDER OF PARENTS, though to remember be but to lament?" etc.

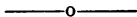
In the first part of second paragraph we have a change of tone to that of assertion of a noble principle, requiring strength of coloring and boldness of utterance :

"No, the love which SURVIVES THE TOMB is one of the NOBLEST attributes of the soul. If it has its WOES, it has likewise its DELIGHTS ; and when the OVERWHELMING BURST of grief is *calmed into the gentle tear of recollection*, when the SUDDEN ANGUISH and the CONVULSIVE AGONY over the present ruins of all that we most loved, *is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness* — who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may SOMETIMES throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a DEEPER SADNESS over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, EVEN FOR THE SONG OF PLEASURE OR THE BURST OF REVELRY? No, THERE IS A VOICE FROM THE TOMB SWEETER THAN SONG."

In the third stanza we have the expression of counsel, requiring "grave and sustained tone."

"Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and THERE MEDITATE! THERE settle the account with thy conscience, for EVERY PAST BENEFIT UNREQUITED — EVERY PAST ENDEARMENT UNREGARDED, of that departed being, who CAN NEVER — NEVER — NEVER RETURN to be soothed by thy contrition!"

Continuing, we again have a climax, requiring same treatment as previously indicated, etc., etc.



THE CARRIER-PIGEON.

CHANGED customs and the progress of science have almost rendered extinct two features of the romantic Middle Ages, — the use of the falcon and the carrier-dove. The former no longer darts upon its timid prey from its dainty perch on jewelled finger of maid or dame. The latter, once the poetic bearer of messages of love, or the swift courier of thrones of state, has been superseded by the prosy telegraph, and its performances, with one

exception, have in recent times been confined to contests of speed for the amusement of the amateur. The carrier-pigeon is a remarkable instance of what can be effected by the natural instinct of the animal kingdom, assisted by cultivation and training. Somewhat larger and heavier than the ordinary dove, it is still further distinguished by the great size of the muscles of the breast, which indicate its powers of flight, and by a bunch of naked skin which hangs across its bill like a hood or cowl.

The instinct which makes this bird so valuable is its strong love for home. The manner of training and developing this instinct, as adopted in Turkey, is as follows: As soon as the young birds are able to fly, they are taken in a covered basket to a distance of twenty or thirty yards from their cotes. They are then suddenly released. Those that find their way back are retained for further training. The distance is gradually increased from one mile to twenty or thirty miles. Birds that can find their way home from this distance can generally be trusted for any number of miles, limited only by their power of endurance. When first released from its receptacle, the carrier-pigeon flies upward in a spiral until it reaches a height from which it can descry some familiar landmark, by which it immediately directs its course. Should it fail to discover such a point, either by reason of fog or the distance of its home, it either returns, or, losing its way, is never again seen. The speed of the carrier-pigeon is marvellous. Thirty miles an hour is a very easy performance for a good bird, and well authenticated instances of forty, fifty and sixty miles an hour are on record. At the annual contest of the Fanciers' Association of Ghent in 1833 one of the pigeons flew from Rouen to

that city, a distance of one hundred miles, in one and a half hours. Audubon, the naturalist, mentions the fact of a bird being found near New York with its crop full of rice, which could not have been obtained nearer than the rice fields of Georgia or the Carolinas. The digestive powers of the carrier-pigeon being very strong and rapid, the inference is that the bird must have flown that immense distance in a very few hours.

The use of the carrier-dove as a messenger dates from remote times. Sir John Mandeville mentions their use by the Chinese and the Romans. They were employed during the crusade under St. Louis; and Tasso, in his "Jerusalem Delivered," makes Godfrey defend one of them from a falcon. The most remarked instance of their use in modern times is afforded by the siege of Paris. By their services on that memorable occasion they proved not only their great utility, but also their necessity in times of war, when the telegraph lines and railroads are in possession of the enemy. The pigeons used during the siege of Paris were sent out of the city by means of balloons, and in due time returned to their accustomed cotes.

The arrival of a pigeon was an event of great interest. The letters which they carried were written in very small characters and on very thin paper. The paper was rolled up tightly and enclosed in a quill, and the quill was fastened under the wing of the pigeon. In this way important messages were safely conveyed to the besieged city. Sometimes a whole newspaper was photographed on a minute scale and delivered by the aerial postman. When received it could be read only with the aid of a powerful magnifying-glass. Sometimes the besiegers tried to bring down the birds with their rifles; but they seldom succeeded, so high and so swiftly

do these birds fly. Once or twice, however, the little letter carrier arrived with its feathers ruffled and stained with its own blood. Thus, all through that terrible winter, often in the midst of blinding storms and over fields of carnage, was the gentle dove the bearer of messages of love and hope between anxious friends.

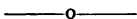
With this simple exception, the carrier-pigeon in modern times has figured only in racing trials. Breeding societies in Belgium have made the cultivation and speeding of pigeons a favorite amusement, and of late years the same sport has been introduced into the United States, where it bids fair to soon become very popular.

COMPOSITION.

Describe the arrival of a carrier-pigeon into the besieged city of Paris, from the following notes:

A snow storm prevails. Amid the white specks a very large one is seen. It is examined. Powerful glasses are brought to bear upon the fast moving object. A general cry is heard:—"The carrier-pigeon." The bird descends. Around its neck a string; under its wing a quill. In this quill "news from other lands." The bird is petted, fed, and delivered to its cote.

customs	muscles	receptacle	besieged
extinct	cowl	spiral	photographed
romantic	developing	authenticated	aerial
superseded	cotes	naturalist	besiegers
amateur	endurance	inference	carnage



AN UNKNOWN SISTER OF CHARITY.

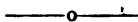
UNKNOWN to fashion's tinsel throng,
 The soulless and the vain;
 Unknown where ringeth folly's song,
 And pleasure's siren strain.

Unknown where fickle fame bestows
Her evanescent crown,
While, for a fleeting instant, glows
The light of earth's renown.
Unknown in life, unknown in death,
Thus would she live and die —
She needed not the trumpet's breath
To waft her deeds on high;
But where the plague, at noonday, trod
O'er earth his fatal way,
And where, beneath his blighting rod,
The stricken thousands lay;
Where fiercely burned the fever flame,
And rung the dying groan,
Full well the Sister's holy name
And gentle face were known.
And while life's latest murmur breath'd
On her its blessings fond,
Her fadeless coronal was wreath'd
The "jasper walls" beyond.
She saw, in every tortured one,
Her anguish-laden Lord;
For him her holy work was done,
From him it claimed reward.
What though no flaunting banners wave,
Where mercy's martyr sleeps;
What though above her nameless grave
No earthly mourner weeps;
When soared her soul, on eager wing,
Beyond the gates of pain,
The white-robed legions of the King
Were her triumphal train.
And where love wrote her blessed name
Above his radiant throne,
In heaven's light of fadeless fame
She lives, forever known.

COMPOSITION.

Take a short selection from "The Sister of Charity," and write it in your own words, in two forms. Give three historical instances of queens or other distinguished ladies who became nuns. Relate any circumstances you may know of where sisters have distinguished themselves on the battle field or in the sick room. Consult Longfellow's "Evangeline" for points.

tinsel	siren	evanescent	waft	coronal
soulless	fickle	renown	blighting	flaunting



TRUE AND FALSE SUCCESS.

IT should be remembered that success in life is to be regarded as a means and not as an end; and that therefore there is such a thing possible as *unsuccessful success*—such a thing as gaining every end, while the whole *life* has been a failure. "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?" This is the final test of the value of earthly prosperity, and unless our lives be guided by the spirit of these memorable words, we shall have lived in vain. Viewed in the light of the Evangelist's words, many a career that the world deems a brilliant success, is a most miserable failure; and many a life that the world considers commonplace and humble, is crowned with an enduring triumph.

Why were you sent into this world? Better and clearer than all the high-sounding phrases of philosophers comes the simple answer of the catechism—"to know, love, and serve God in this world and be happy with him forever in the next." To this end must you make tend every action of your life; and whatever success you may attain in your chosen calling, must be looked upon as a God-given means of contributing to

his glory, to the good of your neighbor and to the happiness of your immortal soul.

This alone is true success, and it is attainable in the humblest as well as in the most exalted position; for in every station of life will you find the opportunity of loving God, of practising virtue and of edifying others. The meanest calling can be positively ennobled by cheerfully and honestly performing the duties which belong to it.

“Honor and shame from no condition rise.
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.”

God has given every man a mission to perform in this world, for which his talents precisely fit him; and, having found what that mission is, he must throw into it all the energies of his soul, seeking its accomplishment, not his own pleasure.

As has been wisely said, “Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do, and to restrain himself within matters that he understands.” Having found out what you have to do—whether to lead an army or to sweep a crossing, to harangue senates, or address juries, or prescribe medicines—do it with all your might, because it is your duty.

Are your intellectual endowments small, and are you despondent because your progress must be slow? Remember that if you have but one talent, you are responsible only for *its* wise use. If you cannot do all you wish, you can at least do your best; and, if there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God’s wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, when they have been honestly, truly and zealously cultivated. Remembering that the battle of life cannot be fought by proxy, be your own helper, be

earnest, be watchful, be diligent; and if you do not obtain success, you will have done the next best thing — you will have deserved it.

Is your calling one which the world calls mean or humble? Show by the spirit that you carry into it, that, to one who has self-respect and an exalted soul, the most despised profession may be made honorable; that it is the heart, the inspiring motive, not the calling, that degrades; that the mechanic may be as high-minded as the poet, the day-laborer as noble as the artist.

Are you prosperous in business, honored by your fellow-men? If so, you must be doubly careful lest your temporal success so engross your attention as to blind you to your eternal interests. Too often the intoxicating fumes of success make hearts that once throbbed with generous emotions callous and insensible to every lofty inspiration.

The incense of admiration, of self glorification at one's success, seems to envelop men in a fog, through which they grope aimlessly on till suddenly death dispels the mist, and the vast, unseen expanse of eternity, for which they have made no preparation, bursts upon their terrified gaze. To keep the heart fresh and enthusiastic amid all the distractions of a busy life is a rare gift; but it is in every one's power to be mindful of his soul, and in the busiest as well as in the most tranquil pursuits to keep alive the ideal and the practice of a better life by prayer; and in particular, by the exercise of that greatest of virtues, — Charity.

COMPOSITION .

Give the substance of above lesson, from following hints:

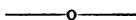
Success in life is a means, not an end. We labor to become rich, not for the sake of riches, but that we may do good with wealth.

This is taught us by Christ, who says, "What doth it profit"
 Lives that appear most brilliant are not always most admirable. Give
 example. (Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon, Dives, Cræsus.) The greatest
 and truest success in life is to secure the end for which life is given
 us. To act so as to attain this end is to choose the better part, the one
 only thing necessary. What has been "wisely said"? We are not to
 be discouraged because we have to move slowly. If we have but one
 talent, an account of but one will be required. Refer to the "parable
 of the talents." Next to securing success, the most consoling thing
 is to deserve it. We will be rewarded, not according to our success,
 but "according to our works."

mission
 harangue
 senates

admirable
 proxy
 inspiring

degrades
 aimlessly
 ideal



THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

WITH deep affection and recollection,
 I often think of those Shandon bells,
 Whose sound so wild would, in days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
 On this I ponder where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
 While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
 But all their music spoke naught like thine;
 For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,
 Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
 And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame:
 But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
 O! the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow; while on tower and kiosk, O!
 In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
 And loud in air calls men to prayer,
 From the tapering summits of tall minarets.
 Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
 But there's an anthem more dear to me:
 'Tis the bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

Questions:— Point out the several places named in this selection. What is meant by "Adrian's Mole"? "The Vatican"? What is meant by "pealing solemnly and joyously"? When do Catholic church bells peal solemnly and joyously? When solemnly and sadly? Mention some tapering points in or near your residence. Name some bells which the writer says are less sonorous than those of Shandon. Give the names of any very fine chimes of bells in America.

Shandon	belfry	gorgeous	tapering
clime	knelling	turrets	minarets
glib	Mole	Moscow	phantom
vibrate	Vatican	kiosk	anthem

—o—

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

AS the vessel in which the saint embarked for India
 floated down the Tagus and shook out her reefs to

the wind, many an eye was dimmed with unwonted tears; for she bore a force of a thousand men to reinforce the garrison of Goa; nor could the bravest of that gallant host gaze on the receding land, without foreboding that he might never see again those dark chestnut forests and rich orange groves, with their peaceful convents and loved homes reposing in their bosom. The countenance of Xavier alone beamed with delight. He knew that he should never tread his native mountains more; but he was not an exile. He was to depend for food and raiment on the bounty of his fellow-passengers; but no thought for the morrow troubled him. He was going to convert nations, of which he knew not the language nor even the names; but he felt no misgivings. Worn by incessant sea-sickness, with the refuse food of the lowest seamen for his diet, and the cordage of the ship for his couch, he rendered to the diseased services too revolting to be described; and lived among the dying and the profligate, the unwearied minister of consolation and of peace. In the midst of that floating throng, he knew how to create for himself a sacred solitude, and how to mix in all their pursuits in the free spirit of the man of the world, a gentleman and a scholar. With the viceroy and the officers he talked, as pleased them best, of war or trade, of politics or navigation; and to restrain the common soldiers from gambling, would invent for their amusement less dangerous pastimes, or even hold the stakes for which they played, that by his presence and his gay discourse, he might at least check the excesses which he could not prevent.

Five weary months (weary to all but him) brought the ship to Mozambique, where an endemic fever threatened a premature grave to the apostle of the Indies. But his was not a spirit to be quenched or

allayed by the fiercest paroxysms of disease. At each remission of his malady, he crawled to the beds of his fellow-sufferers to soothe their terrors, or assuage their pains. To the eye of any casual observer the most wretched of mankind; in the esteem of his companions the happiest and the most holy, he reached Goa just thirteen months after his departure from Lisbon.

At Goa he was shocked, and, had fear been an element in his nature, would have been dismayed, by the almost universal depravity of the inhabitants. It exhibited itself in those offensive forms which characterize the crimes of civilized men, when settled among a feebler race, and released from even the conventional decencies of civilization. Swinging in his hand a large bell, he traversed the streets of the city, and implored the astonished crowd to send their children to him, to be taught the religion which they still at least professed. Though he had never been addressed by the soul-stirring name of father, he knew that in the hardest and most dissolute heart which had once felt the parental instinct, there is one chord which can never be wholly out of tune. A crowd of little ones was quickly placed under his charge. He lived among them as the most laborious of teachers, and the gentlest and the gayest of friends; and then returned them to their homes, that by their more hallowed example they might there impart, with all the unconscious eloquence of filial love, the lessons of wisdom and of piety they had been taught. No cry of human misery reached him in vain. He became an inmate of the hospitals, selecting that of the leprous as the object of his peculiar care. Even at the tables of the profligate he was to be seen, an honored and a welcome guest; delighting that most unmeet audience with the vivacity of his discourse, and sparing neither

pungent jests to render vice ridiculous, nor sportive flatteries to allure the fallen back to the still distasteful paths of soberness and virtue. Strong in purity of purpose, and stronger still in one sacred remembrance, he was content to be called the friend of publicans and sinners. He had long since deserted the standard of prudence — the offspring of forethought, for the banners of wisdom — the child of love, and followed them through perils not to be hazarded under any less triumphant leader.

From the days of St. Paul to our own, the annals of mankind exhibit no other example of a soul borne onward so triumphantly through distress and danger, in all their most appalling aspects. He battled with hunger and thirst, and nakedness and assassination, and pursued his mission of love, with ever increasing ardor, amidst the wildest war of the contending elements. At the island of Moro (one of the group of the Moluccas), he took his stand at the foot of a volcano, and as the pillar of fire threw up its wreaths to heaven, and the earth tottered beneath him, and the firmament was rent by falling rocks and peals of unremitting thunder, he pointed to the fierce lightnings, and the river of molten lava, and called on the agitated crowd which clung to him for safety, to repent and to obey the truth; figuring to them, at the same time, that the sounds which racked their ears were as the groans of the infernal world, and the sights which blasted their eyes, as an outbreak from the atmosphere of the place of torment. Repairing for the celebration of Mass to some edifice which he had consecrated for the purpose, an earthquake shook the building to its base. The terrified worshippers fled; but Xavier, standing in meek composure before the rocking altar, deliberately completed that mysterious sacrifice,

rejoicing, as he states in his description of the scene, to perceive that the demons of the island thus attested their flight before the archangel's sword, from the place where they had so long exercised their foul dominion. There is no schoolboy of our days who could not teach much, unsuspected by St. Francis Xavier, of the laws which govern the material and the spiritual worlds; but we have not many doctors who know as much as he did of the nature of Him by whom the worlds of matter and of spirit were created; for he studied in the school of protracted martyrdom and active philanthropy, where are divulged secrets unknown and unimagined by the wisest and the most learned of ordinary men. Imparting everywhere such knowledge as he possessed, he ranged over no small part of the Indian archipelago, and at length retraced his steps to Malacca, to see if even yet his exhortations and his prayers might avert her threatened doom.

COMPOSITION.

Write a short sketch of St. Francis Xavier, from the following points:

Starts down the Tagus. Sorrow of friends. St. Francis Xavier, filled with delight, hopes for the reward promised to those who "leave father and mother, sister and brother," for Christ's sake. His labors and sufferings on board. He takes part in the sailors' and soldiers' games, to prevent sin. While suffering from fever he waits on his sick companions. His love of children. His labors in hospitals. Traits of resemblance between St. Paul and St. Francis Xavier. Both learned, both zealous, both afflicted for Christ's sake, both "all to all" to gain all to Christ. St. Paul calm in midst of storms and shipwreck. St. Francis serene amid earthquake and panic. St. Paul and St. Francis both "Apostles of nations."

reefs	endemic	unmeet	appalling
raiment	paroxysms	pungent	deliberately
misgivings	assuage	sportive	protracted
incessant	casual	allure	philanthropy
cordage	depravity	distasteful	archipelago

CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

TORCHES were blazing clear,
Hymns pealing deep and low,
Where a king lay stately on his bier
In the Church of Fontevrault.
Banners of battle o'er him hung,
And warriors slept beneath,
And light as noon's broad light was flung
On the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death
A strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimmed at times by the censer's breath,
Yet it fell still brightest there,
As if each deeply furrowed trace
Of earthly years to show, —
Alas! that sceptred mortal's race
Had surely closed in woe!

The marble floor was swept
By many a long, dark stole,
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept,
Sang Mass for the parted soul.
And solemn were the strains they pour'd
Through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword,
And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,
As of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
With a sounding thrill of dread;
And the holy chant was hush'd awhile
As, by the torch's flame,
A gleam of arms up the sweeping aisle,
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with a haughty look,
An eagle glance and clear,
But his proud heart through its breastplate shook,
When he stood beside the bier!
He stood there still with drooping brow,
And clasp'd hands o'er it raised;
For his father lay before him low, —
It was Cœur de Lion gazed!

And silently he strove
With the workings of his breast,
But there's more in late repentant love
Than steel may keep suppress'd!
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain.
Men held their breath in awe,
For his face was seen by his warrior train,
And he reck'd not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead,
And sorrow seemed to lie —
A weight of sorrow, e'en like lead —
Pale on the fast shut eye.
He stoop'd and kiss'd the frozen cheek,
And the heavy hand of clay,
Till bursting words — yet all too weak —
Gave his soul's passion way.

“Oh, father! is it vain,
This late remorse and deep?
Speak to me, father! once again,
I weep — behold, I weep!
Alas! my guilty pride and ire!
Were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my sire!
To hear thee bless thy son.

“Speak to me! mighty grief
Ere now the dust hath stirred!
Hear me, but hear me! — father, chief,
My king! I *must* be heard! —
Hush’d, hush’d — how is it that I call,
And that thou answerest not?
When was it thus, woe, woe for all
The love my soul forgot!

“Thy silver hairs I see
So still, so sadly bright!
And father, father! but for me,
They had not been so white.
I bore thee down, high heart! at last
No longer couldst thou strive;
Oh! for one moment of the past,
To kneel and say — ‘forgive!’

“Thou wert the noblest king,
On royal throne e’er seen!
And thou didst wear in knightly ring,
Of all, the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved,
In war, the bravest heart, —
Oh, ever the renown’d and loved
Thou wert, — and *there* thou art!

“Thou that my boyhood’s guide
Didst take fond joy to be!
The times I’ve sported at thy side,
And climb’d thy parent knee!
And there before the blessed shrine,
My sire, I see thee lie!
How will that sad, still face of thine
Look on me till I die!”

Questions : -- Describe the scene as given in the first three stanzas.

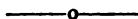
Say what the priests were doing. What was next heard? Who was coming? How did he come? What struggle took place in his heart? Explain "He reck'd not that they saw." What words of sorrow and of self-reproach did Cœur de Lion speak? (Give your own words.) What is to pursue the youth through life?

stately
ruddy

censers
sceptred

girt
mail

train
reck'd



NOVEL READING.

IT is argued in favor of novel reading, that works of fiction of the present day are, in their general character, so correct in principle, so unexceptionable in narrative, sometimes even so high-toned in morality, and, in the case of some particular authors, so finished in style, and so rich in the varied beauties of good composition, that they may be read not only without injury, but actually, under some aspects, with positive advantage. As clever delineations of character, too, they are said to afford so deep an insight into human nature, and so profitable a knowledge of the world and its ways, as to be in those respects a useful study for the inexperienced.

There can be no doubt of the vast improvement of the present period in that description of literary production emphatically called light. We know by hearsay that the romances of former days were not calculated to promote the health either of mind or heart; and that they should have been superseded by fictitious works of a more refining tendency, and a more enlightened character, cannot but be deemed an advantage. Yet, according to all the merit they can possibly claim, and viewing them under their very best and most favorable

aspects, they are in many ways, to say the least, very dangerous.

Novels are in general pictures, usually very highly wrought pictures, of human passions; and it has been remarked, that although the conclusion of the tale frequently awards signal punishment and degradation to some very gross offender, yet that in a far greater number of instances passion is represented as working out its ends successfully, and attaining its object even by the sacrifice of duty—an evil lesson for the heart yet unacquainted with vice, and uncontaminated by the world. It may indeed be safely questioned whether the knowledge of human nature thus acquired is of a profitable kind, and whether experience of life might not, for all practical purposes, be derived from other and purer sources than the teachings of romances.

Again, novels, as a class, present false views of life; and as it is the error of the young to mistake those for realities, they become the dupes of their own ardent and enthusiastic imaginations, which, instead of trying to control and regulate, they strengthen and nourish with the poisonous food of phantoms and chimeras.

When the thirst for novel reading has become insatiable, as with indulgence it is sure to do, they come at last to live in an unreal fairy-land, amid heroes and heroines of their own creation. The taste for serious reading and profitable occupation is destroyed—all relish for prayer is lost. In addition to their other disadvantages, many of these books unfortunately teem with maxims subversive of simple faith, and in cordial irreverence for the truths of religion; and so it too frequently happens, as the climax of evil, that faith suffers to a greater or lesser extent from their habitual, indiscriminate perusal.

As a recreation, light works may, of course, be occasionally resorted to; but so many and so great are their attendant dangers, that extreme care should be taken to neutralize their poison by infallible antidotes. The selection of such works should always be left to a religious parent, to a well-read teacher or a pious and intelligent friend. They should never be made an occupation, but merely serve as a pastime, and that occasionally. They should never be perused in the early part of the day, but only in the evening hour, specially set aside for relaxation. They should never be continued beyond the moderate length of time to which, under prudent and pious direction, you have limited yourself, and never resumed after night prayers.

They should not be allowed to engross the mind to the exclusion of all other thoughts; but more especially during their perusal should the sweet, refreshing, invigorating thought of God's presence be often recalled, and our aspirations ascend to his throne, that he who is the author of all the happiness we enjoy may bless and sanctify even our amusements.

The observance of these conditions no doubt requires some self-control; but if you cannot exercise that control, neither can you expect to peruse works of fiction without material, perhaps fatal injury to your precious soul. If you cannot exercise that control, you should never read novels. If there be one more than another of these conditions to which you are recommended strict fidelity, it is to the first. By referring, for directions in your reading, to a pious, experienced guide, you will be secured against making selections among that class of fictitious works impregnated with the venom of anti-Catholic maxims.

And, as the spirit of impiety and infidelity so prevalent

in the literary world, seeks a medium for its venom no less in works of science than in works of fiction, you will find the advantage of applying the foregoing rule in the one case as in the other, never reading a suspected author without having ascertained how far your doubts are well founded.

COMPOSITION.

Take the fourth paragraph. Write the portion, "When the thirst for novel reading . . . all relish for prayer is lost." Relate what you remember about light reading as seen in lives of SS. Augustin, Theresa, Ignatius-Loyola. Name some of the good books you have read and give a detailed account of one such book or a portion of it. What has his Holiness, Pius IX., said about the power of the Press (newspaper)? Consult the reading lesson on "Studies," and show how you may realize the instructions given as to the manner of reading. Is it advisable for young people to visit public libraries? Give your reasons as fully as possible. What does Rodriguez say in "Christian Perfection" about a "good book"?

unexceptionable	dupes	neutralize
delineations	phantoms	antidotes
emphatically	chimeras	relaxation
fictitious	insatiable	impregnated
uncontaminated	subversive	suspected
romances	indiscriminate	ascertained

—o—

TO A CANARY BIRD.

WHILE all the noisy raving town
Is drown'd in recreation,
With thee, my bird, I'll sit me down,
In sober meditation.

This world, for all it knows, my bird,
Is oft to pity blinded,

And sorrow's cry is seldom heard
But where 'tis little minded.

But thine's a friendly little heart,
And when my own is aching,
Thy mirth can make its griefs depart,
E'en though 'twere almost breaking.

While thoughts of home and fervent friends
Are all I've left to cheer me,
Fain wouldst thou make some faint amends
By piping wildly near me.

That moral has no charm for me
That's wreath'd in blinding letter:
I'll find in musing here with thee
One easier learn'd and better.

At eve, high perch'd, with rounded breast
And wing wrapp'd in so fairly,
Thou seem'st to bid me seek my rest
While yet the night is early.

When through my window morn hath flung
Its first uncertain gleaming,
Notes startling high and loud and long
Dispel my idle dreaming.

If thoughts of care my mind engage,
Thy song reminds me daily,
That e'en within a captive's cage
The heart can flutter gaily.

And if thy time goes all for naught,
And some would thoughtless blame thee,
We know that life, whence thou wert brought,
Had nothing that could shame thee.

Thus by thy simple life we see
 What lessons men have near them,
 From things all reasonless like thee,
 If they would stoop to hear them.

Our human guides, their counsel, all
 Abound in precepts ample,
 But oh! how short of thee they fall,
 For thine is all example.

COMPOSITION.

Give in your own words the first stanza, in two ways. Also:

"Fain wouldst thou make some faint amends
 By piping wildly near me."

Also fifth stanza. Then:

"Notes startling high and loud and long
 Dispel my idle dreaming."

Also tenth stanza (especially).

amends	perch'd	reasonless
piping	gleaming	ample

—o—

THE CRADLE OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

THE foundation of the colony of Maryland was peacefully and happily laid. Within six months it had advanced more than Virginia had done in as many years. The proprietary continued with great liberality to provide everything that was necessary for its comfort and protection, and spared no cost to promote its interests. Under the mild institutions and munificence of Lord Baltimore, the dreary wilderness soon bloomed with the swarming life and activity of prosperous settlements; the Roman Catholics, who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find a peaceful

asylum in the quiet harbors of the Chesapeake; and there, too, Protestants were sheltered against Protestant intolerance. Such were the beautiful auspices under which the province of Maryland started into being. Its history is the history of benevolence, gratitude, and toleration.

In April, 1649, as if with a foresight of impending danger, and an earnest desire to stay its approach, the Roman Catholics of Maryland, with the earnest concurrence of their governor and of the proprietary, determined to place upon their statute book an act for the religious freedom which had ever been sacred on their soil. "And whereas the enforcing of the conscience in matters of religion,"—such was the sublime tenor of a part of the statute—"hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence in those commonwealths where it has been practised; and for the more quiet and peaceable government of this province, and the better to preserve mutual love and amity among the inhabitants, no person within this province shall be in any ways troubled, molested, or discountenanced for his or her religion, or in the free exercise thereof."

Thus did the early star of religious freedom appear as the harbinger of day, though, as it first gleamed above the horizon, its light was colored and obscured by the mists and exhalations of morning. The greatest of English poets, when he represents the ground teeming with living things at the word of the Creator, paints the moment when the forms, so soon to be instinct with perfect life and beauty, are yet emerging from the inanimate earth, and when but

Half appeared
The tawny lion pawing to get free;

—— then springs, as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brindled mane.

So it was with the freedom of religion in the United States.

The clause for liberty in Maryland extended only to Christians, and was introduced by the proviso that "whatsoever person shall blaspheme God, or shall deny or reproach the Holy Trinity, or any of the three persons thereof, shall be punished with death." But the design of the law of Maryland was undoubtedly to protect freedom of conscience; and some years after it had been confirmed, the apologists of Lord Baltimore could assert that his government, in conformity with his strict and repeated injunctions, had never given disturbance to any person in Maryland for matters of religion; that the colonists enjoyed freedom of conscience, not less than freedom of person and estate, as amply as ever any people in any place of the world. The disfranchised friends of liberty from Virginia, and their imitators from Massachusetts, were welcomed to equal liberty of conscience and political rights in the Roman Catholic province of Maryland.

Questions:—What is meant by "proprietary"? To what does the historian refer when he says "*there, too, Protestants were sheltered from Protestant intolerance*"? What is meant by "hath fallen out to be of dangerous consequence"? Express this phrase in modern style. What is meant by "disfranchised friends of liberty"? What other colony established religious toleration? Give first paragraph in your own words. Retain construction of sentences but substitute synonyms where possible.

proprietary	benevolence	harbinger
liberality	concurrence	exhalations
prosperous	conscience	undoubtedly
intolerance	commonwealths	injunctions
auspices	discountenanced	disfranchised

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

Thomas Gray (1716-1771), one of the greatest of England's lyric poets. His productions are very few, but excellent. His finest compositions are those entitled "The Bard," the "Progress of Poetry," the ode to "Adversity," and the famous "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," by which he is best known. Indeed it is more frequently called "Gray's Elegy" than by its proper title. In the exquisite finish of his verse, Gray surpassed all his predecessors.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Of't did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade, nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray.
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, would he rove,
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:
Another came, — nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPIITAPH.

HERE RESTS HIS HEAD UPON THE LAP OF EARTH,
A YOUTH TO FORTUNE AND TO FAME UNKNOWN:
FAIR SCIENCE FROWNED NOT ON HIS HUMBLE BIRTH,
AND MELANCHOLY MARKED HIM FOR HER OWN.

LARGE WAS HIS BOUNTY, AND HIS SOUL SINCERE,
HEAVEN DID A RECOMPENSE AS LARGELY SEND:
HE GAVE TO MISERY — ALL HE HAD — A TEAR,
HE GAINED FROM HEAVEN ('T WAS ALL HE WISHED) A FRIEND.

NO FURTHER SEEK HIS MERITS TO DISCLOSE,
OR DRAW HIS FRAILTIES FROM THEIR DREAD ABODE
(THERE THEY ALIKE IN TREMBLING HOPE REPOSE),
THE BOSOM OF HIS FATHER AND HIS GOD.

Questions:— Explain: "And leaves the world to darkness and to me." "And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds." "Yonder ivy-mantled tower." "Heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap." "Forefathers of the hamlet." "The stubborn glebe." "The boast of heraldry." "Th' inevitable hour." "Storied urn." "Pregnant with celestial fire." What is "the living lyre"? Was Cromwell "guiltless of his country's blood"? Continue the analysis of balance in same way.

tolls	afield	elegy
lowing	sturdy	kindred
droning	heraldry	haply
lull	impute	fantastic
rugged	urn	woful
clarion	pregnant	dirges
ply	penury	melancholy
sire's	Hampden	merits
glebe	ingenuous	frailties
jocund	uncouth	bosom

THE CONVERSATION OF AN EDUCATED MAN.

WHAT is that which first strikes us, and strikes us at once, in an educated man; and which, among men of education, so instantly distinguishes the man of superior mind, that (as was observed with eminent propriety of the late Edmund Burke) "we cannot stand under the same archway during a shower of rain without finding him out"?

Not the weight or novelty of his remarks; not any unusual interest of facts communicated by him; for we may suppose both the one and the other precluded by the shortness of our intercourse and the triviality of the subjects. The difference will be impressed and felt, though the conversation should be confined to the state of the weather or the pavement.

Still less will it arise from any peculiarity in his words and phrases. For, if he be, as we now assume, a well-educated man, as well as a man of superior powers, he will not fail to follow the golden rule of Julius Cæsar, "Avoid an unusual word as you would a rock," unless where new things necessitate new terms. It must have been among the earliest lessons of his youth that the breach of this precept, at all times hazardous, becomes ridiculous in the topics of ordinary conversation.

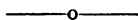
There remains but one other point of distinction possible; and this must be, and in fact is, the cause of the impression made on us. It is the unpremeditated and evidently habitual arrangement of his words, grounded on the habit of foreseeing, in each integral part, or, more plainly, in every sentence, the whole that he then intends to communicate. However irregular and desultory his talk, there is method in the fragments.

Listen, on the other hand, to an ignorant man, though perhaps shrewd and able in his particular calling, whether he be describing or relating. We immediately perceive that his memory alone is called into action; and that the objects and events recur in the narration in the same order, and with the same accompaniments, however accidental or impertinent, as they had first occurred to the narrator.

The necessity of taking breath, the efforts of recollection, and the rectification of its failures, produce all his pauses; and with exception of the "and then," the "and there," and the still less significant "and so," they constitute likewise all his connections.

Questions:—What is said of Edmund Burke? What is it to "preclude"? What is meant by "a man of superior powers"? Name six men who had superior powers. What is an integral part? Name some integral parts of this school. Of this Reader. Of the church we go to for holy Mass. What is "desultory talk"? Show from a familiar example how I could use my memory and throw aside my judgment. How may we rectify failures? How should a child rectify failures in duty to parents or teachers?

educated	necessitate	desultory	narrator
propriety	hazardous	shrewd	rectification
precluded	topics	narration	constitute
triviality	premeditated	order	likewise



MOTHER SETON.

LO! the hosts of valiant women!
 Lo! the legions, brave and strong,
 That have "come up from the desert"
 In a grand, immortal throng;
 That have fought, with hearts undaunted,
 'Gainst a fierce and hydra foe,

Till, within the dust degrading,
They have brought his standard low!
But they seek no vain applauses,
And they court no gazing crowd,
And they stand not in the forum,
Lifting clamor shrill and loud.
No! the true strong-minded follow
Where a calmer guidance leads,
And the lowly path of duty
Is their field for lofty deeds.
Ay, they tread, with steady footsteps,
In *her* still, secluded way,
Who was stronger in her meekness,
Than a host in war array;
Who, in Nazareth's cottage lowly,
Bore her blest, yet hidden part,
While she kept her Saviour's sayings
Fondly treasured in her heart.
And amid those silent toilers
Is a wonder-working band,
Who have brought the boons of heaven,
As they pass from land to land;
Who have braved the ocean tempest
And the desert's burning ray,
From the Northland to the Tropics,
From Columbia to Cathay.
Noble daughters of Saint Vincent!
Where the hosts to match with ye?
Legions of the Lord of pity!
Valiant band of charity!
Who hath won your angel presence,
Who hath brought your labors blest
To the mighty land of freedom,
To the empire of the West?
"In a sunny southern valley
Is an Eden, calm and sweet,

Where we gird our toiling armies
For 'the burden and the heat;'
And that vale of blest Saint Joseph
Hath a dear and sacred trust,
For it shrineth *one* whose life-deeds
Blossom, fragrant, in the dust.
Oh, a rare and matchless treasure
Is that angel-guarded grave,
Though no pompous tomb is o'er it,
And no stately banners wave;
For the mortal shrine reposing
Till the resurrection there,
Held a stainless spirit flower,
In its casket, sweet and fair.
O our loved and saintly mother!
O our foundress, true and brave!
Deathless are the links that bind us
To thy dear and sacred grave.
And where'er our feet may wander,
And whate'er our labors be,
While we serve our lowly Master,
In his cause of charity;
While we keep our silent vigils
By the weary couch of pain,
While we stanch the flowing life-stream
On the ghastly battle plain;
As we soothe the orphan's wailing,
And assuage the mourner's woe,
As we turn the sinner's glances
Where the beams of mercy glow;
In the streets of crowded cities,
On the wide and lonely sea,
Still we shrine our saintly foundress,
In our tend'rest memory."
O ye hearts that bless the Sisters
For the conquests they have wrought,

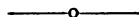
For the reaped and garnered harvest,
 With its rich abundance fraught!
 Hail the noble hand that founded,
 That hath sown the magic seed,
 That hath sought the earliest workers
 In the time of direst need.
 Oh, on earth, sweet Mother Seton,
 Thou hast won a deathless name,
 And the seraph hosts of heaven
 Shall for ever sing thy fame!

Questions:— Explain:

“Till within the dust degrading,
 They have brought his standard low!”
 “And the lowly path of duty
 Is their field for lofty deeds.”

Name the part of New Testament whence the words “fondly treasured in her heart” are taken. What is “the flowing life-stream”? Who shrine their “saintly foundress” in their “tend’rest memory”?

valiant	hydra	toilers	pompous
throng	forum	Cathay	couch
undaunted	shrill	fragrant	assuage



THE SKY.

John Ruskin, LL. D., born in 1819, artist and art critic of great productiveness and originality. No other author of the time has been the recipient of more exaggerated praise or more indiscriminate censure. Yet not one fair observer can over-estimate his services to the cause of Art. Though often dogmatic, arrogant, conceited and absurd, he has discovered and applied valuable principles in art criticism, and may be said to have founded a new literature, the literature of Art.* His style is rich and clear, powerful and eloquent. His descriptions are in reality *word paintings*, as vivid and

*He teaches that fitness is the element of beauty, and that true art should seek to study and reproduce nature.

strongly colored as his friend Turner's canvas. His two best known works are : "The Modern Painters Superior to the Ancients in Landscape Painting," and the "Stones of Venice."

IT is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly.

The noblest scenes of earth can be seen and known but by few: it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them, if he be always with them; but the sky is for *all*; bright as it is, it is not "too bright, nor good, for human nature's daily food;" it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort

and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust.

Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct, as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes—upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm—only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration.

If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall, white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the South and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the wind blew them before it like withered leaves?

All has passed, unregretted as unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only

by what is gross or what is extraordinary ; and yet it is not in the fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice. They are but the blunt and lost faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lamp-black and lightning.

It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual,—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood ; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated, which are to be found always, yet each found but once,—it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

It seems to me that in the midst of the material nearness of the heavens, God means us to acknowledge his own immediate presence as visiting, judging, and blessing us. “The earth was moved, and the heavens dropped, at the presence of the God of Sina!” “He will set his bow in the cloud,” and thus renew, in the sound of every dropping swathe of rain, his promises of everlasting love. “He hath set his *tabernacle* in the sun,” whose burning ball, which, without the firmament, would be seen as an intolerable and scorching circle in the blackness of vacuity, is by that firmament surrounded with gorgeous service, and tempered by mediatorial ministries ; by the firmament of clouds the golden pavement is spread for his chariot wheels at morning ; by the firmament of clouds the temple is built for his presence to fill with light at noon ; by the firmament of clouds the purple veil is closed at evening round the

sanctuary of his rest ; by the mists of the firmament his implacable light is divided, and its separated fierceness appeased into the soft blue that fills the depth of distance with its bloom, and the flush with which the mountains burn as they drink the overflowing of the day-spring.

And, in this tabernacling of the unendurable sun with men, through the shadows of the firmament, God would seem to set forth the stooping of his own majesty to men, upon the *throne* of the firmament. As the creator of all the worlds, and the inhabiter of eternity, we can not behold him ; but as the judge of the earth and the preserver of men, those heavens are, indeed, his dwelling-place. "Swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is the throne of God ; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool." And all those passings to and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glories of colored robe and cloven ray, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance, and distinctness, and dearness of the simple words, — "*Our Father who art in Heaven !*"

QUESTIONS AND COMPOSITION.

What portion of the creation offers most to man's meditation? What does the author say the sky *might be*, for all essential purposes? What occurs in the sky at every moment? What are the ordinary expressions used about the sky? What questions are asked in latter portion of seventh paragraph? What is meant by saying that the faculties of our nature can only be addressed through "lamp-black and lightning"? What texts of Scripture are given in last paragraph? (In your own words).

Divide fifth paragraph into four sentences. Give the idea, but change nouns and adjectives.

evident
organization
film

capricious
sensations
insipidity

unobtrusive
vary
mediatorial

THE OLD SONGS.

WHEN through life unblest we rove,
 Losing all that life made dear,
 Should some notes we used to love
 In days of boyhood meet our ear;
 Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,
 Wakening thoughts that long have slept
 Kindling former smiles again
 In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale that sighs along
 Beds of oriental flowers
 Is the grateful breath of song,
 That once was heard in happier hours.
 Filled with balm the gale sighs on,
 Though the flowers have sunk in death;
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
 Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music! — oh! how faint, how weak,
 Language fades before thy spell!
 Why should feeling ever speak,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,
 Love's are e'en more false than they.
 Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
 Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

Questions:—When do we rove through life unblest? How may notes meet our ear? What causes eyes to fade? What Apostle's eyes thus faded? What does the sound of old tunes do for the eye? How is the sound of old songs like a soft gale? Is language as powerful and universal as music? What does the sound of music do while refusing to betray? Name some songs that always touch our hearts. Can you recite any lines from old songs?

strain

oriental

spell

feign

INFLUENCE OF THE CRUSADES.

THE Crusades exercised a marked influence over the manners of the age, specially by imparting a more religious spirit to the feudal and military institutions already existing. In those rude times, when almost every man was a soldier, the Church, extending her gentle influence over the fierce nobles of Western Europe, had directed them to use their strength and valor to protect the weak and succor the distressed. She transformed the half savage warrior into the Christian knight, and taught him to raise his sword in defence of truth and justice, to be merciful in the hour of victory, and to keep faith with God and man. Hence grew up the laws and customs of *chivalry*, and the religious enthusiasm which was fostered by the Crusades gave to knighthood an almost sacred character.

When a young noble was about to be admitted to the order of knighthood, care was taken to impress him with a deep sense of its obligations. Clothed in white robes—the tokens of a spotless life—he passed the night keeping watch beside his arms, which were placed in the church; when morning came, he confessed and communicated, and after Mass his arms were blessed by the priest. Then, kneeling before some elder knight, he pronounced the solemn vows of chivalry. He swore to fight only in a righteous cause, to be the champion of the weak, never to stain his knightly honor by a lie, to be loyal to God and his sovereign lord, and to give his life in defence of his brethren. He then received his arms; his gilded spurs were clasped on his feet, and his sword buckled by his side; and lastly, the knight who received his vows struck him on the shoulder with a

sword, and bade him arise, in the name of God, St. Michael and St. George.

The benefits which chivalry produced on society can scarcely be overrated. It inspired men with a reverence for lofty and generous virtues; for the true knight was to be courteous to friend and foe, and was taught never to make war for selfish interests or the mere hope of gain. And though in this respect the laws of chivalry were often enough violated, and offered but a weak restraint to the passions of lawless men, yet, on the other hand, we have many instances where the true knightly character appears in all its splendor. Thus, when some Norman knights had delivered the kingdom of Salerno from the hands of the Saracens, the king offered them a splendid recompense if they would remain with him and protect his dominions. But the brave knights refused to accept the proffered gifts; they could not, they said, be paid in money for services they had rendered out of their pure love of God. Even amid the fury of battle, the laws of knighthood laid a check upon the cruelty and bloodshed of the victors.

COMPOSITION.

Answer the following questions, briefly, but clearly as possible:

How did the Crusades exercise a *marked influence* upon the manners of the age? What gave rise to the laws and customs of chivalry? Give the pith of the knight's oath at his initiation. What advantage did society receive from the carrying out of the knight's oath, and from chivalry, so long as the latter remained true to the mission given it by the Church? Give the knights' answer to the King of Salerno. State the influence of chivalry on the knights engaged in battle.

institutions	fostered	lofty
faith	order	courteous
chivalry	righteous	violated
enthusiasm	overrated	lawless

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue, ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim;
 Th' unwearied SUN, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
 What though no *real* voice or sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found?
 In *Reason's* ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing as they shine,
 "*The Hand that made us is divine!*"

COMPOSITION.

Write a paraphrase of the first stanza, in which tell what it is that proclaims the power of God. Take special care to bring out the ideas contained in the expressions, "spacious firmament," "blue, ethereal sky," "spangled heavens," "shining frame." Elaborate ideas of "th' unwearied Sun," "Almighty hand."

prevail

tidings

terrestrial

radiant

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

THE material with which Herculaneum was destroyed was originally identical with that which destroyed Pompeii, but it having been afterwards fused into a concrete mass by the action of streams of boiling water, and become hardened in cooling, the attempt to exhume this city and its treasures has failed. The dusty, pumice-stone material, however, entombing Pompeii, is still light and friable, and easily removed. The upper stories of the buildings were probably composed of wood, and were either burned off or forced in by the enormous weight of the overwhelming mass. With this exception we see a beautiful and once flourishing city just as it existed eighteen centuries ago. As yet one-third only of the city has been exhumed; the excavations are carried on by Government, and no visitor is allowed to go over the city without a military guide. We had brought our own guide from Naples, but, in spite of that, a soldier accompanied us closely the whole time of our inspection. This is doubtless a necessary precaution, as day by day articles of value are being discovered.

The bodies first found were recovered in a very imperfect way; but, a few years ago, a very ingenious plan was hit upon for securing them entire. A skeleton does not of course occupy the space of the original body, the flesh perishing off and leaving a hollow between the bones and their enveloping earth. When a workman finds that he has come to a hollow space he reports to the authorities; a more careful examination is then made by very minute probings and soundings; the uppermost part of the hollow space is determined, and then plaster of Paris is poured in the space till

the hollow is filled; when this has solidified, the surrounding earth is removed, and there is the perfect form of the original man, in the very attitude in which he was overtaken by his terrible death. One most touching figure I saw, evidently that of a young girl writhing in the very agony in which she passed away. Her foot is lifted in pain, one hand presses a handkerchief to her head, and you can see that she was only covered by a thin night-dress, for the very texture of the material can be traced on the shoulder.

The first street that you enter is the street of the Tombs, a part of the old Appian Way, and you are at once struck with the wonderful preservation of the pavement, and the seeming freshness of everything about you.

To pace the lone and silent streets, and to come everywhere upon evidences of a seemingly recent life, is startling in the extreme. You can still read the painted names of the long dead residents on the door-posts. In that gateway the body of a sentinel was found at his post. There is the house of Diomedes, with the colors on its frescoed walls still singularly fresh. There is the room where his daughter's skeleton was found, with her marriage ring fresh on her finger; and there is the dining-room where the wedding banquet might have been held, and where still you see the wine-cooler and the frescoed fruit. Here is the gateway near which the skeleton of Diomedes himself was found, with a key in one hand and gold ornaments in another. In that street the charred corpse of a man in the act of running away with gold was found. You see the house of Sallust, with a fine fresco of Diana and Actæon on its walls. You are shown a bakehouse and ovens where thirty loaves of bread were found, and a cellar containing

“amphoræ,” or wine jars, stamped with the maker’s name—some cracked and *mended*. In that house forty-six surgical instruments were found, showing an advanced state of medical science. In another, supposed to be the Custom-house, were discovered steelyards and weights; and in another, on a counter, evidently of an apothecary’s shop, was found a box of pills, and by its side a small cylindrical roll waiting to be cut up. The public baths are shown, with the marble steps as fresh as yesterday, and the well where the water was drawn, with even the marks of the rope on the rim.

Signs outside the houses indicate the trades pursued therein. One represents two men carrying an amphora; this was evidently a wine shop. And on another you see a painting of a boy mounted on the back of another boy, and undergoing the process of flagellation—unmistakably a school—and showing that in those days, as well as in ours, there were thought to be various channels through which learning might be conveyed.

We visited the amphitheatre, some little distance from the city, and which at the time of the first outbreak is said to have been crowded with spectators. Returning to the city, we saw the ruins of the Forum and of the Temple of Venus, and were shown the tribunal of the magistrates, with the judges’ seats, and went down into the prisons below. There is the Temple of Isis—one of the most perfect of ancient temples—and the secret stairs by which the priests ascended to deliver the oracle; and here also is a refectory, where men were dining at the moment the eruption commenced, and where chickens’ bones, eggs and earthen vessels were discovered. Burnt bread was also found here, together with the skeletons of priests who had not time to escape. Near the remains of one lay an axe, from which it would

appear that he had delayed his departure till the door was choked up with falling ashes, and so had attempted to force his way through the walls with a hatchet. He had already penetrated through two, but before he could break through the third death arrested his flight. There, too, are the theatres, near one of which you are shown a place where a man was found in the stocks; and a marble slab, in process of polishing, is pointed out to you, the polishing of a part only of its surface being complete; and in the Forum you see an unfinished marble column which was being erected in place of another of "tufa," the mark of the chisel still perfectly distinct. Hinges are still to be seen on some of the door-posts; and the ruts are visible in the streets, and the stepping-stones for the crossings, and the worn footways, — all can be traced, and you can scarcely believe that the trees and flowers around you are not identical with those blooming 1800 years ago; and might even fancy that the bird twittering over your head was carolling there before the sky became darkened by that cloud of death, and that it has just flown back to look at the destruction from which it had itself escaped.

Questions:—Write sentences to include all the words given for definition.

State something about each proper name given.

material	excavations	solidified	charred
identical	precaution	attitude	amphoræ
fused	skeleton	terrible	process
concrete	enveloping	touching	flagellation
exhume	authorities	writhing	penetrated
friable	minute	texture	blooming
treasures	probings	frescoed	twittering
stories	soundings	pursued	carolling

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league — half a league —
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death,
Rode the Six Hundred!

Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred!
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered:
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Take the guns!” Nolan said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred!

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
No man was there dismayed —
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to do and die!
Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred!

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered!

Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode, and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the Six Hundred!

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desperate stroke
The Russian line they broke;
Then they rode back, but not —
Not the Six Hundred!

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered.

Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them —
Left of Six Hundred!

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade —
Noble Six Hundred!

COMPOSITION.

Say something about the importance of obedience, in all stations and at all times in life. Give some examples furnished in the Bible of how God appreciates and requires obedience, and how he abhors and punishes disobedience. Then state that in our own day obedience is equally necessary. Give a sketch of the obedience shown by the Noble Six Hundred.

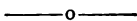
Go over the account given in the poem, arrange the information in your own mind, then try to give the same facts in your own words. Show how these six hundred were doubly brave, since they obeyed an order which was known to be a blunder. Show that life is one continual struggle, and that the obedient man alone "shall speak of victory." Quote some lines from lessons on: "The Flight into Egypt," "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "Noble Revenge," the story of Saul and Samuel, and others, to prove the importance of obedience.

dismayed

volleyed

sabres

sabring



ON STUDIES.

Francis, Lord Bacon (1561-1626), philosopher, jurist, politician and courtier of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. His fame rests upon the "Novum Organum," in which he expounds the laws of the inductive or experimental method as applied to natural science, sometimes called from him the "Baconian Philosophy." It was for a long time the fashion with the literary *claqueurs* of the "Reformation" and the materialistic school, to extol Bacon as if he were the creator of new intellectual faculties. The more temperate criticism of recent times has assigned him his true position, as the exponent and director of the spirit of investigation in natural science, which had been at work long before his time, and which, four centuries previous, had found its first disciple in the monk Roger Bacon, who not only formulated the same laws as his namesake, the courtier, but had far excelled the latter in the knowledge of natural phenomena and their causes.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privacy and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use

them too much for ornament, is affectation ; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar.

They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience

For natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study ; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men condemn studies ; simple men admire them ; and wise men use them : for they teach not their own use ; but that is wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute ; nor to believe and take for granted ; nor to find talk and discourse ; but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested : that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously ; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others : but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books : else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit : and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise ; poets, witty ; the mathematics, subtle ; natural philosophy, deep ; moral, grave ; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores.** Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the

* *Studies pass into manners* (form character). Ovid, *Her.* xv. 83.

wit but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises,— shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases.

COMPOSITION.

Write the sixth paragraph carefully. Insert, in brackets, synonyms or equivalents for every word you can change.

Put this same paragraph in three ways, using the first person in first alteration, second person in next, and third person in last. Thus:

I will not read that I may find fault with others, and prove them wrong in what they say; but I will read that I may explain and defend my views. I will not believe everything I read in secular works or in merely pious works, but I will think over what I may read, and accept what I think right in secular questions. In religious works I will be guided by Holy Mother Church, and never question her decisions.

expert	experience	witty	subtle
marshalling	distilled	deputy	schoolmen

— o —

SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

I WALK down the Valley of Silence,
 Down the dim, voiceless valley alone!
 And I hear not the fall of a footstep
 Around me, save God's and my own;
 And the hush of my heart is as holy
 As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices
 Whose music my heart could not win;

Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human — and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world each Ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still found the False with the True;
I sought mid the Human for Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human;
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men;
Till I knelt long ago at an altar
And heard a voice call me; — since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence,
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my trysting-place with the Divine;
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And above me a voice said "Be mine!"
And there arose from the depths of my spirit
An echo — "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep — and I dream — and I pray.
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
That fall on the roses in May;

And my prayer, like a perfume from censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim Valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the Deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence,
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley.
Ah me! how my spirit they stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces, —
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard:
They pass through the Valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one, — the bright mountain of Prayer.

COMPOSITION.

Write sentences containing the following: "Where angels have flown;" "craved what the world cannot give;" "glimpse of its blue;" "knelt long ago at an altar;" "too pure for the touch of a word."

Give last stanza in your own words.

dim
hovers

ideal
mazes

perfume
harrowed

LITERARY MORALITY.

IN literature it is of extreme importance to draw a line of distinction between the moral and the immoral. As in nature there are flowers and fruits fair to the eye, but rotten at the core, so in the garden of humanity are there to be found, under an accomplished exterior, a bad heart and a vicious character ; so, also, in the domain of literature, there often lurk behind the garb of an elegant diction ideas and sentiments the most contaminating. The great and infallible criterion whereby to distinguish, is the divine and immutable law of morality, such as is the rule of man's action, and as he will be judged by the Decalogue. A literary production should never attempt this law by directly teaching doctrines, insinuating a spirit, or acting upon and drawing out feelings to which it is opposed. The very instinct of literary art looks to this criterion ; for in the departments requiring most artistic skill — viz., poetry and fiction — the basis of nearly all efforts, and of all the most excellent and successful ones, is also the basis of the moral code. A thread of love is woven into their groundwork. But that thread is frequently so tattered and soiled with human passion that its divine origin is no longer recognizable. Yet love is the golden chain that binds humanity in a bond of brotherhood, that keeps society together, that connects earth with heaven. It is the law not only of man, but of God. It is the principle of his triune personality. Without it, nature would drop back to its original nothingness, and its Creator would cease to be ; for God is love.

Writers of poetry and fiction seem to forget this elevated character of love, and give the sacred name to blind passion. They spin a thread of fate from the

fiction of their brain, and weave it about their characters, and call it destiny or elective affinity, as though every individual were not responsible and the master of his own choosing; and thus they sow broadcast the seeds of free-loveism, again abusing the sacred name. They deck up monsters of vice in all the fascinations of youth, beauty, engaging manners, and splendid fortune; they

“ Make madness beautiful, and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue of words,”

and represent such creations wading through crime to the enjoyment of earthly happiness, and call on the reader to sympathize with them in adventures and sufferings brought upon them by their own vicious ways. The reader does so; and from sympathy he passes to liking, and from liking is soon involved in like deeds. Say he does not fall so low: still the reading of such works blunts his finer feelings, prepares him to consider, unmoved, perhaps even complacently, crimes, the bare mention of which should have been a horror to him, and thus suppresses the growth of his better nature. It especially destroys genuine sentiment.

Our modern literature is much too lackadaisical. Life is reduced to a sentiment; thought is a sentiment; love is a sentiment; religion is a sentiment; and often God is regarded as an object of pious sentiment. This is sentimentalism. The offspring of exaggerated and unnatural feelings, it fosters them in the reader of delicate sensibility, to the ruin of all human impulses. He becomes unreal. His heart grows hardened. It may seem paradoxical, but nevertheless it is true, that sentimentalism hardens the heart. It is but a passing thing; it evaporates, and seems to leave after it a sedimentary deposit which shrouds the better feelings.

See that young lady, transported to ecstasy over some meaningless expression, and paying the tribute of a tear to some high-wrought, fanciful, and improbable incident, picturing affliction and misery where they never could have existed. She is distracted by the untimely intrusion of some poor, infirm, suffering, needy one, a true object of pity and charity. He asks an alms. In that half scowling, perturbed look with which she gives the scanty mite or the curt refusal, we perceive no indications of a heart softened on beholding a brother in actual distress; the unholy tears she had previously shed seem to have extinguished in her the last spark of real sentiment, and encased her heart in selfishness. This is a scene of daily occurrence. Man is but too prone to be unreal, and to deceive himself in his highest interests; the grand aim of literature ought to be not to hide these interests from his view, and sink him still deeper in delusion, but to place them before him, and inspire him with practical and ennobling sentiments regarding them. The reader has a duty to perform here. He should be select in his reading. He should neither patronize nor encourage a bad book. Supply is always in proportion to demand. Let the bad book drop. Cease lauding it as a matchless literary production. Show it up in its true light. Show it to be false in sentiment, false in fact, false in principle, and it will soon pass into oblivion. And here is suggested a question as delicate as it is important. What works may or may not be safely read in literature? We lay down these general rules:

Every literary production that promotes, encourages, strengthens truth and virtue, may be read with profit to soul and intellect.

Every literary production not opposed in its spirit and bearing to truth and virtue, and implying the

necessity of both one and the other, may be read with safety.

Every literary production, be its artistic qualities what they may, that scoffs at religion, disregards truth, looks upon morality as a prejudice into which men have fallen; that speaks lightly of any of these; that throws any, the least aspersion upon them; that even in a negative manner, by losing sight of them, and treating subjects as though these eternal principles were not, thus insinuates that life is good without them,—every such production is to be condemned, and its reading discouraged.

Questions:—What is the Decalogue? What is the great defect of modern fiction? What is the reader's duty in regard to immoral though artistic literary works? Give in your own words the three rules for the choice of books to be read.

Write in your own words the scene beginning at "see that young lady transported," and ending with "this is a scene of daily occurrence."

domain	recognizable	sedimentary
contaminating	triune	transported
criterion	fascinations	ecstasy

— o —

HOPE.

Thomas Campbell, born in Scotland in 1777; died in 1844. His principal poems are "The Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude of Wyoming;" but it is to his lyrics, which are among the finest in any language, that Campbell owes his fame. "The Exile of Erin," "Lochiel's Warning," "O'Connor's Child," "Hohenlinden," "Ye Mariners of England," and many others, are familiar wherever the English tongue is spoken. The best evidence of Campbell's popularity is the great number of quotations from his poems which have passed into aphorisms.

A T summer eve, when heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,

Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past has been,
And every form that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

HOPE.

Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), presented in his life and character the strangest mixture of genius and vagabondism. Failing to pass at the University of Dublin, he became in turn poor teacher, literary hack, medical quack and wandering minstrel. He tramped through Europe, living by his flute, and the result of his sight-seeing he gave to the world in the "Traveller." This made him known to fame, but his shiftlessness, improvidence and generosity always kept him struggling with want. His next great work, that by which he will ever be remembered, was "The Vicar of Wakefield." "The Deserted Village" and the comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," were the last of his most famous productions. Goldsmith is one of those authors that are always *read*, while more magnificent names are only *praised*. In everything that he wrote there is a cheerfulness, a purity of sentiment, a quaint, droll humor, that seems to permeate his very *words*, and cause the printed page to speak like the author's luring voice. He is probably the best example in English Literature of what is called the "natural style."

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;

And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

musing
 tint

robes
 oblivion

glimm'ring
 emits

COMPOSITION.

Change the first four lines by Campbell. Explain: "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view," "we linger to survey," "from dark oblivion, glows divinely there."

Change the first stanza from Goldsmith.

— o —

THE RELIGIOUS MISSION OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.

THE real importance of a man or a people cannot be estimated by their worldly position. There is no more fatal error than to imagine that the future belongs to those who possess the present. To be great, man must unite himself with a great cause. He must lose his life in something higher and holier than himself before he can find its fullest power; and thus we may by experiment verify the truth that they who abandon all find all; and hence those whom God destines to do a divine and immortal work are taught wisdom by suffering and privation. Whom he loves he chastens, and whom he would use to great ends, he sorely tries.

Now the one constant and abiding cause, amid the rise and fall of empires, is religion, by which alone man can hope to be redeemed from the perishing elements which everywhere surround him; and the one and only true religion is that of Christ, who has founded forever the worship of God in spirit and in truth; and Christ's religion is historically expressed and embodied in the Catholic Church. She is God's real, authentic kingdom in this world, and to be called to do a great

work for her is to have a sublime and a heavenly mission.

Though guided and protected by the Holy Spirit, she, in her progress through time, is in many ways left to the care and devotion of her children. As she may be attacked by men, she may also be defended by them; and her defenders know that, though open to attack, yet is she invincible: a standing miracle, and the world-wide example of the immutability of God's decrees.

It is good to fight for a power which is holy and strong, which is able to wring victory from defeat, and which is immortal. To die in such a cause were a man's chief glory, and God's providence can prepare no higher destiny for a people than to make them the witnesses and apostles of the truth as revealed in Christ.

And this, as I take it, is the religious mission of the Irish people in the new era upon which the Catholic Church is now entering. Let us, before we direct our thoughts to the present and future, cast a glance at the past. She has seen and known cities of men, and manners, climates, councils, governments. She has known the worst, and therefore trusts her destiny, and proclaims without fear her heavenly mission. She is certain of herself. She has definite aims and fixed purposes. It is surely something to have come down the long-centuries and still to have faith and hope and love; to have a venerable past, and yet not despair of the future. And since the Church has already proven that she is able to live in this democratic land, will not the fact that she has lived in all the centuries since Christ was born, and in many climes, and amongst many people, in deserts and in catacombs, in tents of savages and in palaces of kings, throw the mystery and splendor as of the setting sun over her new rising in this other world?

If, now, we turn to explain this rebirth of Catholicism among the English speaking peoples, we must at once admit that the Irish race is the providential instrument through which God has wrought this marvellous revival. As in another age men spoke of the *gesta Dei per Francos*, so may we now speak of the *gesta Dei per Hibernos*. Were it not for Ireland, Catholicism would to-day be feeble and non-progressive in England, America and Australia. Nor is the force of this affirmation weakened by the weight and significance which must be given to what the converts in England, and the Germans and the French in the United States, have done for the Church. The Irish have made the work of the converts possible and effective, and they have given to Catholicism in this country a vigor and cohesiveness which enable it to assimilate the most heterogeneous elements, and without which it is not at all certain that the vast majority of Catholics emigrating hither from other lands would not have been lost to the Church. No other people could have done for the Catholic faith in the United States what the Irish people have done. Their unalterable attachment to their priests; their deep Catholic instincts, which no combination of circumstances has ever been able to bring into conflict with their love of country; the unworldly and spiritual temper of the national character; their indifference to ridicule and contempt, and their unfailing generosity, all fitted them for the work which was to be done, and enabled them, in spite of the strong prejudices against their race, which Americans have inherited from England, to accomplish what could not have been accomplished by Italian, French or German Catholics.

At the breaking out of the war of independence there

were not more than twenty-five thousand Catholics in a population of three millions; and this handful of believers was sunk in a life of religious ignorance and indifference. They had not, like the Catholics of England and Ireland, a past history filled with glorious names and their hallowed memories. Great cathedrals reared by Catholic hands did not look down upon them to speak of the faith and charity of their fathers, and sad ruins did not plead with them to rebuild the desecrated sanctuary of God. They had lost sight of Europe, and found themselves in a new world with the old faith, and yet without visible evidence, or almost any knowledge of the mighty things which it had wrought in the past.

An observer who, a hundred years ago, should have considered the religious condition of this country, could have discovered no sign whatever that might have led him to suppose that the faith of this little body of Catholics was to have a future in the American Republic; whereas now there are many reasons for thinking that no other religion is so sure of a future here as the Catholic. The Church in the United States is no longer confined to three or four counties of a single State. It is co-extensive with the country, embracing North and South, East and West. It is a great and public fact which man cannot, if he would, ignore.

It is our only historic religion. Outside its fold there are views and opinions, but here is an organism which shoots its roots deep into the hidden strata of buried ages. None others had received the same providential training for this work; of no other people had God required such proofs of love.

Like the children of Israel, the Irish had borne the

rope of bondage; had been rescued from the sea of blood and had wandered for weary years in the desert, without home, without country; cut off from all contact with other people, and saved from despair and death only by the presence of the pillar of fire which is God's Catholic Church.

Their very language had died away upon their lips and they began to speak the tongue of the persecutor whom they were to evangelize. Nothing was left them but faith and virtue, that they might fully realize that these are the best gifts of God, and are enough. They found Christ's Church, which was to be their only hope, poor and lowly as the infant Saviour in the stable of Bethlehem; but kings and wise men brought no offerings of gold, incense, and myrrh. The heavenly bride was left alone with the priest and the people, despised, unthought of, like the divine Master on the cross, that so the poor might gather about her as in the early ages, and learn to know her hidden beauty. There were no mystic ceremonies, no rich altar; there was no stately cathedral, no pomp and splendor of worship—none of all those things through which alone, it is thought, the Church holds sway over the multitude; and yet they knelt to her with hearts of purest love, nor cared to have either a home or a country, if she were not there!

Questions:—Give the first sentence in two ways. Who find all? Prove this from the New Testament. What is God's kingdom on Earth? To whose care and devotion is she in part left? What is the highest mission God can give a man? How was Catholicity situated in the early days of the United States? What characteristics fitted the Irish for their religious mission in America? Give the following passages in your own words:

"Outside its fold strata of buried ages." "There were no mystic if she were not there."

experiment	significance	organism
chastens	cohesiveness	evangelize
elements	assimilate	comeliness
invincible	prejudices	splendor

—o—

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbano
 And Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
 Apparell'd in magnificent attire,
 With retinue of many a knight and squire,
 On St. John's Eve, at Vespers, proudly sat
 And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
 And as he listen'd, o'er and o'er again
 Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
 He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes
 De sede, et exaltavit humiles;*"
 And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
 He to a learned clerk beside him said,
 "What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree."
 Thereat King Robert mutter'd scornfully,
 "'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
 Only by priests, and in the Latin tongue;
 For unto priests and people be it known,
 There is no power can push me from my throne."
 And leaning back, he yawn'd and fell asleep,
 Lull'd by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
 The church was empty, and there was no light,
 Save where the lamps, that glimmer'd few and faint,
 Lighted a little space before some saint.

He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was lock'd;
He cried aloud, and listen'd, and then knock'd,
And utter'd awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echo'd from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open — 'tis I, the king! Art thou afraid?"
The frighten'd sexton, muttering with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse,"
Turn'd the great key, and flung the portal wide;
A man rush'd by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turn'd nor look'd at him, nor spoke,
But leap'd into the blackness of the night,
And vanish'd like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
Despoil'd of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thunder'd at the palace gate;
Rush'd through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he pass'd with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard but did not heed;

Until at last he reach'd the banquet room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.
There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet ring;
King Robert's self in features, form and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an angel, and his presence there
With a divine effulgence fill'd the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answer'd with a sneer,
"I am the king, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords.
The angel answer'd, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the king, but the king's jester; thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scallop'd cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall."

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they open'd wide the folding door
His heart fail'd; for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the king!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turn'd his head;
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolor'd walls,
Close by the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turn'd to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now return'd again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dress'd in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With looks bewilder'd and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mock'd, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left, — he still was unsubdued.
And when the angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say —
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel —
"Art thou the king?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the king!"

Almost three years were ended, when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name

From Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summon'd them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewell'd bridle and of golden spur.

And lo, among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perch'd behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of banner'd trumpets, in St. Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertain'd the angel unawares,
Robert, the jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rush'd, and cried aloud,
"I am the king! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? Does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"

The Pope, in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the angel's countenance serene;
The emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"
And the poor baffled jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleam'd upon the sky;
The presence of the angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor fill'd the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes th' unwonted splendor saw;
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the angel journey'd, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckon'd to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone the angel said,
"Art thou the king?" Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert cross'd both hands upon his breast
And meekly answer'd him: "Thou knowest best!"

My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
 And in some cloister's school of penitence,
 Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
 Walk barefoot till my guilty soul is shriven!"

The angel smiled, and from his radiant face
 A holy light illumined all the place;
 And through the open window, loud and clear,
 They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
 Above the stir and tumult of the street:
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree!"

And through the second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
 "I am an angel, and thou art the king!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and, lo, he was alone!
 But all apparell'd as in days of old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
 And when his courtiers came, they found him there,
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorb'd in silent prayer.

COMPOSITION.

Select a text from the Holy Bible or some other good book, as an introduction to a sketch of Robert of Sicily. Tell something about Sicily, and describe the church in which the Vespers are being sung. Relate how Robert listened, and was annoyed at the saying: "He has put down the mighty from their seat." Give an idea of the great stillness after all had retired save Robert. Robert's conduct before darting into darkness. His mad course through the streets. How he resembled a spectre.

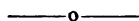
Take balance of lesson, and talk the matter over as a class, making each scholar give a portion of the description, in a consecutive way, that all the sayings, following in due order, may form a narrative verbally given.

apparell'd
 retinue
 knight

despoil'd
 besprent
 seneschal

bewildered
 unsubdued
 ambassadors

squire	signet	ermine
Magnificat	effulgence	cavalcade
refrain	exaltation	housings
exalted	amazed	menials
mutter'd	audacious	piebald
scornfully	unruffled	shambling
seditions	scallop'd	gait
lull'd	henchmen	blare
monotonous	boisterous	serene
glimmer'd	vaulted	baffled
faint	plaudits	gleamed
imprecations	champing	Angelus
tumult	Saturnian	shriven
haggard	benign	degree
spectre	Enceladus	absorbed



SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

ALL callings are honorable, if pursued in an honorable spirit. It is the *heart* only which degrades, — the intention carried into the work, and not the work itself. The most despised calling may be made honorable by the honor of its professors: a blacksmith may be a man of polished manners, and a millionaire a clown; a shoemaker may put genius and taste into his work, while a lawyer may only cobble.

What a man *does* is the real test of what a man *is*. To talk of what great things a man would accomplish, *if* he had more activity of mind, is to say how strong a man would be if he only had more strength. It is easy to theorize as to what men might become, *if* they were something different from what they are. Give a man the mental energy, the spiritual force of Newton, and

he may unquestionably do as great things as Newton. Give a dog the muscular strength, the physical qualities of a lion, and he will be as terrible as the monarch of the forest.

It is no man's business whether he has genius or not: work he must, whatever he is; and the natural and unforced results of such work will be always the things that God meant him to do, and will be his best. If he be a great man, they will be great things; if he be a small man, small things; but always, if thus peacefully done, good and right; always, if restlessly and ambitiously done, false, hollow and mean.

The truth is, men differ from birth in mind as they differ in body, though in each case the differences may be modified to a certain extent by training and by circumstances. Is there, then, anything in this truth to discourage the young man who is anxious to succeed? By no means. No man knows what his powers are, whether he is capable of great or only of little things, till he has tested himself by actual trial. Let every beginner in life put forth his whole strength, without troubling himself with the question whether he has genius, or no; then, "if he has great talents, industry will improve them; if he has but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency."

The more limited your powers, the greater is the need of effort; the smaller the results of your efforts, the greater is the need that they should be repeated. The middling capacity must be eked out by brave resolve and unfailing effort. The Spartan youth who complained that his sword was too short, was told to add a step to it; and so must your scant capacity be increased by redoubled diligence and a more earnest purpose.

If it be not true that, as Sir Joshua Reynolds says, "nothing is denied to well directed labor," it is certain that, as he further says, "nothing is to be obtained without it." To a large extent, as William Penn declares, "industry supplies the want of parts; patience and diligence, like faith, remove mountains." "There lives not a man on earth," says Lord Lytton — and the words should ring in every young man's ears — "who has not in him the power to do good."

Have you ever entered a cottage, ever travelled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom, without finding that each man you met had a talent you had not, knew some things you knew not? What men need is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor. Very ordinary abilities will suffice to make a man eminently useful; and surpassing talents have frequently been useless in proportion as they were admired.

Many beginners are discouraged by the feeling that they have no place in the great bee-hive of society. Looking about in the world, they see, or fancy they see, every place filled — a full supply of hands in every department of the great workshop. Even if a vacant place for them seems to have been found, a skilful workman has anticipated their best efforts. Had they lived a little earlier or a little later in the world's history, they could have "got on" without difficulty, but not now. They could have won fame or a fortune half a century ago, could win it perhaps half a century later, but not at this unlucky time.

Somewhat such a man always falls on evil days. The good time is either past or to come; it is never *now*. The truth is, however, that there is no occasion for these

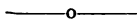
croakings. The world is a hard world, but in the long run it is an eminently just one. It is always groping about for able and honest men to fill its places of trust; and those who have these qualifications, if they do not hide them, are almost sure to find employment. It always has been, and always will be, more difficult to find talents for the places than places for the talents.

Do not despair, then, because you must struggle against many competitors. As Lady Mary Wortley Montagu used to say, "If you wish to get on, you must do as you would to get in through a crowd to a gate which all are equally anxious to reach. Hold your ground and push hard. To stand still is to give up hope." Give your energy to "the highest employment of which your nature is capable;" be alive; be patient; work hard; watch opportunities; be rigidly honest; hope for the best; and if you fail to reach the goal of your wishes—which is possible in spite of the utmost efforts—you will die with the consciousness of having done your best; and that is, after all, the truest success to which man can aspire.

Questions:—What makes all callings honorable? What is it only which degrades? What is the real test of what a man is? What must every man do, whether he has genius or not? What will the result be? From what period do men differ in mind? Why should this not discourage the young man who is anxious to succeed? What should every beginner in life do? What do limited powers need? By what must middling capacity be eked out? What was the Spartan youth told when he complained that his sword was too short? What does Reynolds say about well directed labor? Who and what was Sir J. Reynolds? What does Penn say of industry? What power, according to Lytton, does each man possess? What do you find when meeting men in the world? What is it that men need? What will suffice to make a man eminently useful? By what feelings are many beginners discouraged? How do they reason with themselves? Why is there no occasion for these croakings? For whom is the world always looking

out? What, according to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, must you do if you wish to get on? What is the truest success to which man can aspire?

pursued	deficiency	eminently	qualifications
theorize	powers	anticipated	utmost
hollow	loitered	croakings	consciousness



TO A WATER-FOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
So shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,

And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

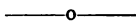
Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

COMPOSITION.

Write first stanza in your own words. Write the question asked in third stanza. Speak of the power meant in fourth and last stanzas.

crimson plashy illimitable abyss zone tread



NECESSITY OF RELIGION.

SO far from wishing to proscribe religious instruction, I maintain that it is more essential at this day than ever. The more a man grows, the more he ought to believe. As he draws nearer to God, the better ought he to recognize his existence. It is the wretched tendency of our times to base all calculations, all efforts, on this life only; to crowd every thing into this narrow span. In limiting man's end and aim to this terrestrial and material existence, we aggravate all his miseries by the terrible negation at its close. We add to the burdens of the unfortunate the insupportable weight of a hopeless hereafter. God's law of suffering we convert, by our unbelief, into hell's law of despair. Hence these deplorable social convulsions.

That I am one of those who desire — I will not say with sincerity merely, but with inexpressible ardor, and by all possible means — to ameliorate the material condition of the suffering classes in this life, no one in this assembly will doubt. But the first and greatest of amelioration is to impart hope. How do our finite miseries dwindle in the presence of an infinite hope! Our first duty, then, whether we be clergymen or laymen, bishops or legislators, priests or writers, is not merely to direct all our social energies to the abatement of physical misery, but, at the same time, to lift every drooping head towards heaven — to fix the attention and the faith of every human soul on that ulterior life, where justice shall preside, where justice shall be awarded! Let us proclaim it aloud to all: No one shall unjustly or needlessly suffer! Death is restitution. The law of the material world is gravitation: of the moral world, equity. At the end of all re-appears God. Let us not forget; let us everywhere teach it, — there would be no dignity in life, it would not be worth the holding, if in death we wholly perish. All that lightens labor and sanctifies toil — all that renders man brave, good, wise, patient, benevolent, just, humble, and, at the same time, great, worthy of intelligence, worthy of liberty — is to have perpetually before him the vision of a better world, darting its rays of celestial splendor through the dark shadows of this present life.

For myself, since chance will have it that words of such gravity should at this time fall from lips of such little authority, let me be permitted here to say, and to proclaim from the elevation of this tribune, that I believe, that I most profoundly and reverently believe, in that better world. It is to me more real, more substantial, more positive in its effects, than this

evanescence which we cling to and call life. It is unceasingly before my eyes. I believe in it with all the strength of my convictions; and, after many struggles, and much study and experience, it is the supreme certainty of my reason, as it is the supreme consolation of my soul!

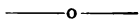
I desire, therefore, most sincerely, strenuously and fervently, that there should be religious instruction; but let it be an instruction of the Gospel, and have heaven, not earth, for its end!

proscribe	social	equity
essential	sincerity	perpetually
recognize	ameliorate	tribune
tendency	dwindle	reverently
calculations	ulterior	substantial
aggravate	restitution	evanescence
deplorable	gravitation	unceasingly

COMPOSITION.

Copy the third paragraph. Write the following sentences in two different ways:

(a) I most profoundly and reverently believe in a better world.
 (b) There would be no dignity in life, it would not be worth holding, if in death we wholly perish. (c) So far from wishing to proscribe religious instruction, I maintain that it is more essential at this day than ever. (d) Man should perpetually have before him the vision of a better world, darting its rays of celestial splendor through the dark shadows of this present life.



THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

IT was six men of Indóstan,
 To learning much inclined,
 Who went to see the Elephant
 (Though all of them were blind),

That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"Why, bless me! — but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! — what have we here,
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear,
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like,
Is very plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough, the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said, "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The sixth no sooner had begun
 About the beast to grope,
 Than, seizing on the swinging tail
 That fell within his scope,
 "I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
 Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
 Disputed loud and long,
 Each in his own opinion
 Exceeding stiff and strong,
 Though each was partly in the right,
 And all were in the wrong!

MORAL.

So, oft in philosophic wars,
 The disputants, I ween,
 Rail on in utter ignorance
 Of what each other mean,
 And prate about an Elephant
 Not one of them has seen!

COMPOSITION.

Go over the stanzas and give each blind man's saying, in your own words. Describe the action performed by each while speaking. Give the *moral* in three ways, — in the first, second and third persons.

observation	resembles	disputants
sturdy	marvel	ween
squirming	scope	rail
quoth	philosophic	prate

—o—

INTELLECTUAL EDUCATION.

IT has often been truly observed that, when the eyes of the infant are first opened upon the world, the reflected rays of light, which strike them from the myriad

of surrounding objects, present to him no image, but a medley of colors and shadows.

They do not form into a whole; they do not rise into foregrounds and melt into distances; they do not divide into groups; they do not coalesce into unities; they do not combine into persons; but each particular hue and tint stands by itself, wedged in amid a thousand others upon the vast and flat mosaic, having no intelligence, and conveying no story, any more than the wrong side of some rich tapestry.

The little babe stretches out his arms and fingers, as if to grasp or to fathom the many-colored visions; and thus he gradually learns the connection of part with part, separates what moves from what is stationary, watches the coming and going of figures, masters the idea of shape and of perspective, calls in the information conveyed through the other senses to assist him in his mental process, and thus gradually converts a kaleidoscope into a picture.

The first view was the more splendid, the second the more real; the former more poetical, the latter more philosophical. Alas! what are we doing all through life, both as a necessity and as a duty, but unlearning the world's poetry, and attaining to its prose! This is our education, as boys and as men, in the action of life, and in the closet or library; in our affections, in our aims, in our hopes, and in our memories.

And in like manner it is the education of our intellect. I say that one main portion of intellectual education, of the labors of both school and university, is to remove the original dimness of the mind's eye; to strengthen and perfect its vision; to enable it to look out into the world right forward, steadily and truly; to give the mind clearness, accuracy, precision; to enable it to use

words aright, to understand what it says, to conceive justly what it thinks about, to abstract, compare, analyze, divide, define, and reason correctly.

There is a particular science which takes these matters in hand, and it is called logic; but it is not by logic, certainly not by logic alone, that the faculty I speak of is acquired. The infant does not learn to spell and read the hues upon his retina by any scientific rule; nor does the student learn accuracy of thought by any manual or treatise. The instruction given him, of whatever kind, if it be really instruction, is mainly, or at least pre-eminently, this,—a discipline in accuracy of mind.

Questions:—What does Cardinal Newman mean by “the world’s poetry” and “the world’s prose”? Explain: “they do not coalesce into unities;” “the original dimness of the mind’s eye.” Name some “foregrounds” and some “distances” in the country surrounding the place in which you live. Mention six *stationary* things of importance in your parish. What are mental processes? Name four great libraries. Name four or five remarkable men converted about the same time as Cardinal Newman.

myriad	mosaic	kaleidoscope	analyze
coalesce	perspective	closet	retina

—o—

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

HE is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped up in the solitude of his own originality.

A mind bold, independent and decisive, a will despotic in its dictates, an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character, — the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity.

With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest; he acknowledged no criterion but success; he worshipped no god but ambition, and with the devotion of the East he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry.

Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, and there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the fabric of his despotism.

A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomime of his policy, Fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that

was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory; his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny; ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his counsels; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations seemed perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but in his hands simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption.

His person partook the character of his mind, — if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field.

Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount; space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; history assumed the air of romance, nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common-places in his contemplation; kings were his people, nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board!

Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room; with the mob or the levee; wearing

the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown; banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg; dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic,—he was still the same military despot!

Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend or forgot a favor. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him till affection was useless; and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favorite.

They well knew that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier he subsidized everybody; to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe.

In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The gaoler of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning; the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.

Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican and an emperor; a Mahometan, a Catholic and a patron of the synagogue; a subaltern and a sovereign; a traitor and a tyrant; a Christian and an infidel; he

was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original; the same mysterious, incomprehensible self,—the man without a model, and without a shadow.

His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. His whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man could tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie.

Such is the faint and feeble picture of Napoleon Bonaparte, the first emperor of the French.

That he has done much evil there is little doubt; that he has been the origin of much good there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal and France have risen to the blessings of a free constitution. Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson that if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

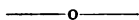
COMPOSITION.

Explain the following expressions :

(a) Cradled in the camp. (b) Fortune played the clown to his caprices. (c) He seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity. (d) There was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate. (e) A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars. (f) At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whims, and all that was venerable, and all that was moral, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. (g) Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory.

Commit the last paragraph to memory, and if possible, express in several ways, so as to fully realize its importance.

prodigy	crescent	cabinet	gorgeous
sceptred	parricidal	ubiquity	miniature
decisive	tribune	audacity	consistency
character	despotism	scepticism	vicissitudes
arrayed	caprices	subaltern	reverie
criterion	whim	levee	stupendous
subsidiary	transcendent	stipulation	resource
promulgate	vindicated	subsidized	prostrate



CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

NO matter what may be the birthplace of such a man as WASHINGTON, no climate can claim, no country can appropriate him: the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity; his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin: if the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve on herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new.

Individual instances no doubt there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualification: Cæsar was merciful; Scipio was continent; Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran,

and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the Cabinet into a comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and such the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of sage.

A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and a country called him to the command; liberty unsheathed his sword; necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might doubt what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career, and banished hesitation. Who like Washington, after having freed a country, resigned her crown and retired to a cottage rather than reign in a capitol!

Immortal man! He took from the battle its crime, and from the conquest its chains; he left the glory of his self-denial to the victorious, and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy. Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

COMPOSITION.

Write in three ways:

(a) Washington exhibited in one glow of beauty the pride of every model, the perfection of every master. (b) A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood. (c) Liberty unsheathed his sword; necessity stained, victory returned it. (d) Washington, after having freed a country, resigned her crown and retired to a cottage rather than reign in a capitol.

Memorize second and third paragraphs.

THE RIVER.

RIVER! River! little River!
 Bright you sparkle on your way,
 O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
 Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
 Like a child at play.

River! River! swelling River!
 On you rush o'er rough and smooth,
 Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
 Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
 Like impetuous youth.

River! River! brimming River!
 Broad and deep and still as time,
 Seeming *still* — yet *still* in motion,
 Tending onward to the ocean,
 Just like mortal prime.

River! River! rapid River!
 Swifter now you slip away;
 Swift and silent as an arrow
 Through a channel dark and narrow,
 Like life's closing day.

River! River! headlong River!
 Down you dash into the sea;
 Sea, that line hath never sounded,
 Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
 Like Eternity.

Questions: — What is said of the river, in first stanza. To what is it compared? Explain the comparison. Why is the river like impetuous youth? Give difference between two uses of word *still* in third stanza. How is the river like an arrow? How like Eternity? What is a "sounding line" called?

foliage
 brawling

impetuous
 lending

prime
 rounded

ANALYSIS.

AGREEABLE EXPRESSION.

"Pay close attention to the emotions or feelings the selection suggests."

"Give due attention to the vocal tones called for by the selection."

"Lay special stress on those points that are to attract the attention of an audience."

What are the emotions suggested by "The River"?

In the first stanza, a feeling of innocent mirth, requiring "full, lively and elastic" expression.

"The River" is here personified, and is to be addressed in the usual joyful, colloquial tones. Thus,

River! River! LITTLE RIVER!

Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles DANCING,
Through the flowers and foliage GLANCING,
LIKE A CHILD AT PLAY.

The last line contains the pith of the stanza, hence "a tone-coloring should call attention to" this "figure of speech, that might otherwise pass unperceived."

In the second stanza we have the idea of combat or struggle, requiring bold, defiant tones. Thus,

River! River! SWELLING RIVER!

ON YOU RUSH O'ER ROUGH AND SMOOTH,
LOUDER, FASTER, BRAWLING, LEAPING
OVER ROCKS, by rose-banks sweeping,
LIKE IMPETUOUS YOUTH.

The third and following stanzas suggest solemnity, warning, counsel, and require "grave and sustained tones." Thus,

"BROAD, AND DEEP, AND STILL AS TIME"

should be given with fulness of voice, slow, deliberate utterance, and a marked pause between each member of the line.

The lines

"Swift and silent as an arrow
Through a channel darkly narrow"

require "accelerated motion, to conform to the requirements of imitative harmony."

In the lines

"Down you dash into the sea"

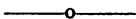
a certain force of voice is required, while

"Sea, that line hath never sounded,

Sea, that voyage hath never rounded
Like Eternity,"

being in the nature of a climax, the voice must be gradually raised till "rounded" is reached, when a short pause, and a change to solemn tone is required for

"Like Eternity."



EDUCATION OF THE MUSCLES OF EXPRESSION.

AS the muscles of the face are the instruments of the mind in the expression of thought, feelings and emotions, it is highly important that they should be well trained to perform with ease and grace their appropriate functions; for the highest degree of beauty, which is the beauty of expression, depends much more upon the attitudes and movements of the face than upon the shape of the features. We often see a face that is beautiful in repose become ugly the moment it is in action, because the movements of the muscles are so uncouth; and, on the other hand, we often see faces, which are very irregular in the shape of the features, display great beauty when in action, owing to the easy and graceful movements of the muscles of expression. Addison has justly said: "No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech."

Children not infrequently form awkward habits in the use of the muscles of the face, which finally become permanent; and a little observation will convince us that there is nearly as much difference in skill in the use of these muscles as in the use of those of the hand. For higher examples of this skill we need not go to the accomplished orator or actor; we shall find them exhibited, in the ordinary intercourse of life, in those

who have great capacity of expression, together with a mind uncommonly refined and susceptible. In them every shade of thought and feeling is clearly and beautifully traced in the countenance. While this is the result of education of the muscles of expression, an education of which the individual is for the most part unconscious, no direct attempt in the training of these muscles will succeed *unless the mind itself be of the right character.*

Awkwardness of expression, arising from habit, may be counteracted by judicious physical training, but intelligence and kindness can not be made to beam from the countenance if they do not emanate from the moving spirit within. They are often awkwardly counterfeited, the one by the bustling air assumed by the face of the shallow pretender, and the other by the smirk of him who smiles only to get favor or profit from others. On the other hand, not only will those evil and malignant passions, which are of a decidedly marked expression, leave their permanent traces in the countenance, but coarse feelings and brutal instincts write their images there also, and nothing but a thorough change of character can possibly efface them. We must therefore begin with the mind and the heart, if we would educate the countenance to the higher expressions of beauty.

Some of the most striking exemplifications of the influence of the mind and heart upon the expressions of the countenance are to be seen in those institutions where juvenile outcasts from society are redeemed from their degradation by the hand of benevolence. The progress of the mental and moral cultivation may often be traced, from week to week, and sometimes from day to day, in the changing lineaments of the

face, as lively intelligence takes the place of stolid indifference, and refined sentiment that of brutal passion. Sometimes a few weeks suffice to change the whole character of the expression in the faces of the young. The dull eye becomes bright, not from any change in the eye itself, but from the intelligence and sentiment that now play upon the muscles in its neighborhood. But where passions have been making their impress on the countenance during a long course of years, so that the features become fixed in the prevailing expression, the traces are not so easily removed.

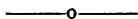
The habitual expression of the countenance, depending as it does upon the habitual condition of the muscles, is seen after death. In the state of relaxation which immediately occurs at death, the face is inexpressive, because its muscles are, together with those of the whole body, so entirely relaxed. But very soon they begin to contract, and, as they assume that degree of contraction to which they were habituated during life, they give to the countenance its habitual expression.

It is when this has taken place—when the muscles, recovering from the relaxation of the death-hour, resume their accustomed attitude, as we may express it, that the countenance of our friend appears so natural to us, and we are held, as if by a charm, gazing upon the intelligence and affection beaming there amid the awful stillness of death, till it seems as if those lips must have language. And this expression is retained through all the period of rigidity, till it is dissolved by the relaxation which succeeds this state and ushers in the process of decay. It is thus that the soul, as it takes its flight, leaves its impress upon the noblest part of its tabernacle of flesh; and it is not effaced till

the last vestige of life is gone, and the laws of dead matter take possession of the body.

Questions:—What is a muscle? When is a face in repose? Is beauty of countenance necessary for elegance of muscular expression? Name three persons, saints, who, though exceedingly mild and kind, were not handsome in countenance. How do children acquire awkward facial expression? What persons acquire great control over the muscles of expression? What must be done to mind and heart, that the countenance may be educated to express beauty? What is said of the change in countenances of children who are daily improving in conduct? What is remarked of the faces of the dead? How long does "the old, familiar look" remain on features of the dead?

appropriate	emanate	impress
attitudes	smirk	prevailing
uncouth	malignant	relaxation
awkward	exemplifications	inexpressive
permanent	juvenile	accustomed
orator	benevolence	rigidity
exhibited	lineaments	ushers
susceptible	stolid	tabernacle



PASSING CLOUDS.

Adelaide Ann Proctor, born in 1825; died in 1864. She became a convert to the Catholic faith in 1853. Like Mrs. Hemans, her poems have enjoyed a wide popularity on account of their Christian elevation of sentiment, their sympathy with the feelings of the heart, and their grace and melody of expression. The "Legend of Bregenz;" "The Tomb in Ghent;" "The Angel of Death;" "The Doubting Heart," and "One by One" are among the best known of her verses.

WHERE are the swallows fled?
 Frozen and dead,
 Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
 O doubting heart!
 Far o'er the purple seas,

They wait, in sunny ease,
 The balmy southern breeze,
 To waft them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
 Prisoners they lie
 In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
 O doubting heart!
 They only sleep below
 The soft, white, ermine snow,
 While winter winds shall blow,
 To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid his rays
 These many days;
 Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
 O doubting heart!
 The stormy clouds on high
 Veil the same sunny sky,
 That soon (for spring is nigh)
 Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
 Is quenched in night;
 What sound can break the silence of despair?
 O doubting heart!
 The sky is overcast,
 Yet stars shall rise at last,
 Brighter for darkness past,
 And angels' silver voices stir the air.

COMPOSITION.

Give the substance of the poem in your own words, and explain the last stanza as fully as possible. Tell the meaning of: "hope is dead," "light is quenched in night." Why shall the stars be "brighter for darkness past"? Show, by familiar examples, when we notice light, and feel it most.

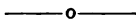
perchance

heedless

quenched

ANALYSIS.

The main idea running through these beautiful lines is, that however dark and cheerless our course through life may be, yet faith can see a silver lining on every dark cloud. The swallows have disappeared, only to return with the advent of genial weather. Flowers die only to spring up afresh, when winter is past. The sun hides himself behind the clouds, only to burst forth with renewed splendor. Hope seems lost; but from the silence of despair, angels' silver voices will stir the air.



COUNSELS FOR THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

DECISION.

IT is but a truism to say that there can be no success in life without decision of character. Yet this quality cannot be created by human effort. Like vigor of body, it is a gift, and can be increased only through personal endeavors, aided by the help of God. But every man has within himself the germ of this quality, which can be cultivated by favorable circumstances and by motives presented to the mind.

Let no one despair because he has often broken his resolution. It has been well observed that nothing is more destructive of character than for a man to lose all faith in his own resolutions, because he has so often determined, and again determined, to do that which, nevertheless, he has never done. Here, as elsewhere, "the stature of the perfect man" is attained only by slow gradations of study, effort and patience. The whole armor cannot be put on at once. The first victory will render the succeeding ones easier, until the very combat will be desired for the luxury of certain conquest.

The intellect is but the half of a man; the will is the driving-wheel, the spring of motive power. A vacillating

man, no matter what his abilities, is invariably pushed aside in the race of life by the man of determined will. It is he who resolves to succeed, and who at every fresh rebuff begins resolutely again, that reaches the goal. The shores of Fortune are covered with the stranded wrecks of men of brilliant ability, who wanted faith, courage and decision, and therefore perished in sight of more resolute but less capable adventurers, who succeeded in making the port.

The fact is, as Sydney Smith has well said, that "in order to do anything in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be all the time calculating and adjusting nice chances: it did all very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards. But at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age, — that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left in which to follow their advice." Obstacles and perplexities every man must meet, and he must either promptly conquer them, or they will conquer *him*.

It has been truly said that the great moral victories and defeats of the world often turn on minutes. Crises come, the seizing of which is triumph, the neglect of which is ruin. This is particularly true on the field of battle. It was at such moments that the genius of Napoleon shone forth with the highest lustre. His mind acted like the lightning, and never with more

promptness and precision than in moments of the greatest confusion and danger. What confounded others only stimulated him. He used to say that one of the principal requisites of a general is an accurate calculation of time; for if your adversary can bring a powerful force to attack a certain post ten minutes sooner than you can bring up a sufficient supporting force, you are beaten, even though all the rest of your plans be the most perfect that can be devised.

Of course there are occasions when caution and delay are necessary, — when to act without long and anxious deliberation would be madness. All wisdom is a system of balances. It is well enough to be careful and wary up to a certain point; but beyond that a hesitating policy is as ruinous as downright rashness. Thousands of men owe their failures in life simply to procrastination. They seem to act on the advice, “never do to-day what, by any possibility, can be put off till to-morrow.” They never know their own minds, but debate with themselves during the whole journey which side of the road to take, and meanwhile they keep winding from the one to the other.

Dr. John Brown, in speaking of that form of decision called “presence of mind,” well observes: “It is a curious condition of mind that this requires. It is like sleeping with your pistol under your pillow, and the pistol on full cock; — a moment lost, and all may be lost. There is the very nick of time. Men, when they have done some signal feat of presence of mind, if asked how they did it, do not very well know, — they “just *did it*.”

It is hardly possible to conceive of a more unhappy man than one afflicted with the infirmity of indecision. It has been remarked that there are persons who lack decision to such a degree that they seem never to have

made up their minds which leg to stand upon. "A man without decision," says John Foster, "can never be said to belong to himself: he belongs to whatever can make capture of him; and one thing after another vindicates its right to him, by arresting him as he tries to go on."

Not only is decision necessary, but promptitude also, without which decision loses half its value.

Again: besides promptitude, tenacity of decision is necessary to him who would make his mark in the world, or achieve rare success. When a certain commissary-general complained to the Duke of Wellington that Sir Thomas Picton had declared that he would hang him if the rations for that general's division were not forthcoming at a certain hour, the Duke replied, "Ah! did he go so far as that? Did he say he'd hang you?" — "Yes, my lord." — "Well, if General Picton said so, I have no doubt he will keep his word; you'd better get up the rations in time." When a man of iron will is thus known to be so tenacious in his adherence to his resolution, that, once declared, it is like a decree of fate, there is no limit to the good or the bad results which he may accomplish.

COMPOSITION.

Write in three different ways:

- (a) Let no one despair because he has often broken his resolution.
 (b) The intellect is but the half of man; the will is the driving-wheel, the spring of motive power. (c) It is he who resolves to succeed, and who at every fresh rebuff begins resolutely again, that reaches the goal.

Write the fifth paragraph entirely in your own words, changing all nouns, verbs, adjectives, and conjunctions, where possible.

truism	rebuff	crises	failures
decision	goal	lustre	conceive
armor	stranded	stimulated	vindicates
succeeding	adventurers	deliberation	tenacity

NO MORE.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans was born in 1793, died in 1835. Her poems have been very extensively read. Appealing as they do to the affections of our nature, depicting domestic love, lofty patriotism, serene hope and holy resignation,—they will always be turned to with pleasure by that vast body of readers who seek in poetry the perfect expression of their own hopes and longings, their own sorrow or happiness. They are pure, noble, and most Christian in sentiment, and graceful and elegant in expression. Many of the shorter lyrics are English gems.

NO more! a harp-string's deep and breaking tone,
 A last, low summer breeze, a far-off swell,
 A dying echo of rich music gone,
 Breathe through those words, — those murmurs of farewell,
 No more!

To dwell in peace, with home affections bound,
 To know the sweetness of a mother's voice,
 To feel the spirit of her love around,
 And in the blessings of her eye rejoice —
 No more!

A dirge-like sound! to greet the early friend
 Unto the hearth, his place of many days;
 In the glad song with kindred lips to blend,
 Or join the household laughter by the blaze —
 No more!

Through woods that shadow'd our first years to rove,
 With all our native music in the air;
 To watch the sunset with the eyes we love,
 And turn, and read our own heart's answer *there* —
 No more!

Words of despair! yet earth's, all earth's the woe
 Their passion breathes — the desolately deep!

That sound in Heaven — oh! image then the flow
 Of gladness in its tones, — to part, to weep —
 No more!

To watch, in dying hope, affection's wane,
 To see the beautiful from life depart,
 To wear impatiently a secret chain,
 To waste the untold riches of the heart —
 No more!

Through long, long years to seek, to strive, to yearn
 For human love, — and never quench that thirst;
 To pour the soul out, winning no return,
 O'er fragile idols, by delusion nursed —
 No more!

On things that fail us, reed by reed, to lean;
 To mourn the changed, the far away, the dead,
 To send our troubled spirits through th' unseen,
 Intensely questioning for treasures fled —
 No more!

Words of triumphant music bear we on,
 The weight of life, the chain, the ungenial air,
 Their deathless meaning, when our tasks are done,
 To learn in joy; — to struggle, to despair —
 No more!

Questions: — What things no longer breathe through the murmurs of farewell? What home and family pleasures are no more? In the third stanza what is mentioned as being "no more"? Give the fourth stanza in your own words. How shall we find ourselves in heaven, as given in the fifth stanza? What is meant by "fragile idols, by delusion nursed" "Treasures fled"?

— o —



STUDY.

THE favorite idea of a genius, among us, is of one who never studies, or who studies, nobody can tell when, — at midnight, or at odd times and intervals — and now

and then strikes out, *at a heat*, as the phrase is, some wonderful production. This is a character that has figured largely in the history of our literature. "Loose fellows about town," or loungers in the country, who slept in ale-houses and wrote in bar-rooms, who took up the pen as a magician's wand to supply their wants, and when the pressure of necessity was relieved, resorted again to their carousals.

Your real genius is an idle, irregular, vagabond sort of personage, who muses in the fields or dreams by the fireside; whose strong impulses — that is the cant of it — must needs hurry him into wild irregularities or foolish eccentricity; who abhors order, and can bear no restraint, and eschews all labor: such a one, for instance, as Newton or Milton! What! they must have been irregular, else they were no geniuses!

"The young man," it is often said, "has genius enough, if he would only study." Now the truth is, as I shall take the liberty to state it, that genius will study: it is that in the mind which does study; that is the very nature of it. I care not to say that it will always use books. All study is not reading, any more than all reading is study. Study, says Cicero, is the voluntary and vigorous application of the mind to any subject.

Such study, such intense mental action, and nothing else, is genius. And so far as there is any native predisposition about this enviable character of mind, it is a predisposition to that action. This is the only test of the original bias; and he who does not come to that point, though he may have shrewdness, and readiness, and parts, never had a genius.

No need to waste regrets upon him, that he never could be induced to give his attention to anything; he never had that which he is supposed to have lost.

For attention it is—though other qualities belong to this transcendent power—attention it is that is the very soul of genius: not the fixed eye, not the poring over a book, but the fixed thought. It is, in fact, an action of the mind, which is steadily concentrated upon one idea or one series of ideas,—which collects in one point the rays of the soul, till they search, penetrate, and fire the whole train of its thoughts.

And while the fire burns within, the outward man may indeed be cold, indifferent, and negligent,—absent in appearance; he may be an idler, or a wanderer, apparently without aim or intent; but still the fire burns within. And what though “it bursts forth” at length, as has been said, “like volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force”? It only shows the intenser action of the elements beneath. What though it breaks like lightning from the cloud? The electric fire had been collecting in the firmament through many a silent, calm, and clear day.

What though the might of genius appears in one decisive blow, struck in some moment of high debate, or at the crisis of a nation’s peril? That mighty energy, though it may have heaved the breast of a Demosthenes, was once a feeble infant’s thought. A mother’s eye watched over its dawning. A father’s care guarded its early growth. It soon trod with youthful steps the halls of learning, and found other fathers to wake and to watch for it,—even as it finds them here.

It went on; but silence was upon its path, and the deep strugglings of the inward soul marked its progress, and the cherishing powers of nature silently ministered to it. The elements around breathed upon it and “touched it to finer issues.” The golden ray of heaven fell upon it and ripened its expanding faculties. The slow

revolutions of years slowly added to its collected treasures and energies; till in its hour of glory, it stood forth embodied in the form of living, commanding, irresistible eloquence.

The world wonders at the manifestation, and says, "Strange, strange, that it should come thus unsought, unpremeditated, unprepared!" But the truth is, there is no greater wonder in it, than there is in the towering of the pre-eminent forest tree, or in the flowing of the mighty and irresistible river, or in the wealth and the waving of the boundless harvest.

COMPOSITION.

Write a short sketch, showing the vulgar idea in regard to persons supposed to be geniuses. Take the first paragraph as your guide in this description. Show from what the lesson says, but in your own words, that the popular idea is false.

Show from the example of three geniuses, say a painter, a poet and a mechanician, that talent without study will not suffice.

intervals	abhors	spontaneous
loungers	eschews	decisive
wand	voluntary	Demosthenes
resorted	predisposition	dawning
carousals	bias	issues
muses	parts	eloquence
impulses	transcendent	manifestation
cant	concentrated	unpremeditated
eccentricity	penetrate	irresistible

— o —

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES OF CATHOLIC CITIES.

IN a modern city men in the evening leave their houses for a banquet; in a Catholic city they go out for the benediction. The offices of the Church, morning and

evening, and even the night instructions, were not wanting to those who were still living in the world. The number of churches always open, the frequent processions, and the repeated instructions of the clergy, made the whole city like a holy place, and were, without doubt, the means of making multitudes to choose the strait entrance, and to walk in the narrow way. There are many who have no idea of the perfection in which great numbers, in every rank of society, pass their lives, in Catholic cities, not even excepting that capital which has of late been made the nurse of so much ill.

But wherever the modern philosophy has created, as it were, an atmosphere, that which is spiritual is so confined, closed, and isolated, that its existence is hardly felt or known. The world appears to reign with undisputed possession, and that, too, as if it had authority to reign. And yet there are tender and passionate souls who have need of being unceasingly preserved in the path of virtue by the reign of religious exercises, who, when deprived of the power of approaching to the sources of grace at the hour their inclinations may suggest, are exposed to great perils, and who, perhaps, sometimes do incur, in consequence, eternal death.

“Ah me, how many perils do enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall !”

House of Prayer, why close thy gates? Is there an hour in all nature when the heart should be weary of prayer? When man, whom God doth deign to hear in thee as his temple, should have no incense to offer before thy altar, no tear to confide to thee? Mark the manners, too, of the multitude that loiters in the public ways of every frequented town. See how it meekly kneels to receive a benediction from the bishop who happens to pass by; and when dusk comes on, and the

lamp of the sanctuary begins to burn brighter, and to arrest the eye of the passenger through the opened doors of the churches, hearken to the sweet sound of innumerable bells, which rises from all sides, and see what a change of movement takes place among this joyous and innocent people.

The old men break off their conversation on the benches at the doors, and take out their rosaries; the children snatch up their books and jackets from the green in token that play is over; the women rise from their labor of the distaff; and all together proceed into the church, when the solemn litany soon rises with its abrupt and crashing peal, till the bells all toll out their last and loudest tone, and the adorable Victim is raised over the prostrate people, who then issue forth and retire to their respective homes in sweet peace, and with an expression of the utmost thankfulness and joy.

The moderns in vain attempt to account for the difference of manners in these Catholic cities and in their own, by referring to their present prosperity and accumulation of wealth; but these cities in point of magnificence incomparably surpassed theirs, and with respect to riches, these were far superior, for peace was in their strength, and abundance in their towers.

Questions:—What is meant by “the offices of the Church”? What does “life scholastic” mean? What is the meaning of “to choose the strait entrance,” etc.? Give the paragraph of the Gospel in which this expression is used. Explain the first two sentences of the second paragraph. Does “the world” here mean the earth, or the people on the earth, or the kingdoms of the earth, or the pleasures and distractions of the earth? Does “passionate souls” mean “angry souls”? What does it mean? What is the lamp of the sanctuary? Write first paragraph, giving all the ideas in your own language.

intellectual	atmosphere	inclination	distaff
monastical	isolated	consequence	incomparably

BRINGING THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good-speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the walls to us, galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place.
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the peak right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but, while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mechelen church steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with: "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris: "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I
Past Loos and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our foot broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome tower sprang white,
And "Gallop," cried Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" and in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast my loose buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

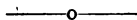
And all I remember is friends flocking round,
And I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which—the burgesses voted by common consent—
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

COMPOSITION.

On horses. Their courage, and their attachment to their masters.

The horse is noted all through the pages of history for his courage and affection. Examples: Bucephalus, owned by Alexander; the well known story of the Arab and his steed; finally, we have a very striking instance of the horse's pluck and courage in the history of "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix." Give the distance between the two places. Make a small sketch showing the road. Letter the same, and indicate places mentioned in the story. Describe the start; first falter; anxiety of the other two riders; second mishap; all depends upon the third animal's heft; the second courier left behind wistfully glances after the last horse; the good steed makes his way into the town. The crowd surges about the noble animal. The rider is offered refreshment, but he first thinks of his faithful ally. "The best wine for the best horse," cries the rider, and "may it do the brave beast good," is in every one's mouth. "Will he die?" ask a hundred voices. In a few moments there is a struggle between exhausted nature and every one's desires. The public wish is satisfied. The good horse rises, shakes off the thick sweat, looks at his master, throws forward his ears, and with a neigh that sends gladness into every heart, seems to say: "Didn't we do it well?" A putting on the neck, then some choice little morsels which a fair lady allows to be nibbled from her palm, is the reward given to the brave steed that brought the good news to Aix.

abreast	slacker	heft	peer
girths	askance	haunches	galloped
postern	spume-flakes	roan	burgesses



ECONOMY OF TIME.

"Dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."—FRANKLIN.

"Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone for ever."—HORACE MANN.

ONE of the most important lessons to be learned in life is the art of economizing time. A celebrated Italian was wont to call his time his estate; and it is

true of this as of other estates of which the young come into possession, that it is rarely prized till it is nearly squandered. Habits of indolence, listlessness, and procrastination, once firmly fixed, cannot be suddenly thrown off, and the man who has wasted the precious hours of life's seed-time, finds that he cannot reap a harvest in life's autumn. Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine; but lost time is gone for ever. In the long catalogue of excuses for the neglect of duty, there is none which drops oftener from men's lips, or which is founded on more of self-delusion, than the want of leisure. People are always cheating themselves with the idea that they would do this or that desirable thing, "if they only had time." It is thus that the lazy and the selfish excuse themselves from a thousand things which conscience dictates to be done. Now, the truth is, there is no condition in which the chance of doing any good is *less* than in that of leisure.

Go, seek out the men in any community who have done the most for their own and the general good, and you will find they are — who? Wealthy, leisurely people, who have abundance of time to themselves, and nothing to do? No; they are almost uniformly the men who are in ceaseless activity from January to December. Such men, however pressed with business, are always found capable of doing a *little more*; and you may rely on them in their busiest seasons with ten times more assurance than on idle men.

There is an instinct that tells us that the **man** who does much is most likely to do more, and to do it in the best manner. The reason is, that to do increases the power of doing; and it is much easier for one who is always exerting himself to exert himself a little more, than for

him who does nothing to rouse himself to action. Give a busy man ten minutes to write a letter, and he will dash it off at once; give an idle man a day, and he will postpone it till to-morrow or next week. There is a momentum in the active man which of itself almost carries him to the mark, just as a very light stroke will keep a hoop going, while a smart one was required to set it in motion.

The men who do the greatest things do them not so much by prodigious but fitful efforts, as by steady, unremitting toil, — by turning even the moments to account. They have the genius for hard work, — the most desirable kind of genius. A continual dropping wears the stone. A little done this hour and a little the next hour, day by day, and year by year, brings much to pass. Even the largest houses are built by laying one stone upon another.

Complain not, then, of your want of leisure to do anything. Rather thank God that you are not cursed with leisure; for a curse it proves, in nine cases out of ten. What if, to achieve some good work which you have deeply at heart, you can never command an entire month, a week, or even a day? Shall you therefore stand still, and fold your arms in despair? No; the thought should only stimulate and urge you on to do what you can do in this swiftly passing life of ours.

Try what you can build up from the broken fragments of your time, rendered more precious by their brevity. It is said that in the Mint the floor of the gold-working room is a net-work of bars, to catch the falling particles of the precious metal; and that when the day's labor is done the bars are removed, and the golden dust is swept up, to be melted and coined. Learn from this the nobler economy of time. Glean up its golden dust; economize

with the utmost care those raspings and parings of existence, those leavings of days and bits of hours — so valueless singly, so inestimable in the aggregate — which most persons sweep out into the waste of life, and you will be rich in leisure. Rely upon it, if you are a miser of moments, if you hoard up and turn to account odd minutes and half-hours, you will at last be wealthier in intellectual acquisitions, wealthier in good deeds harvested, than thousands whose time is all their own.

The biographer of George Stephenson tells us that the smallest fragments of his time were regarded by him as precious, and that “he was never so happy as when improving them.” For years Benjamin Franklin strove, with inflexible resolution, to save for his own instruction every minute that could be won. Henry Kirke White learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer’s office. Livingstone taught himself Latin grammar while working at the loom. Hugh Miller found time while pursuing his trade as a stone-mason, not only to read, but to write, cultivating his style till he became one of the most brilliant authors of the day. *

The small stones that fill up the crevices are almost as essential to the firm wall as the great stones; and so the wise use of spare time contributes not a little to the building up of a man’s mind in good proportions, and with strength. If you really prize mental culture, or are sincerely anxious to do any good thing, you *will* find time, or *make* time for it, sooner or later, however engrossed with other employments. A failure to accomplish it can only prove the feebleness of your will, not that you lacked time for its execution.

* Time, St. Alphonsus Liguori tells us, is of the same value as Almighty God, for in a moment we may lose or gain the possession of that infinite Being.

Questions:—What art is one of the most important in life? What did a celebrated Italian call his time? What is true of that, as of other estates? Wherein does lost time differ from lost wealth? For what is want of leisure a common excuse? Why is it a bad one? Who are the men in any community who do most for the general good? Why is it that the man who does much is likely to do more? How do men who do the greatest things do them? What is the most desirable kind of genius? What does leisure prove, in nine cases out of ten? To what should the thought of the impossibility of finding leisure stimulate you? Describe the floor of the gold-working room in the Mint. What is the object of this? What lesson may be learned from this? Mention instances of great men who made good use of their spare moments. What are almost as essential to the firm wall as the great stones? How is this applied to time?

COMPOSITION.

Give three or four sayings or proverbs in regard to time. You may select the two at the head of this lesson, and two others. Take any one of these, and explain it by illustrations. Show from the life of Washington, as a boy, how he valued time. Show from the wars of Napoleon how victory or defeat often depended upon a few moments availed of, or neglected. Show how, in banking business, for instance, a few moments too late in payment of a note may destroy a merchant's reputation. How in china work, a few moments' delay or forgetfulness may destroy the finest coloring of works, etc.

economizing	dictates	inestimable
estate	instinct	aggregate
listlessness	brevity	hoard
procrastination	parings	acquisition

— o —

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

JEAN Baptiste Colbert, when a boy of fifteen, was sitting one morning in the shop of his master and godfather — Monsieur Certain, a rich woollen-draper of Rheims — when he was requested by him to execute a commission.

"Lay aside your paper, and listen to what I am going to say. Here is an invoice, directed, you see, to M. Cenani, of the firm Cenani and Mazerani, bankers of Paris. Set off now to the hotel where the banker is staying, take the invoice to him, and at the same time show him those cloths. Come here, sir, and remember the prices: No. 1 is marked three crowns a yard; No. 2, six crowns; No. 3, eight crowns; and No. 4, fifteen crowns. It is dear enough, but it is the very finest Saxony."

"Am I to make any abatement, godfather?" asked Baptiste, taking a card to which little patterns of cloth were fastened, while Moline, the porter, loaded himself with several pieces similar to the specimens.

"The full price, and ready money. Not a penny less. Remember."

Baptiste and Moline quickly reached the hotel.

"I wish to see M. Cenani," said Baptiste to the person in attendance.

"The first staircase to the left, Nos. 8 and 10," said the waiter. And, still followed by Moline, the young woollen-draper knocked at the door to which he was directed, and was quickly ushered into the presence of a very young man, in a dressing-gown of bright green damask, richly flowered with red.

"I come from M. Certain," said Baptiste, bowing.

"Here are several pieces of cloth for you to choose from," added Moline, placing his parcel on a table.

The young banker merely said: "Let me see them;" and, putting one aside, said: "I like this best; what is its price?"

"Fifteen crowns a yard," answered Baptiste. Moline made a grimace, which neither seller nor buyer remarked.

"Very well," said the latter; "it is for making hangings for my study in the country. How many yards are in this piece?"

"Thirty yards," said Moline, looking at the mark; "and if you wish me to measure it before you, sir"—

"It is quite unnecessary, my friend; I may trust M. Certain. Thirty yards at fifteen crowns make four hundred and fifty crowns: here they are;" and going with a careless air to an open desk, he took out a handful of money, which he gave to Baptiste.

"Do you know how to write, my little friend?" said he to him.

"Yes, sir," said the young apprentice, blushing, deeply mortified by the question.

"Well, give me a receipt."

Baptiste gave the required receipt, and took the money; then bowed and retired.

"Well?" said the master of the Golden Fleece,* perceiving, from his station on the step before his door, the approach of his godson and his shop-boy.— "Well?"

"Here we are at last," said Moline, throwing his bale upon the counter.

M. Certain opened it eagerly. "You have made no mistake, I hope?" said he.

"I don't think I have," said Baptiste, quietly.

"But I think you have," said Moline, with a smothered laugh.

"Do you think so, Moline?—do you think so?" cried the old woollen-draper, examining the cloth. "But, indeed, I might have expected this; the little rascal could not do otherwise. But I warn you, if you have

* A woollen-draper's sign; at one time all tradesmen hung a sign over their door, as innkeepers do now.

made a mistake, you shall go to M. Cenani to ask from him the surplus money; and, if he refuse to give it, you shall pay it out of your wages. No. 3 is wanting: No. 3 was worth—it was worth six crowns; no, eight crowns.”

“Eight crowns!—eight crowns!” cried Baptiste, astounded. “Are you sure of that, godfather?”

“Perhaps you would like to make out, you little rascal, that it was I who made the mistake. I tell you No. 3 was worth eight crowns. I am half dead with fear. I will lay a wager that the fellow sold it for six.”

“On the contrary, godfather, stupid creature that I am, I have sold it for fifteen; but”—

“Fifteen!—fifteen!” interrupted the woollen-draper, trying to disguise his joy;—“fifteen! You are a fine boy, a good boy, Baptiste; you will one day be an honor to all your family; and I, your godfather, congratulate myself on having stood sponsor for you. Fifteen!—I could almost cry with joy! Fifteen crowns—fifteen crowns for a piece of cloth not worth six! Thirty yards at fifteen crowns instead of eight—seven crowns profit; thirty yards, two hundred and ten crowns—six hundred and thirty francs* profit. O happy day!”

“How, godfather; would you take advantage?” said Baptiste, drawing back instead of advancing.

“Oh, perhaps you would like to go shares,” said the dishonest shopkeeper. “Certainly; I agree to let you have something.”

“Godfather,” interrupted young Colbert in his turn, composedly taking up his hat, which he had put down on entering, “I cannot agree to any such thing”—

“Bravo! bravo, my boy! Well, give it all to me.”

* Three francs to a crown.

"And I will go," said Baptiste, "to the gentleman whom I have treated so badly, to beg of him to excuse me, and to return him the money he overpaid me."

And with these words young Baptiste, who had, while speaking, been gradually approaching the street door, cleared the threshold with a single bound, and rushed out.

"Can I see M. Cenani?" asked the breathless Baptiste, of the servant who had opened the door to him a quarter of an hour before.

"He is not yet gone out; but I do not think you can see him," replied the valet: "my master is dressing."

"I beg of you, sir, to let me see him immediately," said Baptiste.

"I will go and inquire," said the valet; and he opened his master's door, without perceiving that Baptiste had closely followed him.

"What is the matter, Comtois?" asked the gentleman.

"It is the young woollen-draper, who was here just now, who wants to see you, sir," replied the valet.

"He cannot see me now," said M. Cenani. "My sword, Comtois."

"Oh, pray, sir, one word," said the imploring voice of Baptiste.

"What brings you here? What do you want? I paid you, did I not?" asked the banker, turning angrily to Baptiste. "I am engaged. Go."

With that fearlessness which is given by extreme youth and the consciousness of doing right, Baptiste, instead of going away, advanced a few steps into the room.

"Sir," said he to the banker, whose astonishment at his boldness for a moment checked the order already on

his lips to turn him out, "I have imposed upon you — unintentionally, it is true — but that does not make you the less wronged." Then, advancing still farther into the room, he emptied his pocket on a table, adding: "Here are the four hundred and fifty crowns that you gave me just now; be so good as to return me the receipt I gave you, and to take your money. The cloth that I sold to you, instead of being worth fifteen crowns a yard, is only worth eight. Thirty yards at eight crowns make only two hundred and forty crowns. You are to get back two hundred and ten crowns. There they are, sir. Will you see if it is right?"

"Are you quite sure of what you say, my friend?" said the banker, quickly changing his tone. "Are you certain there is no mistake?"

"You have the piece of cloth still, sir; is it not marked No. 3?"

"It is," said Comtois, going to examine.

"The No. 3 is marked at eight crowns, sir; I do not mistake. I beg your pardon, sir, for having made my way in in spite of you; but, if you had found out the mistake before I did, I should never have forgiven myself. Now, I have the honor of wishing you good morning."

"Stay a moment!" cried Cenani to Baptiste, who was retiring with a bow. "You might have easily kept this money for yourself."

"I never thought of that, sir," replied the young apprentice, with great simplicity.

"But if you had thought of it?" again inquired the elegant Parisian.

"It was quite impossible, sir, that such an idea could ever have come into my head. You might as well ask me if I had thought of carrying off all that you have

here;" and a smile, as if at the absurdity of the idea, lighted up the boy's countenance.

"Suppose I were to make you a present of this money that you have returned to me?"

"What right have I to it, sir? and why should you give it to me? I would not take it, sir," said Baptiste, without hesitation.

"You are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow," said the young banker, going towards Baptiste, and taking him by the hand — "you are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow," repeated he. "What is your name?"

"Jean Baptiste Colbert, at your service," replied Baptiste.

"Colbert, Colbert," repeated M. Cenani, as if trying to recall something to his memory. "Is it possible that you are a relation of the Colberts of Scotland?"

"The barons of Castlehill are the common ancestors of the Scotch and French Colberts, sir." *

"And how comes it that your father, a descendant of such an illustrious family, is a woollen-draper?"

"My father is not a woollen-draper, sir; but he is very poor; and it is to relieve the family of the burden of my support that I became apprentice to my godfather, M. Certain."

The servant entering the room to say the carriage was ready, the young banker let go the hand of the boy with regret, and dismissed him, saying: "We shall meet again, Baptiste; we shall meet again."

Baptiste ran down the staircase of the hotel, and was bounding into the street, when he was seized by the collar with a powerful and threatening grasp. It was that of his enraged master, who had followed him, and

* There had always existed a very close connection between France and Scotland.

now abused him in a frantic manner for having returned the money. All remonstrances from poor Baptiste were in vain.

"Get from my sight and from my employment. Go, I say, and follow the advice that I now give you, — it is my last. Never come within reach of either my arm or my tongue. There is my blessing for you; take it, and good-by to you."

Slowly and sorrowfully Baptiste left his godfather, and bent his steps to his father's house.

It was seven o'clock in the evening, and M. Colbert was already seated at supper with his wife and youngest son, a child of six years of age, when the parlor door opened, and Baptiste appeared. A cry of astonishment broke from the lips of both father and mother, alarmed by the confused and sorrowful air of the boy. "What is the matter? Why have you left the shop on a week-day? Is your godfather ill? Or are you— Speak! What is the matter?"

"I have been dismissed by M. Certain," simply said Baptiste.

"You have been about some folly then, sir," said M. Colbert.

"I will leave it to you to decide, father," replied Baptiste, modestly.

"What do you mean?" demanded M. Colbert.

"With your permission, my dear father, I will relate to you all that occurred to-day, and then you can tell me if I have done wrong; but I do not think I have; for, notwithstanding the grief that I feel in appearing before you after being dismissed, yet, if it were to do over again, I would act as I have done."

"Go on," said his father, while his mother looked encouragingly at him. Baptiste related all that you

already know, quite simply and candidly, and, though he heartily disapproved of it, tried even to find excuses for his godfather's conduct. "M. Certain is so fond of money," said he; "and then, is a woollen-draper; perhaps he did not understand my conduct. To sell a little over the value, or a great deal, is the same thing to him, perhaps. If one may charge twopence profit on the yard without being called a rogue, why may not one as well charge a hundred francs if one can? What do you say, father? Have I done wrong?"

"Come and embrace me, my son," said M. Colbert, extending his arms to Baptiste, who threw himself into them—"come; you are indeed my son: you have behaved well, and I am heartily pleased with you."

"Yes, you have indeed behaved well, my beloved Baptiste," added Madame Colbert, also holding out her arms to her son; "you have done right. Sit down here near me; you must be hungry! You shall never return to that man, I promise you."

"I cannot remain a burden to you, however," observed Baptiste.

"We will think of that to-morrow," replied M. Colbert; "to-day we will only think how we can best entertain the welcome guest that God has ordained that the woollen-draper should send us."

"Sir," said the one solitary servant of the house, quietly opening the parlor door, "a gentleman in a post-chaise wants to speak to you."

"Let him walk in," said M. Colbert, rising from the table to meet the visitor.

At the first glance of the stranger Baptiste colored deeply.

"Sir," said the stranger, bowing to Baptiste's father, and stopping to bend almost to the ground before



Madame Colbert, "I beg a thousand pardons for having thus forced my entrance; but I leave to-morrow, and the business which brings me to you would not admit of delay. I am M. Cenani, of the firm Cenani and Mazerani, of Paris. This youth is your son, is he not, sir?" inquired he, pointing to Baptiste, who blushed still more deeply.

"Yes, sir, thank God."

"You have cause to thank God, sir: this child acted towards me this morning in a truly noble manner."

"Only as he ought, sir, — only as he ought," said Madame Colbert, hastily.

"Nobly, madame. I see that you know the history; but, as you have probably heard it from your son, his modesty has undoubtedly left you ignorant of that which has most delighted me. I went to M. Certain's for a second piece of cloth, and was informed of all that had passed by the shop-boy. Your admirable child, madame, refused to divide with his master the overcharge on the cloth."

"Excellent, excellent! Quite right, quite right! Oh, my dear, dear boy!" said Madame Colbert, with happy pride, embracing Baptiste, who stammered:

"It would not have been honest."

"You are aware, sir," said M. Colbert, addressing the banker, "that on account of his conduct my son has been dismissed from M. Certain's."

"I know it, sir; the shop-boy told me so; and on that account I came here to ask you, since you have already suffered your child to enter into trade, if it would suit you to place him, honest and honorable as he is, in our banking house, where, in a larger sphere, he must make his fortune."

Baptiste, who had hitherto listened in silence, and

who now only began to understand M. Cenani's intention, cried suddenly: "If to make a fortune I am to leave my father and mother, I must decline it, sir."

"But I do not decline it for you, Baptiste," said his father, tenderly but seriously. "We are very poor, my son; and I should think myself guilty did I not accept the brilliant prospects which M. Cenani so generously offers you. Go, Baptiste, with this gentleman; in all that concerns the business of your calling, listen exclusively to his advice, and follow it; when the principles of integrity and of honor are involved, add to his counsels those of your own heart."

Baptiste wept while he listened to his father, but no longer made any objection.

Thanks to the natural buoyancy of his age, and also to the change of scene and place, Baptiste felt a new life spring up within him as he was whirled along in a comfortable carriage, with a young and gay companion.

He served the banking house of Cenani and Mazerani faithfully and well, and, whilst serving it, obtained that complete knowledge of business and finance that enabled him thereafter to be so useful a servant of the State.

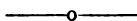
In 1661 he was made Minister of Finance to Louis XIV. On his appointment to the office he found bribery and cheating going on on all sides, and the State yearly robbed of millions of crowns. To the difficult task of reforming these shameless abuses, he brought, with extraordinary abilities and energy, the same courageous and unbending truthfulness which had distinguished him as a boy.

COMPOSITION.

Write a short story, embracing the chief items in Jean Colbert's tale. Change names for those of individuals and bankers of your vicinity.

Take streets, dwellings and other data to make the sketch answer a home description. Let distances, money values, etc., be in keeping with the circumstances. Close your story by quoting some few words or lines, in prose or poetry, illustrating the principle that "honesty is the best policy."

draper	study	remonstrances
invoice	disguise	prospects
abatement	composedly	exclusively
specimens	consciousness	buoyancy
ushered	unintentionally	finance



HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

TO be — or not to be! — that is the question —
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them? — To die — to sleep —
 No more! — and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to — 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die — to sleep —
 To sleep? — perchance to dream! — aye, there's the rub,
 For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. — There's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes, —
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,

To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death —
 That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns — puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus, conscience does make cowards of us all:
 And thus, the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action!

COMPOSITION.

Copy selection "Who would fardels bear we know not of."
 Write sentences taken from the Old or New Testament, containing
 the following words: *bear* (one another's burdens); *proud* (God
 resisteth); *come* (Thy kingdom); *death* (it is appointed);
dreams (Joseph's); *suffer* (little children); *country* (The prodigal
 went afar); *consummated* (All is); *will* (Thy will be
), and mention in what circumstances the expression was
 used; *conscience* (The worm of); *lose* (If ye
 what better are ye than they?)

outrageous	contumely	bourne
consummation	quietus	pith
shuffled	fardels	awry

— o —

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

AS we advance into the Middle Ages, we observe the
 Christian idea unfolding itself in art of imposing
 majesty and of exceeding beauty. First, naturally
 in architecture. The architecture which ultimately
 prevailed in the sacred buildings of Western Europe,
 was that which we call the Gothic. The distinctive

spirit which pervades all its forms is the spirit of mystery and of aspiration. A Gothic cathedral seemed an epitome of creation. In its vastness it was a sacramental image of the new universe; in its diversity it resembled nature, and in its unity it suggested God. But it suggested man, too. It was the work of man's hands, shaping the solemn visions of his soul into embodied adoration. It was, therefore, the grandest symbol of union between the divine and human which imagination ever conceived, which art ever moulded; and it was in being symbolic of such union that it had its Christian peculiarity. The mould of its structure was a perpetual commemoration of Christ's sufferings, and a sublime publication of his glory. Its ground plan, in the figure of a cross, was emblematic of Calvary. Its pinnacles, which tapered through the clouds and vanished into light, pointed to those heavens to which the crucified had ascended. Here is the mystery of death and sorrow. And that mystery is intensified in the sufferings of Christ: hence is the aspiration of life and hope as it is exalted in the victory of Christ.

The mere bulk of one of those structures seems at the same time to overpower the mind and yet to lift it up to heaven. The mere personal presence of a human being seems lost in its mighty space; but while the body is dwarfed the soul is magnified. As we look and wonder, the thought ever comes that man it was who conceived, consolidated, upreared those monuments of immensity; and the spirit of his immortal being seems to throb in every stone. Again, if we look through a vast cathedral, in its many and dim-lit passages, our sight, "in wandering mazes lost," finds no end and no beginning. Then does the thought occur to us, that, if we cannot with the eye take in the windings of a

church, how infinitely less can we with the mind discover all the ways of God. We feel that we are as nothing when we try to fathom God's counsels, to conceive of all the methods of his wisdom amidst the infinities of the universe, or of the secrecies of his providence. And while the cathedral gives us in one aspect a sense of sacred mystery, in another it gives us an impression of the boundless. The mere gloom of a silent cathedral has power in it. In the stillness of its spacious obscurity solemn voices, that have impressive meanings for the soul, awaken in the heart. And when we gaze upward and outside, to its dizzy elevation, to its pinnacles, which grow beneath from massive towers, into points invisible towards the stars, we mount with them, stage by stage, until we, like them, lose ourselves in the skies.

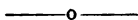
Was it not the soul reaching to its sublimest strivings, which placed turret above tower, and spire above turret, until the cross, over all seemed to melt away into immortal light? I love with the strength of early love the sacred structures of the Middle Ages. I speak of them, not with the knowledge of science, but with the feelings of memory. Ireland, the country of my birth and of my youth, is covered with the ruins of olden sanctuaries, and in their sombre silence many an hour of my early life was passed. The rustic parish church, the pontifical cathedral, though all unroofed, were, even in their desolation, lovely; and more days than I can now remember, they were my lonely shelter from the sun of summer noontide. Then in such visions as under the spells of hoary Time the young imagination dreams, I have built these ruins up again; flung out the sound of matin chimes upon the morning air; awakened, once more, at sunset, the vesper hymn;

called from the sleeping dust prelates, priests, choristers, congregations; bade the long procession move; caused the lofty altar to blaze with light; listened to the chanted Mass; heard the swelling response of surpliced singers, and thrilled with the reverberation of the mighty organ. Even now, in hours of idle musing, the dream comes back, and the form of a pine-tree, projected on the sunshine of Maine, or of New Hampshire, or of Massachusetts, can still cheat me for a moment to believe it the shadow of an ancient spire.

COMPOSITION.

Write in two ways: "Even now, in hours ancient spire."

ultimately	peculiarity	secrecies
prevailed	emblematic	sombre
symbol	consolidated	projected



THE DEVIL FISH.

READERS of M. Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea* will remember the terrible narrative of the fisherman Tilliat's encounter with the octopus or sea-devil, who winds his horrible suckers round his victim, and gradually draws away his life's blood. The poet-novelist has been accused of exaggeration in this incident; but according to Mr. Lord, an English traveller, the sea-devils of the North Pacific even outdo the terror of the Channel Island species. Mr. Lord says:

"The octopus, as seen on our coast, although even here called a 'man-sucker' by the fishermen, is a mere Tom Thumb, a tiny dwarf as compared to the Brobdignagian proportions he attains in the snug bays and long island canals along the east side of Vancouver Island, as well

as on the mainland. These places afford lurking dens, strongholds, and natural sea nurseries, where the octopus grows to an enormous size, fattens and wages war with insatiable voracity on all and everything it can catch. Safe from heavy breakers, it lives as in an aquarium of smooth, lake-like water, that, save in the ebbing and flowing of the tide, knows no change or disturbance.

“The ordinary resting-place of this hideous ‘sea beast’ is under a large stone or in the wide cleft of a rock, where an octopus can creep and squeeze itself with the flatness of a sand-dab, or the slipperiness of an eel. Its modes of locomotion are curious and varied: using the eight arms as paddles, and working them alternately, the central disk representing a boat, octopi row themselves along with an ease and celerity comparable to the many oared caique that glides over the tranquil waters of the Bosphorus; they can ramble at pleasure over the sandy roadways intersecting their submarine parks, and, converting arms into legs, march on like a huge spider. Gymnasts of the highest order, they climb the slippery ledges, as flies walk up a window pane. Attaching the countless suckers that arm their limbs to the face of the rocks, or to the wrack and sea-weed, they go about, back downward, like marine sloths, or clinging with one arm to the waving algæ, perform a series of trapeze movements that Leotard might view with envy.

“I do not think in its native element an octopus often catches prey on the ground or on the rocks, but waits for them just as a spider does, only the octopus converts *itself* into a web, and a fearful web, too. Fastening one arm to a stout stalk, stiffening out the other seven, one hardly knows it from the wrack amongst which it is concealed. Patiently it bides its time, until presently a shoal of fish come gaily on, threading their way

through the weeds, joyously happy, and little dreaming that this lurking monster, so artfully concealed, is close at hand. Two or three of them rub against the arms—fatal touch! As though a powerful electric shock had passed through the fish and suddenly knocked it senseless, so does the arm of the octopus paralyze its victim; then winding a great sucker-clad cable round the paralyzed fish—as an elephant winds its trunk round anything to be conveyed to the mouth—draws the dainty morsel to the centre of the disk, where the beaked mouth seizes, and soon sucks it in.”

By a sort of poetical justice, these tyrants of sea caverns are themselves haunted by an enemy of untiring pertinacity. The Indian regards the octopus as a great delicacy, especially when its huge, glutinous body is carefully roasted. Were the octopus once to get its long, thong-like feelers over the side of the canoe, and at the same time retain a hold upon the sea-wrack, it could as easily tip it over as a child could a basket. This the crafty Indian well knows. How he captures him Mr. Lord thus describes :

“Paddling the canoe close to the rocks, and quietly pushing aside the wrack, the savage peers through the crystal water, until his practised eye detects an octopus, with its great, rope-like arms stiffened out, waiting patiently for food. His spear is twelve feet long, armed at the edges with four pieces of hard wood, made harder by being baked and charred in the fire; these project about fourteen inches beyond the spear-shaft, each piece having a barb on one side, and are arranged in a circle round the spear-end, and lashed firmly on with cedar bark. Having spied out the octopus, the hunter passes the spear carefully through the water until within an inch or so of the centre disk, and then sends it in as

deep as he can plunge it. Writhing with pain and passion, the octopus coils its terrible arms around the shaft; the Indian, making the side of the canoe a fulcrum for his spear, keeps the struggling monster well off, and raises it to the surface of the water. He is dangerous now; if he could get a hold-fast on either savage or canoe, nothing short of chopping off the arms piecemeal would be of any avail. But the wily Indian knows all this, and has taken care to have ready another spear, unbarbed, long, straight, smooth, and very sharp, and with this he stabs the octopus where the arms join the central disk. I suppose the spear must break down the nervous ganglia supplying motive power, as the stabbed arms lose at once strength and tenacity; the suckers, that a moment before held on with a force ten men could not overcome, relax, and the entire array hangs like a dead snake, a limp, lifeless mass. And thus the Indian stabs and stabs, until the octopus, deprived of all power to do harm, is dragged into the canoe, a great, inert, quivering lump of brown looking jelly."

COMPOSITION.

Let the scholars be divided into several groups. Cross-questions are in order. These are continued till the above account of the "Devil Fish" is exhausted. Then three or four of the most intelligent take a part of the subject, each; *speak* it aloud, and between them make a connected narrative. During this time another scholar writes the chief points, as given by the speakers, on the blackboard. Those points form the skeleton of the next class composition.

narrative	aquarium	submarine	thong-like
encounter	hideous	algæ	barb
exaggeration	cleft	Leotard	writhing
incident	locomotion	wrack	fulcrum
species	disk	electric	piecemeal
Brobdignagian	celerity	beaked	ganglia

THE MOTHER OF THE MACHABEES.

Callanan was born in Ireland in 1795; died in 1829. During his life he was one of the popular contributors to "Blackwood's Magazine."

THAT mother viewed the scene of blood;
Her six unconquer'd sons were gone;
Fearless she viewed; beside her stood
Her last, — her youngest, dearest one;
He looked upon her and he smiled;
Oh! will she save that only child?

"By all my love, my son," she said,
"The breast that nursed, the womb that bore,
The unsleeping care that watch'd thee, fed,
Till manhood's years required no more;
By all I've wept and pray'd for thee,
Now, now, be firm and pity me.

"Look, I beseech thee, on yon heaven,
With its high field of azure light,
Look on this earth, to mankind given,
Array'd in beauty and in might,
And think, nor scorn thy mother's prayer,
On him who said it, — and they were!

"So shalt thou not this tyrant fear,
Nor, recreant, shun the glorious strife:
Behold! thy battle-field is near;
Then go, my son, nor heed thy life;
Go, like thy faithful brothers die,
That I may meet you all on high."

Like arrow from the bended bow,
He sprang upon the bloody pile;
Like sunrise on the morning's snow,
Was that heroic mother's smile;
He died — nor fear'd the tyrant's nod —
For Judah's law and Judah's God.

COMPOSITION.

Give the mother's words to her youngest son. Try to make your expressions as forcible, yet as simple as hers.

Next describe the alacrity with which the noble youth went to court death. This is specially narrated in the last stanza.

viewed

array'd

recreant

—o—

THE TRUE USE OF HISTORY.

THAT the study of history, far from making us wiser and more useful citizens, as well as better men, may be of no advantage whatsoever; that it may serve to render us mere antiquaries and scholars, or that it may help to make us forward coxcombs and prating pedants, I have already allowed. But this is not the fault of history: and to convince us that it is not, we need only contrast the true use of history with the use that is made of it by such men as these. We ought always to keep in mind that history is philosophy, teaching by examples how to conduct ourselves in all the situations of private and public life; that therefore we must apply ourselves to it in a philosophical spirit and manner; that we must rise from particular to general knowledge, and that we must fit ourselves for the society and business of mankind by accustoming our minds to reflect and meditate on the characters we find described, and the course of events we find related there. Particular examples may be of use sometimes in particular cases; but the application of them is dangerous. It must be done with the utmost circumspection, or it will be seldom done with success. And yet one would think that this was the principle use of the study of history, by what has been written

on the subject. An applicable observation that Boileau makes, and a rule which he enunciates in speaking of translations, will properly find their place here, and serve to explain still better what I would establish. "To translate servilely into modern language an ancient author, phrase by phrase and word by word, is preposterous: nothing can be more unlike the original than such a copy. It is not to show, it is to disguise the author; and he who has known him only in this dress, would not know him in his own. A good writer, instead of taking this inglorious and unprofitable task upon him, will *jouster contre l'original*, rather imitate than translate, and rather emulate than imitate: he will transfuse the sense and spirit of the original into his own work, and will endeavor to write as the ancient author would have written, if he had written in the same language." Now, to improve by examples is to improve by imitation. We must catch the spirit, if we can, and conform ourselves to the reason of them; but we must not affect to translate servilely into our conduct, if your lordship will allow me the expression, the particular conduct of those good and great men, whose images history sets before us. Codrus and the Decii devoted themselves to death: one did so because an oracle had foretold that the army whose general was killed would be victorious; and the others in compliance with a superstition. These are examples of the greatest magnanimity, to be sure, and of magnanimity employed in the most worthy cause. But if a general should act the same part now, and, in order to secure his victory, get killed as fast as he possibly could, he might pass for a hero, but I am sure he would be considered a madman.

There are certain general principles and rules of life

and conduct which always must be true, because they are conformable to the invariable nature of things. He who studies history as he would study philosophy, will soon distinguish and collect them, and by doing so will soon form to himself a general system of ethics and politics on the surest foundations, on the trial of these principles and rules in all ages, and on the confirmation of them by universal experience. I said he will distinguish them; for once more I must say that, as to particular modes of actions and measures of conduct, which the customs of different countries, the manners of different ages, and the circumstances of different conjunctures, have appropriated, as it were, it is always ridiculous, or imprudent and dangerous, to employ them. But this is not all. By contemplating the vast variety both of particular characters and events; by examining the strange combinations of causes, different, remote, and seemingly opposite, that often concur in producing one effect; and the surprising fertility of one single and uniform cause in the producing of a multitude of effects as different, as remote, and seemingly as opposite; by tracing carefully, as carefully as if the subject he considers were of personal and immediate concern to him, all the minute and sometimes scarce perceivable circumstances, either in the characters of actors, or in the course of actions, that history enables him to trace, and according to which the success of affairs, even the greatest, is mostly determined; by these, and such methods as these, for I might descend into much greater detail, a man of parts may improve the study of history to its proper and principal use; he may sharpen the penetration, fix the attention of his mind, and strengthen his judgment; he may acquire the faculty

and the habit of discerning quicker, and looking farther; and of exerting that flexibility and steadiness which are necessary to be joined in the conduct of all affairs that depend on the concurrence or opposition of other men.

Mr. Locke, I think, recommends the study of geometry even to those who have no design of being geometricians; and he gives a reason for it that may be applied to the present case. Such persons may forget every problem that has been proposed, and every solution that they or others have given; but the habit of pursuing long trains of ideas will remain with them, and they will pierce through the mazes of sophism and discover a latent truth, where persons who have not this habit will never find it.

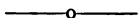
In this manner the study of history will prepare us for action and observation. History is the ancient author; experience is the modern language. We form our taste on the first; we translate the sense and reason, we transfuse the spirit and force; but we imitate only the particular graces of the original; we imitate them according to the idiom of our own tongue, that is, we substitute often equivalents in the lieu of them, and are far from affecting to copy them servilely. To conclude, as experience is conversant about the present, and the present enables us to guess at the future; so history is conversant about the past, and by knowing the things that have been, we become better able to judge of the things that are. •

Questions:—What good effect should history produce upon us as men and citizens? How does history teach us? What lesson do these examples furnish? May we deduce general laws from special or single incidents? How should translations be made, to prove effective? Why is the study of geometry recommended? What studr

will prepare us for action and observation? With what is experience conversant? What does the present enable us to guess at? Form sentences in which the following words will be used in the same sense as that in which they are employed in this lesson:

Prating, pedants, coxcombs, circumspection, observation, emulate, endeavor, conform, compliance, magnanimity.

antiquaries	Codrus	penetration
coxcombs	Decii	discerning
prating	compliance	flexibility
pedants	magnanimity	design
contrast	conformable	mazes
utmost	invariable	sophism
circumspection	ethics	latent
servilely	conjuncture	observation
emulate	appropriated	graces
transfuse	trace	substitute



SELF-RELIANCE.

OF all the elements of success none is more vital than self-reliance,—a determination to be one's own helper, and not to look to others for support. It is the secret of all individual growth and vigor, the master-key that unlocks all difficulties in every profession or calling. "Help yourself, and Heaven will help you," should be the motto of every man who would make himself useful in the world. He who begins with crutches will generally end with crutches. Help from within always strengthens, but help from without invariably enfeebles.

It is said that a lobster, when left high and dry among the rocks, has not instinct and energy enough to work his way back to the sea, but waits for the sea to come to him. If it does not come, he remains where he is,

and dies, although the slightest effort would enable him to reach the waves. The world is full of human lobsters, — men stranded on the rocks of business, who, instead of putting forth their own energy, are waiting for some grand billow of good fortune to set them afloat.

There are many young men, who, instead of carrying their own burdens, are always dreaming of some Hercules, in the shape of a rich uncle, or some other benevolent relative, coming to give them a “lift.” In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, pecuniary help to a beginner is not a blessing, but a calamity. Under the appearance of aiding, it weakens its victims, and keeps them in perpetual slavery and degradation.

Lord Thurlow refused a lucrative office to Lord Eldon, when poor, saying it was a favor to Eldon to withhold it. “What he meant,” says Eldon, “was, that he had learned that I was by nature very indolent, and that it was only want that could make me very industrious.”

Nothing, indeed, can be more unwise than the anxiety of parents to accumulate property for the support of their children after their own death. Read the history of the rich and the poor in all ages and countries, and you will find almost invariably that the “lucky ones,” as they are called, began life at the foot of the ladder; while the “unfortunates,” who flit like scarecrows along life’s path, attribute the very first decline in their fortunes to having been propped up by others. It is a proverb, that rich young men, who begin their fortunes where their fathers left off, too often leave off where their fathers began.

The world, though rough, is, after all, the best schoolmaster; for it makes a man his own teacher, and gives him that practical training which no schools nor colleges can ever impart. It cannot be too often repeated,

that not helps, but obstacles, and not facilities, but difficulties, make men. Beethoven said of Rossini, that he had the stuff in him to have made a great musician, if he had only been well flogged when a boy, but that he had been spoiled by the *ease* with which he composed.

While it is true that all men cannot become Raphaels or Shakespeares, it is equally true that each mind may contain some germ, the development of which may exert an important influence over the whole world. Was not Kepler the son of a publican? Was not he an obscure man, who, by the invention of printing, revolutionized the whole intellectual aspect of society?

There are some men, who, instead of making the best use of the means within their reach, are always speaking of what they might do "under happier circumstances." Under happier circumstances!—as if the very seal of greatness were not precisely the regal superiority to circumstances which makes them aids and ministers of success; as if it were not the masterful will that concentrates twenty years of untiring but unappreciated labor on a great invention. Indeed, the "circumstances" on which so many faint-hearted men dwell, should be regarded as the very tools with which one is to work, — the stepping-stones by which one is to mount.

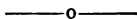
Let every young man have faith in himself, and take an earnest hold of life, scorning all props and buttresses, all crutches and life-preservers. Instead of wielding the rusted sword of valorous forefathers, let him forge his own weapons; and, mindful of the Providence over him, let him fight his own battles with his own good lance.

COMPOSITION.

Write out the different examples cited in this lesson, of persons who showed great self-reliance. In a separate paragraph, give the substance of what is said in eighth paragraph of lesson. Give two instances, say

the Presidents of the United States, who by self-reliance became distinguished men. Show that self-reliance is more likely to succeed in America than elsewhere.

vital	indolent	precisely
invariably	anxiety	concentrates
enfeebles	accumulate	unappreciated
Hercules	scarecrows	buttresses
lucrative	facilities	wielding



THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;—
 Under the one, the Blue;
 Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory,
 Those, in the gloom of defeat,—
 All, with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet;—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;—
 Under the laurel, the Blue;
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers,
 Alike for the friend and the foe;—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day; —
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day; —
Brodered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drop of the rain; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day; —
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day; —
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

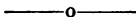
No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead; —

Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day; —
 Love and tears, for the Blue,
 Tears and love, for the Gray.

COMPOSITION.

Give a short account of "Decoration Day." Tell what is usually said, and quote from the various articles on death, in this Reader, to help you. Describe some special grave of some brave man whose actions distinguished him in the battle where he was killed. Name some Catholic soldiers or officers thus distinguished.

quiver	desolate	mellowed	sever
robings	impartially	upbraiding	laurel
gory	broidered	garlands	dew



DEATH OF THE VENERABLE DE LA SALLE.

THE Venerable De La Salle was nearing his final hour. Under his instructions, the holy viaticum was brought, the garden avenues through which the most Blessed Sacrament was to be carried having been decorated by his order.

Like a valiant soldier, the saintly Founder wished to die arms in hand. His faith gave him supernatural courage. What was the astonishment of the pastor, his fellow-priests, and many persons distinguished for their piety, when they beheld the dying man, not in his bed of suffering, but prostrate on the floor to receive his God! A short thanksgiving, made in the same posture, was more than the patient could bear; he was again placed in his bed, where he continued his secret conversation with the Spouse of his heart. He had already received the bread of angels; he was soon to hear their songs.

On Holy-Thursday night, after prayer, the most honored Superior, with the Brothers of the community and the members of the novitiate, assembled around the bed of the dying patriarch. "We are your children," sobbed the Superior; "we come to implore a father's blessing." "May God bless you all!" said the Venerable, in reply. Like Jacob of old, he beheld the Joseph of his heart at his feet. He had not lands to divide, nor wealth to distribute, but, like the divine Master he had so faithfully imitated, he gave his children the whole world as the field of their labors: they were to teach all nations that "sweet is the yoke and light the burden of those who truly serve God."

Towards midnight he entered into his death-agony. At two in the morning he rallied for a moment, and murmured: "Mary, Mother of grace, of sweetness and of clemency! Protect us against our enemies, and receive us at the hour of death!"

For many years these words had closed each day for the Venerable; they were among the last he uttered. A moment before his death he was asked if he willingly accepted all the sufferings he was then enduring. "Oh, yes," he replied, "in all things I adore the will of God in my regard."

With this profession of faith, the last embers of life were faintly glimmering. Making an effort as if to rise and meet one whom he wished to embrace, Jean-Baptiste de La Salle breathed his soul into the hands of the Creator. The world had lost one of its greatest benefactors, the Church one of her most faithful sons, and the Institute of the Christian Schools its Founder. Heaven had welcomed the valiant warrior, who had fought the good fight. The steward who had been at first faithful in few things, and was afterwards placed

over many, had entered into the joy of the Lord. It was Good-Friday morning.

COMPOSITION.

Write the second paragraph in your own words, changing all the verbs, adjectives and participles.

viaticum	rallied	glimmering
thanksgiving	profession	steward

—o—

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen! lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.
So let it be with Cæsar! — Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious, —
If it was so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it!
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest —
For Brutus is an honorable man!
So are they all! all honorable men —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me —
But Brutus says he was ambitious, —
And Brutus is an honorable man!
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff! —
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; —
And Brutus is an honorable man!
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; —
And sure he is an honorable man!
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once; not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou hast fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar;
And I must pause till it come back to me!
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world, — now lies he there,
And none so poor as do him reverence!
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong, —
Who, you all know, are honorable men!
I will not do them wrong, I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men! —
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar —
I found it in his closet — 'tis his will!
Let but the commons hear his testament —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read, —
And they will go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory;
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue! —

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle! I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii!
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through!
See what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd!
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it! —
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no; —
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel!
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This, this was the unkindest cut of all,
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart,
And, in his mantle muffling up his face —
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood! — great Cæsar fell!
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down;
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us!
Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops!
Kind souls! what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
Here is himself — marr'd, as you see, by traitors! —
Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny! —
They that have done this deed, are honorable!
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,

That loves his friend, — and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him;
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on!
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths!
 And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

COMPOSITION.

Write a short sketch of Mark Antony's speech, from the following points:

Cæsar has been murdered by Brutus and others. The hour for burial is at hand. Mark Antony comes to mourn over his friend's body. The people call for a speech. Mark Antony tells what a man Cæsar was -- how generous, brave, ambitious. The people become excited. Desire to attack the murderers. The people are asked to examine the rent mantle formerly worn by Cæsar. The wounds are shown. Compared to mouths. Cæsar's will is discovered, held up. Antony tells what he would do, were he in the place of his enemies, and guilty as they. Describe the murderer as hiding away, and Antony as carried by the grateful people. Say a few words about the true character of Cæsar, and show that he was not great in the Christian sense of the word. None can be truly great who are not truly good.

coffers	parchment	napkins	Nervii
Lupercal	closet	bequeathing	marr'd
mutiny	commons	legacy	utterance

—o—

ART AND RELIGION.

NO human act can be purely spiritual. The law of our being is that we rise from the visible to the

invisible, from the sensible to the supersensible. An invisible and purely spiritual religion would be to us an unreal and intangible religion. An invisible church is a contradiction in terms, and without a church there can be, amongst men, no authoritative religious teaching. Neither religious nor intellectual life, in our present state, can exist without language, and language addresses itself, both directly and primarily, to the senses. It is therefore impossible for man to express the spiritual without making use of the material. Hence art, which seeks to adumbrate the infinite under a finite form, in this simply conforms to the universal law of man's nature, in which all things, even in thought, subject him to matter.

Is not Christianity based upon this fact? Did not God take unto himself a visible and material nature in order to manifest to the world his invisible power, and beauty, and holiness? Is not the Christian religion a system of things invisible, visibly manifested? The end of religion is spiritual; but in order to attain this end it must possess a visible and material element. This fact of itself gives to art a religious mission of the highest order.

This mission is to proclaim to the world Jesus Christ, and him crucified and glorified—by poetry, by song, by painting, by architecture; in a word, by every artistic creation of which genius is capable.

Jesus Christ is the beau ideal of art—the most lovely and beautiful conception of the divine mind itself. He is the visible manifestation of God, the all-beautiful.

Purity, and gentleness, and grace, with power and majesty, all combine to make him the most beautiful of the sons of woman, the fairest and the loveliest figure in all history, to whom the whole world bows in

instinctive love and homage. There is a shadow on the countenance of Jesus which gives to it its artistic completeness. It is sorrow. There is something trivial in gayety and joy which deprives them of artistic effect. The cheek of beauty is not divine, except the tear of sorrow trickle down it. Hence to preach Jesus Christ, and him crucified, is not to preach perfect religion alone, but also the perfect ideal of art.

Christian science, which is theology, has as its object the dogmas of the Church. Christian art relates directly to religious worship, but it has incidentally a doctrinal significance. If we consider eloquence an art, which we may do, for true eloquence is always artistic, we must concede that it holds a most important place in the Church of Jesus Christ. He blessed eloquence and bade it convert the world, when he spoke to the apostles these memorable words: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations." The divine command was to preach the Gospel, not to write it. The living word spoken by the divinely commissioned teacher has alone borne fruit in the world, converted the nations, and changed the face of the earth. Eloquence must be spoken. If you take from it its voice, you take away its soul. It is the cry of an impassioned nature, in which love and faith and deep abiding conviction are enrooted. Add to this purity and holiness of life in him who speaks, and let him be in earnest, and he will be eloquent. Eloquence in the mouth of a consecrated teacher has a sacramental power. It is one of the divinely established ordinances for the propagation of religious truth, and for the conversion of the soul to God.

Poetry, too, is consecrated to the service of religion. The muse never soars her loftiest flight except when lifted up on the wings of religious inspiration. The most

poetic word in language is that brief, immense word — God. It is the sublimest, the profoundest, the holiest word that human tongue can utter. It forms the instinctive cry of the soul in the hour of every deep emotion. In the hour of victory, in the hour of death, in the ecstasy of joy, in the agony of woe, that sacred word bursts spontaneously from the human heart. It is the first word that our mother taught our infant lips to lisp, when, pointing to heaven, she told us that there was God, our Father, and bade us look above this base, contagious earth. When the mother for the first time feels her first-born's breath, in tenderness of gratitude she pronounces the name of God; when in utter helplessness of woe she bends over the grave of her only child, and her heart is breaking, she can find no relief for her agonizing soul, until, raising her tearful eyes to heaven, she breathes in prayer the name of God.

When two young hearts that are one vow eternal love and fealty, it is in the name of God they do it: and the union of love loses half its poetry and half its charm except it be contracted before the altar of God and in his holy name.

When her mother sends her son to do battle for his country, she says, "God be with thee, my boy!"

When nations are marshalled in deadly array of arms, and the alarming drum foretells the danger nigh, and the trumpet's clangor sounds the charge, and contending armies meet in a death-grapple, amid fire and smoke and the cannon's awful roar, until victory crowns them *that* win; those banners that were borne proudly on till they floated in triumph over the field of glory are gathered together in some vast temple of religion, and there an assembled nation sings aloud in thanksgiving: "We praise thee, O God! we glorify thee, O Lord!" How

often has not God chosen the muse of poetry in order to convey to the world his divine doctrines! The Bible contains much of the sublimest poetry ever written. Some of the Psalms of David, portions of Job and Isaias, equal in deep and lofty poetic feeling anything that Dante or Milton wrote. And did not these privileged minds also receive their highest inspirations from religion?

We may not separate poetry from music. Music is poetry in tones. It is the language of feeling, the universal language of man. The cry of joy and of sorrow, of triumph and of despair, of ecstasy and of agony, is understood by every human being, because it is the language of nature. All the deep emotions of the soul seek expression in modulation of sound.

Cousin says: "There is physically and morally a marvellous relation between a sound and the soul. It seems as though the soul were an echo in which the sound takes a new power."

Byron, too, seems to have felt this:

"Oh, that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony;
A bodiless enjoyment, born and dying
With the blest Tone that made me!"

At the awakening call of music, all the universal harmonies of nature stir in the soul. The ancients were wont to say that he who cultivates music imitates the divinity; and St. Augustine tells us that it was the sweet sound of psalmody which made the lives of the monks of old so beautiful and harmonious. God is eternal harmony, and the works of his hand are harmonious, and his great precept to men is that they live in harmony. Did not Jesus Christ come into the

world amid the choral song of angels? Would you, then, banish music from the church of Jesus? No art has such power as music to draw the soul toward the infinite. It would seem as though the sounds of melody were the viewless spirits of heaven, calling us away from earth to our true home in the mansion of our Father. Whosoever has enjoyed the rare privilege of being present in the Sistine Chapel during Holy Week, when the melodies of Leo, Durante, and Pergolesi, on the *Miserere*, are sung, has felt the immense power of religious music. For a moment, at least, he has quitted this earth, and the voice of song has borne his soul in ineffable ecstasy to the very throne of God. As music develops religious sentiments, so religion gives to music its sublimest themes. To her, Haydn, Beethoven and Mozart owe their divinest inspirations.

Painting, too, asks to be received into the temple of religion. What sentiment is there that the painter cannot express? All nature is subject to his command, — the physical world and the moral world. His muse soars from earth to heaven, and contemplates all that lies between them. Above all, the human countenance, that mirror of the soul, belongs to the painter. His brush, dipped in the light of heaven, gives to virtue its own celestial hue; to vice, its inborn hideousness. He expresses every emotion of the human heart, every noble love; every lofty aspiration, every dark and baneful passion. Aristotle, the most comprehensive mind of the pagan world, affirms that painting teaches the same precepts of moral conduct as philosophy, with this advantage, that it employs a shorter method. Christian painting began in the Catacombs. In the rude pictures of that subterranean world we find the chief doctrines of Christianity reduced to the most

simple expression possible, under forms that are most touching.

Painting there represents the Phoenix rising from its ashes, emblem of the immortality of the soul and of the resurrection of the body; the good shepherd, bearing upon his shoulders the lost sheep, which teaches with touching simplicity one of the most beautiful of our Lord's parables; the three youths in the fiery furnace, signifying the providence of God over those who fear and love him; Pharaoh and his hosts engulfed in the Red Sea, proclaiming to the faithful that God is the avenger of those who put their trust in him. These and similar subjects were peculiarly adapted to inspire courage in the hearts of the Christians of the first ages, when to be a follower of the Cross was to be a hero.

As men of genius and learning, by their life-long labors, show us the divine beauties and perfections in the character of Jesus in new bearings, so the art of painting throws around his history an intenser light. His divinity is as manifest in the "Transfiguration" of Raphael as in the famous sermon of Massillon. His ineffable sufferings on Mount Calvary, and his Godlike power, are as vividly and feelingly portrayed on the canvas of Rubens, as in the unequalled and inimitable discourse of Bourdaloue. No one can look upon the "Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci without being inspired with a most sublime conception of that holiest event. Can we think of the passion and death of the Saviour without forming to ourselves a mental image corresponding to the scene? If, after all, we must have a picture, why not take that of genius rather than trust to our own tame, plebeian fancy? And then, for those who cannot read or meditate profoundly, for the poor whom Jesus loved, what master is like painting?

St. Basil declares it to be his opinion that painters accomplish as much by their pictures as orators by their eloquence.

The church as a lecture-room will interest only the cultivated few, while the church as the temple of art sanctified by religion, is the home of worship for the multitude.

Religion, if it be anything, must be popular, which science can never be, and which art always is. Then, in the name of the religion of the poor, let architecture advance to raise to God the temple of majesty and beauty, the democratic palace of the people, where the prince and the beggar sit side by side as brothers, a basilica prouder and loftier than that of the sceptred monarch.

COMPOSITION.

Write the following sentences in three ways:

- (a) An invisible church is a contradiction in terms, and without a church there can be amongst men no authoritative religious teaching.
 (b) The mission of the church is to proclaim Jesus Christ, and him crucified and glorified, — by poetry, by song, by painting, and by architecture, — in a word, by every artistic creation of which genius is capable.

Write a list of Catholics, whether clergymen or laymen, who carried out this mission of announcing Jesus Christ, thus:

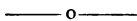
Three who painted magnificent pictures about our Lord's suffering. Two who composed sad and affecting music, Pope Gregory, author of Gregorian chant, being one. Four who by sculpture or architecture have left master-works that inspire respect for religion. Three who by their writings have taught love of Mary Immaculate.

intangible	ordinances	clangor	philosophy
primarily	propagation	privileged	Phoenix
adunbrate	ecstasy	modulation	vividly
combine	contagious	psalmody	portrayed
conviction	array	hideousness	popular

WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE.

William Cowper (1731 – 1800) is one of the first poets whose writings give striking evidence of the change in poetic taste which set aside the artificial style and sentiment of the school of Dryden and Pope, for themes drawn from nature and the sympathies of humanity. "The Task" and "Table Talk" are a series of social and moral reflections, interspersed with satire, descriptive of natural and domestic scenes. Of his shorter poems, the droll "John Gilpin's Ride," and the lines "On Receiving my Mother's Picture," are the best known. Cowper will always be popular, as he is essentially a domestic poet. There is a sort of a comfortable and prosaic morality in his poems, which is peculiar to all Protestant (especially Church of England) writers for the great middle class of readers. They seem to say, "Be good because it is the most convenient!" Their idea is crystallized in the natural axiom, "Honesty is the best *policy*." Catholic moralists are "made of sterner stuff."

KNOWLEDGE and wisdom, far from being one,
 Have oft-times no connection. Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of *other* men;
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their *own*.
 Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,
 The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
 Till smoothed and squared, and fitted to its place,
 Does but *encumber* whom it seems to *enrich*.
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.



THE IDOLS OF THE AGE.

LOOK around, my brethren, and answer for yourselves.
 Contemplate the objects of this people's praise,
 survey their standards, ponder their ideas and judgments,
 and then tell me whether it is not most evident, from
 their very notion of the desirable and the excellent,
 that greatness and goodness, sanctity and sublimity,
 and truth, are unknown to them; and that they do not

only not pursue, but do not even admire those high attributes of the Divine Nature. This is what I am insisting on, not what they actually do, or what they are, but what they revere, what they adore, what their gods are. Their god is mammon. I do not mean to say that all seek to be wealthy, but that all bow down before wealth. Wealth is that to which the multitude of men pay an instinctive homage. They measure happiness by wealth, and by wealth they measure respectability. Numbers, I say, there are, who never dream that they shall be rich themselves, but who still at the sight of wealth feel an involuntary reverence and awe, just as if a rich man must be a good man.

They like to be noticed by some extremely rich man; they like on some occasion to have spoken to him; they like to know those who know him, to be intimate with his dependants, to have entered his house, or, to know him by sight. Not, I repeat, that it ever comes into their minds that such wealth will one day be theirs; not that they see the wealth, for the man who has it may dress, and live, and look like other men; not that they expect to gain some benefit from it: no, theirs is a disinterested homage, it is a homage resulting from an honest, genuine, hearty admiration of wealth for its own sake, such as that pure love which holy men feel for the Maker of all; it is a homage resulting from a profound faith in wealth, from the intimate sentiment of their hearts, that, however a man may look,—poor, mean, starved, decrepit, vulgar, yet if he be rich, he differs from all others; if he be rich, he has a gift, a spell, an omnipotence,—that with wealth he may do all things. Wealth is one idol of the day, and notoriety is a second. I am not speaking, I repeat, of what men pursue, but what they look up to, what they revere. Men may not

have the opportunity of pursuing what still they admire. Never could notoriety exist as it does now in any former age of the world; now that the news of the hour from all parts of the world, private news as well as public, is brought day by day to every individual, I may say, of the community, to the poorest artisan and the most secluded peasant, by processes so uniform, so unvarying, so spontaneous, that they almost bear the semblance of natural law. And hence notoriety, or the making a noise in the world, has come to be considered a great good itself, and a ground of veneration. Time was when men could only make a display by means of expenditure, and the world used to gaze with wonder on those who had large establishments, many servants, many horses, richly-furnished houses, gardens, and parks: it does so still, but it has not often the opportunity, for such magnificence is the fortune of the few, and comparatively few are its witnesses. Notoriety, or, as it may be called, newspaper fame, is to the many what style and fashion, to use the language of the world, are to those who happen to be within their influence; it becomes to them a sort of idol, worshipped for its own sake, and without any reference to the shape in which it comes before them. It may be an evil fame, it may be the notoriety of a great statesman, or of a great preacher, or of a great speculator, or of a great experimentalist, or of a great criminal; of one who has labored in the improvement of our schools, or hospitals, or prisons, or workhouses, or of one who has robbed his neighbor of his wife. It matters not, so that a man is talked much of, and read much of, he is thought much of; nay, let him have even died justly under the hands of the law, still he will be made a sort of martyr of.

His clothes, his handwriting, the circumstances of his

guilt, the instruments of his deed of blood, will be shown about, gazed on, treasured up as so many relics; for the question with men is, not whether he is great, or good, or wise, or holy, — not whether he is base, and vile, and odious, but whether he is in the mouths of men, whether he has centred on himself the attention of many, whether he has done something out of the way, whether he has been, as it were, canonized in the publications of the hour. All men cannot be notorious; the multitude who thus honor notoriety, do not seek it themselves; nor am I speaking of what men do, but how they judge; yet instances do occur, from time to time, of wretched men, so smitten with the passion for notoriety, as even to dare in fact some detestable and wanton act, not from love of it, not from liking or dislike of the person against whom it is directed, but simply in order thereby to gratify this impure desire of being talked about and being looked at. "These are thy gods, O Israel!" Alas! alas! this great and noble people, born to aspire, born for reverence, behold them walking to and fro by the torch-light of the cavern, or pursuing the wild-fires of the marsh, not understanding themselves, their destinies, their defilements, their needs, because they have not the glorious luminaries of heaven to see, to consult, and to admire!

COMPOSITION.

Copy first ten lines of third paragraph.

Give the following sentences in your own words:

(a) It matters not so that a man is talked much of, and read much of, he is thought much of; nay, let him have even died justly under the hands of the law, still he will be made a sort of martyr of. (b) Notoriety, or a making a noise in the world, has come to be considered a great good in itself, and a ground of veneration. (c) The question, now-a-days, is not whether a man is great, or good, or wise, or holy, — not whether he is base and vile and odious, but whether he has done

something out of the way, whether he has been, as it were, canonized in the publications of the hour.

contemplate	involuntary	notoriety	centred
survey	dependants	community	smitten
ponder	disinterested	artisan	cavern
attributes	homage	secluded	marsh
mammon	intimate	spontaneous	defilements
instinctive	decrepit	speculator	luminaries

—o—

THREE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

ON the deck stood Columbus ; the ocean's expanse,
 Untried and unlimited, swept by his glance.
 "Back to Spain!" cry his men: "put the vessel about!
 We venture no farther through danger and doubt."
 "Three days, and I give you a world!" he replied;
 "Bear up, my brave comrades, three days shall decide."
 He sails, but no token of land is in sight;
 He sails, but the day shows no more than the night;
 On, onward, he sails, while in vain o'er the lee
 The lead is sent down through a fathomless sea.

The pilot in silence leans mournfully o'er
 The rudder that creaks mid the billowy roar;
 He hears the hoarse moan of the spray-driving blast,
 And its funeral wail through the shrouds of the mast.
 The stars of far Europe have sunk from the skies,
 And the great Southern Cross meets his terrified eyes;
 But at length the slow dawn, softly streaking the night,
 Illumes the blue vault with a faint crimson light.
 "Columbus! 'tis day, and the darkness is o'er."
 "Day! and what dost thou see?" "Sky and ocean — no more!"

The second day ends, and Columbus is sleeping,
 While Mutiny near him its vigil is keeping.

"Shall he perish?" "Ay, death!" is the barbarous cry;
"He must triumph to-morrow, or, perjured, must die!"
Ungrateful and blind! shall the world-linking sea
He traced for the future his sepulchre be?
Or shall it to-morrow, with pitiless waves,
Fling his corse on that shore which his patient eye craves?
The corse of an humble adventurer, then;
One day later — Columbus, the first among men!

But hush! he is dreaming; and sleep to his thought
Reveals what his waking eyes vainly have sought;
Through the distant horizon — oh rapturous sight! —
Fresh bursts the New World from the darkness of night;
O vision of glory! ineffable scene!
What richness of verdure! the sky how serene!
How blue the far mountains! how glad the green isles!
And the earth and the ocean, how dimpled with smiles!
"Joy! joy!" cried Columbus, "this region is mine!"
Thine? not e'en its name, wondrous dreamer, is thine.

Again the dream changes. Columbus looks forth,
And a bright constellation illumines the North.
'Tis the herald of empire! A people appear,
Impatient of wrong, and unconscious of fear:
They level the forest, they ransack the seas;
Each zone finds their canvas unfurled to the breeze.
"Hold!" Tyranny cries; but their resolute breath
Sends back the reply, "Independence or death!"
The ploughshare they turn to a weapon of might,
And, defying all odds, hurry forth to the fight.

They have conquered! The people, with grateful acclaim,
Look to Washington's guidance from Washington's fame;
Behold Cincinnatus and Cato combined
In his patriot heart and republican mind!
O type of true manhood! what sceptre or crown
But fades in the light of thy simple renown!

And, lo! by the side of the hero, a sage,
 In freedom's behalf, sets his mark on the age;
 Whom Science admiringly hails, while he wrings
 The lightning from heaven, the sceptre from kings! .

But see! o'er Columbus slow consciousness breaks —
 "Land! land!" cry the sailors; "land! land!" — he awakes —
 He runs — yes! behold it! — it blesses his sight —
 The land! O dear spectacle! transport! delight!
 O generous sobs, which he cannot restrain!
 "What will Ferdinand say? and the Future? and Spain?
 I will lay this fair land at the foot of the throne —
 The king will repay all the ills I have known;
 In exchange for a world what are honors and gains,
 Or a crown?" But how is he rewarded? With chains!

Questions:— Explain "the ocean's expanse, *untried and unlimited*;"
 "no token of land is in sight;" "The lead is sent down through a
 fathomless sea;" "spray-driving blast;" "Southern Cross;" "perjured,
 must die;" "Fling his corse on that shore *which his patient eye craves*?"
 "Thine? not e'en its name, wondrous dreamer, is thine!" "A people
 appear, impatient of wrong and unconscious of fear;" "defying all
 odds."

COMPOSITION.

Write the eighth stanza in your own words, and give names of other
 discoverers or inventors who were ill-treated.

expanse	barbarous	ineffable	Cincinnatus
lead	perjured	serene	Cato
wail	corse	constellation	republican
shrouds	adventurer	herald	spectacle
mutiny	rapturous	canvas	transport

— o —

PHILANTHROPY AND CHARITY.

Orestes Augustus Brownson (1803-1876), a distinguished convert to
 Catholicism, and one of the ablest defenders ever enlisted in the
 cause of the faith. His contributions to literature have been chiefly

in the form of articles in the *Boston Quarterly*, *Democratic*, and *Brownson's Reviews*, the latter being the vehicle of his Catholic sentiment. Whether religious, controversial, political or otherwise, they are all marked by a great fearlessness and independence of adverse criticism, by definite, philosophical and practical views expressed in a style that is natural, direct and plain, and devoid of any attempt at elegance or brilliancy.

THE natural *sentiment* of philanthropy is, at best, only human love. This answers very well, when the work to be done is simply to concoct grand schemes, make brilliant and eloquent speeches, or when there are no disagreeable duties to be performed, no violent natural repugnances to be overcome; but it fails in the hour of severe trial. Your philanthropist starts off with generous impulses, with an ardent enthusiasm; and so long as there are no great discouragements, no disgusting offices in his way, and he has even a small number of admiring friends to stimulate his zeal, applaud his eloquence, flatter his vanity, and soften the rebuffs which a hard world gives him, he may keep on his course, and continue his task.

But let him find himself entirely alone, let him have no little public of his own, which is all the world to him, let him be thwarted on every point, let him be obliged to work in secret, unseen by all but the All-seeing Eye, encounter from mankind nothing but contradiction, contempt and ingratitude, and he will soon begin to say to himself, Why suffer and endure so much for the unworthy? He who loves man for man's sake, loves only a creature, a being of imperfect worth, of no more worth than himself, — perhaps not so much; and why shall he love him more than himself, and sacrifice himself for him? The highest stretch of human love is, to love our neighbors *as we love*

ourselves; and we do injustice to ourselves, when we love them more than we do ourselves.

Nay, philanthropy itself is a sort of selfishness. It is a sentiment, not a principle. Its real motive is not another's good, but its own satisfaction according to its nature. It seeks the good of others, because the good of others is the means of its own satisfaction, and is as really selfish in its principles as any other of our sentiments; for there is a broad distinction between the *sentiment* of philanthropy, and the *duty* of doing good to others,—between seeking the good of others from sentiment, and seeking it in obedience to a law which binds the conscience.

The measure of the capacity of philanthropy, as a sentiment, is the amount of satisfaction it can bring to the possessor. So long as, upon the whole, he finds it more delightful to play the philanthropist than the miser, for instance, he will do it, but no longer. Hence, philanthropy must always decrease just in proportion to the increase of the repugnances it must encounter, and fail us just at the moment when it is most needed, and always in proportion as it is needed. It follows the law so observable in all human society, and helps most when and where its help is least needed. Here is the condemnation of every scheme, however plausible it may look, that in any degree depends on philanthropy for its success.

The principle the Associationists want for their success is not philanthropy—the love of man for man's sake—but divine charity, not to be had and preserved out of the Catholic Church. Charity is, in relation to its subject, a supernaturally infused virtue; in relation to its object, the supreme and exclusive love of God for his own sake, and man for the sake of God. He

who has it is proof against all trials : for his love does not depend on man, who so often proves himself totally unamiable and unworthy, but on God, who is always and everywhere infinitely amiable and deserving of all love. He visits the sick, the prisoner, the poor, for it is God whom he visits ; with tenderness he clasps the leprous to his bosom, and kisses their sores, for it is God whom he embraces and whose wounds he kisses. The most painful and disgusting offices are sweet and easy, because he performs them for God, who is love, and whose love inflames his heart. Whenever there is a service to be rendered to one of God's little ones, he runs with eagerness to do it ; for it is a service to be rendered to God himself.

"Charity never faileth." It is proof against all natural repugnances ; it overcomes earth and hell ; and brings God down to tabernacle with men. Dear to it is this poor beggar, for it sees in him only our Lord, who had "not where to lay his head ;" dear are the sorrowing and the afflicted, for it sees in them him who was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity ;" dear are these poor outcasts, for in them it beholds him who was "scorned and rejected of men ;" dear are the wronged, the oppressed, the down-trodden, for in them it beholds the Innocent One nailed to the cross, and dying to atone for human wickedness.

And it joys to succor them all ; for in so doing, it makes reparation to God for the poverty, sufferings, wrongs, contempt, and ignominious death which he endured for our sakes ; for it is his poverty it relieves in relieving the poor, his hunger it feeds in feeding the hungry, his nakedness it clothes in throwing the robe over the naked, his afflictions it consoles in consoling the sorrowing, his wounds into which it pours oil and

wine, and which it binds up. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

It does all things for God, whom it loves more than men, more than life, and more than heaven itself, if to love him and heaven were not one and the same thing. This is the principle you need; with this principle, you have God with you and for you, and to fail is impossible. But with this principle, Association is, at best, a matter of indifference; for this is sufficient of itself at all times, under any and every form of political, social, or industrial organization. He who has God can have nothing more.

COMPOSITION.

Write the sixth paragraph, and give two synonymes for beggar, sorrowing, rejected, infirmity. Write three short sentences showing a different use for these same words.

philanthropy	encounter	repugnances
schemes	ingratitude	plausible
repugnances	selfishness	leprous
impulses	sentiment	tabernacle
thwarted	capacity	reparation

—o—

FATHER MATTHEW.

SEIZE the pencil, child of art,
 Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee!
 Great thy hand, and great thy heart,
 If well thou do'st the work before thee!
 'Tis not thine to round the shield,
 Or point the sabre, black or gory;
 'Tis not thine to spread the field,
 Where crime is crown'd, where guilt is glory.

Child of art! to thee be given
 To paint, in colors all unclouded,
 Breakings of a radiant heaven
 O'er an isle in darkness shrouded!
 But, to paint them true and well,
 Every ray we see them shedding
 In its very light must tell
 What a gloom *before* was spreading.

Canst thou picture dried-up tears,
 Eyes that wept no longer weeping;
 Faithful woman's wrongs and fears,
 Lonely nightly vigils keeping,
 Listening ev'ry footfall nigh,
 Hoping him she loves returning?
 Canst thou, then, depict her joy,
 That we may know *the change* from mourning?

Paint in colors strong, but mild,
 Our Isle's Redeemer and Director.
 Canst thou paint *the man a child*,
 Yet shadow forth the mighty victor?
 Let his path a rainbow span,
 Every *hue* and *color* blending,
 Beaming "peace and love" to man,
 And alike o'er ALL extending!

Canst thou paint a land made free,
 From its sleep of bondage woken;
 Yet, withal, that we may see
 What 'twas *before* the chain was broken?
 Seize thy pencil, child of art,
 Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee:
 Great thy hand, and great thy heart,
 If well thou do'st the work before thee.

QUESTIONS AND COMPOSITION.

How will the artist prove himself gifted with a great hand and great

heart? What is the work before the artist? How is Ireland, as an island, in darkness shrouded? What rights has the true freeman? What mistake is often made about liberty and libertinism? How is the artist to represent "weeping eyes"? What marked contrasts must be shown in this picture? Name four persons who took a share in liberating Ireland from unjust, penal laws. How does the writer wish our divine Lord painted? In what double character? What special chain did Father Matthew seek to break?

Copy the second stanza. Then form sentences in which "art" will become a verb, "true" and "well" adverbs and adjectives, respectively. Give the expression—

"In its very light must tell

What a gloom *before* was spreading" —

in three or four different forms.

Commit ten lines from Very Rev. D. O'Reilley's "Men as We Need Them," on intemperance. If convenient, write the sense of the same in three ways on the blackboard.

art	sabre	shrouded	depict	woken
shield	radiant	vigils	span	withal

ANALYSIS.

AGREEABLE EXPRESSION.

"Pay close attention to the emotions or feelings the selection suggests."

"Give due attention to the vocal tones called for by the selection."

"Lay special stress on those points that are to attract the attention of an audience."

Examine the selection carefully. What is its character? What the task given the painter?

The reader is then to *speak to the artist*. A conversational tone is therefore needed. Before reading with rhetorical effect, give yourself a thorough appreciation of the piece. Answer the questions fully, and *after* this exercise endeavor to realize the author's idea.

"SEIZE the pencil, child of ART,

FAME and FORTUNE brighten o'er thee !

GREAT thy HAND, and great thy HEART,

If WELL thou do'st the work before thee !

'Tis not thine TO ROUND THE SHIELD

Or POINT THE SABRE, BLACK OR GORY :

"Tis not thine TO SPREAD THE FIELD,

Where CRIME is CROWNED, — where GUILT is GLORY."

Strive to bring out the antithesis between "crime,"—"crowned," and "guilt,"—"glory."

In the second stanza, the last four lines call for special attention.

"True," "well," "every ray," "very light," "gloom,"

call for a tone-coloring that will bring out the full meaning of those well chosen adjectives.

The other stanzas should be treated in same way, the antithetic thoughts being made to give forth all their saliency.

— o —

SOUND AND SENSE.

THAT, in the formation of language, men have been much influenced by a regard to the nature of the things and actions meant to be represented, is a fact of which every known speech gives proof. In our own language, for instance, who does not perceive in the sound of the words *thunder*, *boundless*, *terrible*, a something appropriate to the sublime ideas intended to be conveyed? In the word *crash* we hear the very action implied. *Imp*, *elf*,—how descriptive of the miniature beings to which we apply them! *Fairy*,—how light and tripping, just like the fairy herself!—the word, no more than the thing, seems fit to bend the grass-blade, or shake the tear from the blue-eyed flower.

Pea is another of those words expressive of light, diminutive objects; any man born without sight and touch, if such ever are, could tell what kind of thing a pea was from the sound of the word. Of picturesque words, *sylvan* and *crystal* are among our greatest favorites. *Sylvan*:—what visions of beautiful old sunlit forests, with huntsmen and bugle-horns, arise at the sound! *Crystal*!—does it not glitter like the very thing it stands for? Yet crystal is not so beautiful as its own

adjective. *Crystalline*!—why, the whole mind is lightened up with its shine. And this superiority is as it should be; for crystal can only be one comparatively small object, while crystalline may refer to a mass—to a world of crystals.

It will be found that natural objects have a larger proportion of expressive names among them than any other things. The *eagle*,—what appropriate daring and sublimity! the *dove*,—what softness! the *linnet*,—what fluttering gentleness! “That which men call a rose” would *not* by any other name, or at least by many other names, smell as sweet. *Lily*,—what tall, cool, pale, lady-like beauty have we here! *Violet*, *jessamine*, *hyacinth*, *anemone*, *geranium*!—beauties, all of them, to the ear as well as the eye.

The names of the precious stones have also a beauty and magnificence above most common things. *Diamond*, *sapphire*, *amethyst*, *beryl*, *ruby*, *agate*, *pearl*, *jasper*, *topaz*, *garnet*, *emerald*,—what a casknet of sparkling sounds! *Diadem* and *coronet* glitter with gold and precious stones, like the objects they represent. It is almost unnecessary to bring forward instances of the fine things which are represented in English by fine words. Let us take any sublime passage of our poetry, and we shall hardly find a word which is inappropriate in sound. For example:

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,—
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

The “gorgeous palaces,” “the solemn temples,”—how admirably do these lofty sounds harmonize with the objects!

The relation between the sound and sense of certain

words is to be ascribed to more than one cause. Many are evidently imitative representations of the things, movements, and acts, which are meant to be expressed. Others, in which we only find a general relation, as between a beautiful thing, and a beautiful word, a ridiculous thing and a ridiculous word, or a sublime idea and a sublime word, must be attributed to those faculties, native to every mind, which enable us to perceive and enjoy the beautiful, the ridiculous, and the sublime.

Doctor Wallis, who wrote upon English grammar in the reign of Charles II., represented it as a peculiar excellence of our language, that, beyond all others, it expressed the nature of the objects which it names, by employing sounds sharper, softer, weaker, stronger, more obscure, or more stridulous, according as the idea which is to be suggested requires. He gives various examples. Thus, words formed upon *st* always denote firmness and strength, and are analogous to the Latin *sto*, as, stand, stay, staff, stop, stout, steady, stake, stamp, etc.

Words beginning with *str* intimate violent force and energy, as, strive, strength, stress, stripe, etc. *Thr* implies forcible motion, as, throw, throb, thrust, threaten, thralldom, thrill; *gl*, smoothness or silent motion, as glib, glide; *wr*, obliquity or distortion, as, wry, wrest, wrestle, wring, wrong, wrangle, wrath, etc.; *sw*, silent agitation, or lateral motion, as, sway, swing, swerve, sweep, swim; *sl*, a gentle fall or less observable motion, as, slide, slip, sly, slit, slow, slack, sling; *sp*, dissipation or expansion, as, spread, sprout, sprinkle, spill, split, spring.

Terminations in *ash* indicate something acting nimbly and sharply, as, crash, dash, rash, flash, lash, slash; terminations in *ush*, something acting more obtusely and duly, as, crush, brush, hush, gush, blush. The learned

author produces a great many more examples of a like kind, which seem to leave no doubt that the analogies of sound have had some influence on the formation of words. At the same time, in all speculations of this kind, there is so much room for fancy to operate, that they ought to be adopted with much caution in forming any general theory.

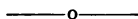
COMPOSITION.

Copy the sixth paragraph. Give four words beginning with *st*, showing strength, and give sentences in which these words will be employed.

Give the subjoined sentences in three different ways:

“In all operations of this kind, there is so much room for fancy to operate, that they ought to be adopted, with much caution, in forming any general theory.”

appropriate	askanet	gorgeous	dissipation
diminutive	instances	meant	analogies



ANCIENT AND MODERN WRITERS.

THE classics possess a peculiar charm, from the circumstance that they have been the models, I might almost say the masters, of composition and thought in all ages. In the contemplation of these august teachers of mankind, we are filled with conflicting emotions.

They are the early voice of the world, better remembered and more cherished still than all the intermediate words that have been uttered; as the lessons of childhood still haunt us when the expressions of later years have been effaced from the mind. But they show with most unwelcome frequency the tokens of the world's childhood, before passion had yielded to the sway of reason and the affections. They want the

highest charm of purity, of righteousness, of elevated sentiments, of love to God and man.

It is not in the frigid philosophy of the Porch and the Academy that we are to seek these; not in the marvellous teachings of Socrates, as they come mended by the mellifluous words of Plato; not in the resounding line of Homer, on whose inspiring tale of blood Alexander pillowed his head; not in the animated strain of Pindar, where virtue is pictured in the successful strife of an athlete at the Isthmian games; not in the torrent of Demosthenes, dark with self-love and the spirit of vengeance; not in the fitful philosophy and intemperate eloquence of Tully, not in the genial libertinism of Horace, or the stately atheism of Lucretius. No: these must not be our masters; in none of these are we to seek the way of life.

For eighteen hundred years the spirit of these writers has been engaged in weaponless contest with the Sermon on the mount, and those two sublime commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets. The strife is still pending. Heathenism, which has possessed itself of such siren forms, is not yet exorcised. It still tempts the young, controls the affairs of active life, and haunts the meditations of age.

Our own productions, though they may yield to those of the ancients in the arrangement of ideas, in method, in beauty of form, and in freshness of illustration, are immeasurably superior in the truth, delicacy, and elevation of their sentiments: above all, in the benign recognition of that great Christian revelation, the brotherhood of man. How vain are eloquence and poetry, compared with this heaven-descended truth! Put in one scale that simple utterance, and in the other the lore of antiquity, with its accumulating glosses and

commentaries, and the last will be light and trivial in the balance. Greek poetry has been likened to the song of the nightingale, sitting in the rich, symmetrical crown of the palm-tree, trilling her thick-warbled notes ; but even this is less sweet and tender than the music of the human heart.

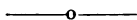
COMPOSITION.

Change adjectives and common nouns in third paragraph, leaving balance as written.

Write the following sentence in three ways:

Heathenism still tempts the young, controls the affairs of active life, and haunts the meditations of age.

peculiar	Alexander	siren
intermediate	athlete	exorcised
haunt	Isthmian	yield
sway	Demosthenes	benign
Academy	libertinism	accumulating
Socrates	Horace	glosses
mellifluous	stately	commentaries
Plato	atheism	symmetrical
Homer	Lucretius	warbled



HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
 And she that doth most sweetly sing,
 Sings in the shade when all things rest.
 The saint that wears Heaven's brightest crown,
 In deepest adoration bends;
 The weight of glory bows him down,
 Then most when most his soul ascends;
 Nearest the Throne itself must be
 The footstool of Humility.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF CATHOLICITY.

“My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back — yearns with desire intense —
And struggles hard to wring
Tho bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.”

BRYANT.

MAN possesses powers which extend far beyond the visible world, into the realms of the unseen, for he is essentially a spiritual being. One of the deepest yearnings of his soul is to communicate with those of the spirit world.

“That the dead are seen no more,” says Dr. Johnson, “I will not undertake to maintain, against the concurrent testimony of all ages and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those who never heard of one another, would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers, can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears.”*

“Let us then not imagine,” says the celebrated Dr. Channing, “that the usefulness of the good is finished at death. Then rather does it begin. Let us not judge of their state by associations drawn from the stillness and silence of the grave. They have gone to the abodes of life, of warmth and action. They have gone to fill a larger place in the system of God. Death has expanded their powers. The clogs and fetters of the perishable body have fallen off, that they may act more freely and with more delight in the grand system of creation.

* Rasselas.

It would be grateful to believe that their influence reaches to the present state, and we certainly are not forbidden to indulge the hope.”*

It is not only consoling to believe thus, but so deeply rooted is the conviction, that there are moments when it asserts its vitality, in spite of our creeds or ourselves.

In Dr. Johnson’s journal of March 28, 1753, we find : “I kept this day as the anniversary of my Tetty’s death, with prayers and tears in the morning. In the evening, I prayed for her conditionally, if it were lawful.”† And in a prayer which he wrote, he supplicates that he may “enjoy the good effects of the attention and ministration of his departed wife.”‡

Here is a true expression of a secret and spontaneous instinct of the human heart; for who believes, when kneeling by the grave of the loved and lost, that the sacred ties of friendship and affection, eternal as the laws of his being, are wholly severed? Does he not rather, at that hour, become aware, for the first time, how close were the bonds that bound him to the departed, and exclaim, in grateful relief: The living and the dead indeed make one communion!

Dr. Channing, in writing to a friend on the death of his child, says : “Our child is lost to our sight, but not to our faith and hope, perhaps not to our beneficent influences. Is there no means of gratifying our desire of promoting his happiness? The living and dead make one communion.”§

The religions of all nations, with each individual consciousness, witness to the belief of mankind in a communion between the soul and spirits, between the living and the departed. The ancient religions of Egypt, China, Greece, Rome, the Britons, Australians and

* *Memoirs*, p. 276.

† *Boswell’s Life*.

‡ *ibid*.

§ *Memoirs*, p. 228.

American Indians, give the same testimony. Also the belief in magis, soothsaying, necromancy, and other superstitious practices which place us, as is supposed, in secret relations with the inhabitants of another world.

The demon of Socrates, the spectre of Brutus, the guardian of Cæsar, give the same confirmation. The histories of Mahomet, Cromwell, Napoleon, Jacob Böhme, Swedenborg, Rousseau, Fourier, and the works of all the celebrated poets, both ancient and modern, are stamped with strong evidence of the working of this instinct in the soul; and they owe much of their genius and popularity to its strange workings and fascinations.

One of the highest purposes of Religion, if it means anything, is to reveal to man the invisible world, and bring him into closer communion with its inhabitants, by teaching him to live more completely under its spiritual influences, because he is destined to move in its sphere, and there, amidst its glorious spirits, enjoy perfect bliss. Religion must do this, for, if she fails, men seek the gratification of this instinct elsewhere.

COMPOSITION.

Write the last paragraph in two different ways, and give a list of substitute words for: purposes, invisible, communion, inhabitants, teaching, completely, glorious, bliss.

essentially	vitality	conjurations
yearnings	spontaneous	fascinating
concurrent	soothsaying	communion

—o—

DEATH.

Lacordaire, Jean Baptiste, the most famous French pulpit orator of this century, was born in 1802; died in 1861. He studied law with most brilliant prospects, but suddenly abandoned it to enter the

priesthood. In 1835 he began his famous "Conferences" in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, in which he discussed the religious, social, political and philosophical questions that were then agitating the minds of France. These sermons were distinguished for their literary excellence, their religious fervor and enthusiasm, their insight into all the intellectual and moral temptations which beset the youth of the present age. They gave their author a wonderful influence over young and cultivated minds. Besides these "Conferences," his admirable "Letters to Young Men" have been translated into English.

YOUNG men, I turn towards you. It is an old habit which you must forgive in me. I have so often called you to the road of great things, that it is difficult for me to keep your remembrance and your name from my words. You have a long career before you; but if you prefer life to justice, if the thought of death troubles you, that career which you paint so brightly, will sooner or later be darkened by weaknesses unworthy of you. Citizens, magistrates, soldiers, a time will come for you when contempt of death is the sole source of good in word or action, when private virtues no longer shelter man, but when it is needful to possess the fearlessness of a soul which looks above this world, and which has placed there its life with its faith. If that faith be wanting to you, in vain will truth and justice look down upon you from heaven, their eternal abode; and in vain will Providence bring under your feet events capable of immortalizing your life. Glory will pass before you, offer you its hand, and you will be powerless to call it even by its name. But what is glory? Times are greatly changed since it had altars. The future of truth, of the universal expansion of justice in the world, is henceforth the question amongst us.

Christianity has opened ways to us which antiquity knew not; all is enlarged,—right, duty, responsibility, man, and the world. Consequently higher virtues are

required, greater sacrifices, and more virile souls. When the three hundred Spartans awaited the innumerable horde of effeminate barbarians at Thermopylæ, they knew well that they must die, and one of them, desiring to leave an epitaph upon the tomb of his fellow soldiers, with the point of his spear cut upon the rock the famous inscription: "Traveller, tell Sparta that we died here to obey her holy laws." This, from whatever point of earth or heaven it may be seen, is an heroic spectacle, and the Christian ages have not refused to it their admiration.

But they had nearer to them another Thermopylæ, a Thermopylæ bathed with purer and more plenteous blood. Like Greece, Christianity has had its barbarians to conquer, and the narrow passes of the catacombs were the Thermopylæ where its faithful ones saved it by their death. Surely they also might have graven upon the rock an inscription worthy of their martyrdom; and it would not have been, "tell Sparta," but, "tell the human race that we died to obey the holy laws of God!"

But he for whom they died had taught them that modesty of which ancient heroism knew nothing. They died then without pomp, unknown to Greece and to themselves, and at length, when glory sought them underground, it found only their blood.

Here, gentlemen, you will perhaps stop me: you ask me where is the happiness whose name charmed your ear at the beginning of this discourse, as the object of your life and the final end of man? We have come to blood, to martyrdom, to sacrifice, under the most austere form. Is not this a strange road? Strange, if you will, but I do not swerve from it. In the glorious path where the course of ideas has led us, I feel, like you, the thorns which threaten or wound my flesh; they are sharp, they form a road of which you may say all, save

that it is not the road of heroes and saints, the road of all those who have honored their nature, immortalized their life, saved their brethren, and respected God.

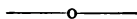
COMPOSITION.

Write the following sentence in four ways:

“If you prefer life to justice, if the thought of death troubles you, that career which you paint so brightly, will sooner or later be darkened by weaknesses unworthy of you.”

Write sentences containing the following words: death, brightly, universal, expansion, virtues, required.

difficult	barbarians	Catacombs
Christianity	Thermopylæ	heroism
responsibility	epitaph	martyrdom
consequently	inscriptions	sacrifice
horde	Sparta	immortalized



THE PURIFICATION.

BLESSED are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs,
 Their soul is Christ's abode.

Might mortal thought presume
 To guess an angel's lay?
 Such are the notes that echo through
 The courts of heaven to-day.

Such the triumphal hymns
 On Sion's Prince that wait,
 In high procession passing on
 Towards his temple gate.

Give ear, ye kings; bow down,
 Ye rulers of the earth!

This, this is he, your priest by grace,
Your God and King by birth.

No pomp of earthly guards
Attends with sword and spear,
And all defying, dauntless looks,
Their monarch's way to clear;

Yet are there more with him
Than all that are with you;
The armies of the highest heaven,
All righteous, good and true.

Spotless their robes and pure,
Dipped in the sea of light,
That hides the unapproached shrine
From men's and angels' sight.

His throne, thy bosom blest,
O mother undefiled!
That throne, if aught beneath the skies
Beseems the Sinless Child.

Lost in high thoughts — "whose son
The wondrous Babe might prove,"
Her guileless husband walks beside,
Bearing the hallowed dove.

Meet emblem of his vow,
Who, on this happy day,
His dove-like soul — best sacrifice —
Did on God's altar lay.

But who is he, by years
Bowed, but erect in heart,
Whose prayers are struggling with his tears?
"Lord, let me now depart.

"Now hath thy servant seen
Thy saving health, O Lord,
'Tis time that I depart in peace,
According to thy word."

Yet swells the pomp, one more
Comes forth to bless her God:
Full fourscore years, meek widow she
Her heavenward way hath trod.

She who to earthly joy
So long had given farewell,
Now sees, unlooked for, heaven on earth,
Christ in his Israel.

Wide open from that hour
The temple gates are set,
And still the saints, rejoicing there,
The Holy Child have met.

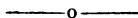
Now count his train to-day,
And who may meet him, learn.
Him childlike sires, meek maidens find
Where pride can naught discern.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his cradle and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Questions:—In what sermon of Christ are the first words in first stanza found? What question is asked in second? Give the fourth in your own words. How was Christ attended (fifth)? What invisible attendant present (sixth)? How do they appear to spiritual eyes (seventh)? What was the most fitting earthly throne for Christ (eighth)? What question is Mary's guileless husband (Joseph) asking himself? What vow had been made? Who made it? Who is spoken of as "by years bowed"? In what part of the Testament do you find "Lord, let me now. . . . word"? Who else appears? Who are in the

Holy Child's train? To whom does this Child impart himself? Where does he find a cradle and a throne? Connect the first and last stanzas, and see their co-relation.

Sion's	guileless	score
dauntless	erect	set
righteous	struggling	discern



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Frederick William Faber (1815-1863), one of the converts of the famous "Oxford movement," which brought into the Catholic Church Newman, Manning, Bowden, and so many other gifted English minds. Shortly after his conversion in 1845 he was ordained priest, and joined the Oratorians of St. Philip Neri. Of a singularly contemplative and poetical mind, he turned his abilities to the devotional and meditative aspects of religion, and poured forth the inexhaustible treasures of his soul in those marvellous works, "All for Jesus" "Growth in Holiness," "Bethlehem," "The Blessed Sacrament," "The Creature and the Creator," "The Conferencess," and "The Foot of the Cross," works which have become fountains of refreshment for devout souls in every land. Wordsworth said of him that "Nature lost a great poet when Faber became a priest." Nature lost, but Religion gained; and the muse that had so sweetly sung the praise of Nature in the "Cheswell Water-lily," "Sir Lancelot" and the "Styrian Lake," chanted the mysteries of divine love in those beautiful *Catholic Hymns* which shall cause the name of Faber to be remembered as long as the English language shall be spoken.

THE night was dark and tranquil over the town of Nazareth, when Joseph went forth. No commandment of God ever found such alacrity in highest saint or readiest angel as this one had found in Mary. She heard Joseph's words, and she smiled on him in silence as he spoke. There was no perturbation, no hurry, although there was all a mother's fear. She took up her treasure, as he slept, and went forth with Joseph into the cold starlight, for poverty has few preparations to make. She was leaving home again. Terror and

hardship, the wilderness and heathendom, were before her; and she confronted all with the calm anguish of an already broken heart. Here and there the night wind stirred in the leafless fig trees, making the bare branches nod against the bright sky, and now and then a watch-dog bayed, not because it heard them, but from the mere nocturnal restlessness of animals. But as Jesus had come like God, so he went like God, unnoticed and unmissed. No one is ever less missed on earth than he on whom it depends.

The path they took was not the one which human prudence would have pointed out to them. They returned upon the Jerusalem road they had so lately trodden. But, avoiding the Holy City, they passed near Bethlehem, as if his neighborhood should give a blessing to those unconscious babes that were still nestling warmly in their mothers' arms. Thus they fell into the road which leads into the wilderness, and, Joseph going before, like the shadow of the Eternal Father, they crossed the frontier of the promised land, far on until they were lost to the eye, like specks on the desert sand. Two creatures had carried the Creator into the wilderness, and were taking care of him there amid the stony sands of the unwatered gullies. Sunrise and sunset, the glittering noon and the purple of midnight, the round moon and the colored haze, came to them in the desert for many a day. Still they travelled on. They had cold to bear by night, and a sun from which there was no escape by day. They had scanty food, and frequent thirst.

They knew whom they were carrying, and looked not for miracles to lighten the load they bore. Old tradition said that one night they rested in a robber's cave. They were received there with rough but kind hospitality by

the wife of the captain of the band. Perhaps it was her sorrow that made her kind; for it is often so with women. Her sorrow was a great one. She had a fair child, the life of her soul, the one gentle, spotless thing amid all the lawlessness and savage life around. Alas! it was too fair to look at; for it was white with leprosy. But she loved it the more, and pressed it more fondly to her bosom, as mothers are wont to do. It was more than ever her life and light now, because of its misfortunes. Mary and Jesus, the robber's wife and the leprous child, together in the cave at nightfall—how fitting a place for the Redeemer! How sweet a type of the Church he has founded! Mary asked for water that she might wash our Blessed Lord, and the robber's wife brought it to her, and the Babe was washed. Kindness, when it opens the heart, opens the eyes of the mind likewise. The robber's wife perceived something remarkable about her guests. Whether it was that there was a light round the head of Jesus, or that the mere vicinity of so much holiness strangely affected her, we know not: but, in much love and with some sort of faith, the mother's heart divined—earth knows that maternal divination well. She took away the water Mary had used in washing Jesus, and washed her little leprous Dimas in it, and straightway his flesh became as rosy and beautiful as a mother could desire. Long years passed. The child outgrew its mother's arms. It did feats of boyish daring on the sands of the wilderness. At last Dimas was old enough to join the band; and though it seems that to the last he had somewhat of the mother's heart about him, he led a life of violence and crime, and at length Jerusalem saw him brought within her gates a captive. When he hung upon the cross, burning with fever, parched with agony, he was

bad enough to speak words of scorn to the harmless sufferer by his side. The sufferer was silent, and Dimas looked at him. He saw something heavenly, something unlike a criminal, about him, such perhaps as his mother had seen some three-and-thirty years before.

It was the child in the water of whose bath his leprosy had been healed. Poor Dimas! thou hast a worse leprosy now, that will need blood instead of water! Faith was swift in its works. Perhaps his heart was like his mother's, and faith a half natural growth in it. He takes in the scene of the crucifixion, the taunts, the outrages, the blasphemies, the silence, the prayer for their pardon, the wishful look cast upon himself by the dying Jesus. It is enough. Then and there he must profess his faith; for the mother's prayers are rising from beneath, and he is being enveloped in a very cloud of mercy. Lord! remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom! See how quickly he had outrun even some of the Apostles. He was fastened to the cross to die, and he knew it was no earthly kingdom in which he could be remembered. This day shalt thou be with me in paradise! Paradise for thy cave's hospitality, poor young robbér! And Jesus died, and the spear opened his heart, and the red stream sprang over the limbs of the dying robber, like a fresh fountain, and though his mother from the cave was not there, his new mother was beneath the cross, and she sent him after her first-born into paradise, the first of that countless family of sons who through that dear blood should enter into glory.

COMPOSITION.

Describe the cave into which Jesus, Mary and Joseph enter. The rough walls, the instruments of war and of strife scattered about. A little child is in a corner. Give the supposed questions addressed

by the robber's wife to the Holy Family. The answers given by Mary and Joseph. Mary's request for water. The washing. The robber's wife uses the same water. Her joy at the sudden change in her little boy's skin. He is healed. Go on thus, and conclude by showing that our dear Lord, who has promised reward even for a *cup* of cold water given in his name, doubly rewards Dimas, whose mother had kindly furnished a *basin* of water to wash the Infant God.

alacrity	prudence	gullies	hospitality
perturbation	trodden	purple	lawlessness
heathendom	unconscious	haze	type
nocturnal	frontier	tradition	vicinity

METHOD—ACCURACY—PUNCTUALITY.

THE habit of *method* is essential to all who have much work to do, if they would perform it easily and with economy of time. Fuller says to those who would remember what they read: "Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles than when it lies untowardly flapping and hanging about his shoulders."

Cecil, who was a prodigious worker, has a similar saying. "Method," he says, "is like packing things in a box: a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one." The biographer of Noah Webster tells us that "method was the presiding principle of his life;" and it is evident that without it he never could have got through the herculean task of compiling his great dictionary.

Commissioners of bankruptcy tell us that the books of nine bankrupts out of ten, are found to be in a muddle — kept without plan or method. Let every young man, therefore, see that his work is systematized, — arranged according to a carefully studied method, which takes up

everything at the right time and applies to it adequate resources.

The importance of system in the discharge of daily duties was strikingly illustrated in the experience of Dr. Kane, when he was locked up among the icebergs of the Arctic Circle, with the prospect of months of dreary imprisonment. With his men enfeebled by disease and privations, and when all but eight of his company had gone to search for a way of escape, he sustained the drooping spirits of the handful who clung to him, and kept up their energies, by systematic performance of duties and by moral discipline.

"It is," he observes, "the experience of every man who has either combated difficulties himself or attempted to guide others through them, that the controlling law must be systematic action. I resolved that everything should go on as it had done. The arrangement of hours, the distribution and details of duty, the religious exercises, the ceremonials of the table, the fires, the lights, the watch, the labors of the observatory, and the notation of the tides and the sky, — nothing should be intermitted that had contributed to make up the day."

The necessity of *accuracy* to success in any calling is so obvious as hardly to need remark. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. It is better to do a few things carefully, precisely as they should be done, than to do ten times as many in a loose, slovenly way. It matters little what virtues a man has, if he is habitually inexact. Be he a lawyer, an architect, an accountant, or an artisan, his work is done so poorly that it has to be done over again, causing infinite trouble and perplexity.

The author of "Self Help" observes that it was one of the characteristic qualities of Charles James Fox that

he was thoroughly painstaking in all that he did. "When appointed Secretary of State, being piqued at some observation as to his bad writing, he actually went to a writing-master, and wrote copies like a school-boy, until he had sufficiently improved himself. The same accuracy in trifling matters was displayed by him in things of greater importance; and he acquired his reputation, like the painter, by neglecting nothing."

Punctuality is another virtue which must be cultivated by all who would succeed in any calling, whether lofty or humble. Nothing sooner inspires people with confidence in a business man than this quality, nor is there any habit which sooner saps his reputation than that of being always behind time. Thousands have failed in life from this cause alone. Unpunctuality is not only a serious vice in itself, — it is also the cause of other vices; so that he who becomes its victim becomes involved in toils from which it is almost impossible to escape. He who needlessly breaks his appointment shows that he is as reckless of the waste of the time of others as he is of his own. His acquaintances readily conclude that the man who is not conscientious about his appointments will be equally careless about his other duties, and they will refuse to trust him with matters of importance.

It is a familiar truth, that punctuality is the soul of the universe. The planets keep exact time in their revolutions, each, as it circles round the sun, coming to its place yearly at the very moment when it is due. So, in business, punctuality is the soul of industry, without which all its wheels must come to a dead stand. "When a regiment is under march," wrote Sir Walter Scott to a young man who had asked his advice, "the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not

move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand be not instantly, steadily, and regularly despatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion."

Punctuality should be made not only a point of courtesy, but also a point of conscience. The beginner in business should make this virtue one of his first objects. Let him not delude himself with the idea that he can practise it by and by, when the necessity of it will be more cogent. It is not easy to be punctual, even in youth; but in after life, when the character is fixed, when the mental and moral faculties have acquired a cast-iron rigidity, to unlearn the habit of tardiness is almost an impossibility.

The successful men in every calling have had a keen sense of the value of time. They have been misers of minutes. Nelson attributed all his success in life to having been a quarter of an hour before his time. Napoleon studied his watch as closely as he studied the map of the battle field. His victories were not won by consummate strategy merely, but by impressing his subordinates with the necessity of punctuality to the minute. Manœuvring over large spaces of country, so that the enemy was puzzled to decide where the blow would fall, he would suddenly concentrate his forces and fall with resistless might on some weak point in the extended lines of the foe. The successful execution of this plan demanded that every division of his army should be at the place named at the very hour.

Washington was so rigidly punctual, that when Hamilton, his secretary, pleaded a slow watch as an excuse for being five minutes late, he replied, "Then

sir, either you must get a new watch or I must get a new secretary."

Such habits as we have commended are not formed in a day, nor by a few faint resolutions. Not by accident, not by fits and starts are they acquired; not by being one moment in a violent fit of attention, and the next falling into the sleep of indifference; but by steady, persistent effort. Above all, it is necessary that they should be acquired in youth; for then do they cost the least effort. Like letters cut in the bark of a tree, they grow and widen with age. Once acquired, they are a fortune in themselves; for their possessor has disposed thereby of the heavy end of the load of life, — all that remains he can carry easily and pleasantly. On the other hand, bad habits, once formed, will hang for ever on the wheels of enterprise, and in the end will assert their supremacy, to the ruin and shame of their victim.

COMPOSITION.

Make out a list of all the nouns in the first paragraph, and give two substitutes for each (synonymes). Write three sentences containing the words bankrupt, book and muddle, — using each as a noun, verb or adjective, where possible. Name three places where icebergs are met, and give a very short account of any accident occurring through meeting with icebergs.

trussed	discipline	tardiness
untowardly	✓ ceremonials	consummate
prodigious	intermitted	strategy
herculean	piqued	merely
systematized	conscientious	subordinates
adequate	despatched	manœuvring
prospect	courtesy	commended
energies	rigidity	persistent
handful	unlearn	enterprise

THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

TO all minds, however little accustomed to reflection, there must be something striking in the almost miraculous manner in which the Catholic Church provides for the wants of the poor, whom she always claims as "her property," and not the burden of the State. The Church in this proves the divinity of her character, the truth of her claims as the teacher sent by him who had not whereon to place his head, and who gave as the distinctive mark of his Church, that its doctrine should be preached to the poor. It is this Church, which, in the person of her Sisters of Charity and her Little Sisters of the Poor, establishes her houses for the destitute, — not on some island where the finger of curiosity may point to "our paupers," but oftenest in the heart of our large cities, near the busy thoroughfares, thereby teaching a perpetual lesson that the poor are part of ourselves, a part that must be cherished, and not looked upon as some repulsive fungus-growth which we must bear, because we have not the nerve to cut it off. In our own day, the spirit of disrespect for the poor is notorious. Even public institutions of charity have names which repel the tender feelings of educated Christians. Thus, instead of "St. Joseph's Home for the Aged," "The Providence Hospital," the "Hotel Dieu," ("God's Hotel"), names which themselves give a lesson, and touch a responsive chord in our hearts, we have "BLACKWELL'S Islands," or some equally repulsive name, attached to the public institutions open for the relief of distress.

Had any one seen two young women in charge of a poor blind octogenarian of their own sex, a smile of incredulity might have played upon his countenance

had any one said: "Behold the beginning of a work which, within thirty years, will extend through France, and even cross the seas and establish itself in the chief cities of the New World. Yet such is the case. — In 1840, the Little Sisters of the Poor took their origin in this humble manner, and to-day their Sisters have a reputation as extensive as the countries which are blessed by their presence.

Whoever heard of purchasing a house worth thousands, without a cent, either in present or prospective possession? Such things are unknown in financial circles. The Little Sisters of the Poor deal with a different "Board of Trade." They have but one bank, that of Providence; but one teller, the angel who records their noble deeds; and, like St. Lawrence of old, their only riches "in hand" are the poor, whose numbers, constantly increasing, never allow the miracles by which they are provided for, to diminish. Their first property was purchased in Saint Servan for 22,000 francs; not a sou was in the exchequer at the moment of purchase; none was left therein till the date of payment, and, when the hour for settlement arrived, the establishment was paid for. — Such was the first speculation entered into by the Little Sisters of the Poor.

The second foundation was made in Rennes. In Bethlehem, the animals breathed their warm breath over the body of the new-born babe; in Rennes, the very drunkards and frequenters of public places fell in love with the Little Sisters of the Poor. Well, they didn't marry the Little Sisters, of course, but they espoused their cause; and where lords and ladies at first refused to look, these outcasts of society might be seen helping the Little Sisters to establish a home. We next find the Little Sisters in Dinan. Here they

began with the easiest of tasks, that of finding a poor, aged person. This being secured, the city authorities considered that they had done their part by giving the Sisters the use of an old tower, which the sanitary authorities had condemned, as unfit for public criminals. The Sisters were satisfied. If anything saddened them, it was to find charity located by public authority, in so cold a home.

We follow the pilgrimage of love to Nantes, where, with twenty francs in hand, the Sisters set to work. In three months they had forty-five aged, sleeping peacefully under the roof which Providence had placed above them. To-day everything is complete in this commercial centre. Chapel, laundry, bath-rooms, stables,—even the traditional little ass is found doing its part of the work. And, when the Sisters desire to appear somewhat more fashionable, or to get through their tour of charity more rapidly, a nag, not known in the “Annals of the Turf,” serves as a more expeditious servant.

At Besançon, the Sisters were accepted as a gift from heaven. Each evening, it is true, the provisions were exhausted. But, he who watches over the sparrows, lest they fall to the ground, has never failed to provide for the poor, who are of so much greater value.

Bordeaux welcomed the new apostles of charity in 1849. After dreary weeks, a house which had been uninhabited for thirty years was discovered, bearing the rather uninviting title, *Castle of the Devil*. Not particularly frightened at the sobriquet attached to this new home, the Sisters undertook to attack the enemy in his own stronghold, and the Spirit of pride fled before the angel of charity.

A few days after this the Sisters presented themselves in the market, where they were received with an

enthusiasm difficult to describe. They were completely surrounded; old women stood on chairs, young maidens scrambled on top of the hucksters' wagons, while some of the men busied themselves in making way for the Little Sisters to pass. On the opposite side of the street were merchants and storekeepers, who desired to know the cause of such unusual commotion. When informed that the market people were giving food, they asked if the poor did not also need clothing. That day the only discontented servant in the asylum was the poor donkey, that had several heavy loads to haul.

Nor is it safe at all times to ask for information as to the meaning of such demonstrations. Says V. Fournel, in an amusing sketch of such sights in Paris: "My curiosity was excited, and I ventured to ask one of the market-women what this might mean. 'Come here, mesdames,' cried my informant, 'come here and see a booby who does not know the Little Sisters.'"

The history of other foundations is like those already given, not omitting the magnificent establishments found in most of our American cities. But we must not conclude without adding what will be of interest to all young and a great many old readers. We mean "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." The method is peculiar to the Little Sisters. So far as we can learn, the plan was first adopted in the city of Lyons.

"What is the matter with you, Mother?" said an out-going sister.

"These are our flour bills, which I don't know how to meet. I have just been thinking;—you are going to Lyons,—take these bills and *sell them*."

"How much am I to ask for them?"

"That is quite simple; the price is marked on each."

The sister started. It was her day to collect the remains of the meals at a certain count's house. She asks to see the master, — it was the first time she had ever spoken to him.

"What does this mean?" said he, "your sisters were here yesterday, and I gave them my monthly offering."

"I have some bonds for sale; they are for flour; I wish to sell them if M. Count desires any. Rev. Mother says the flour is already consumed."

He took the papers, examined them, and concluded by going to his bureau and drawing a check for the amount of the largest, — one thousand francs.

"That is the first time in my life," said he, "that I have seen bills thus sold."

The sister placed bills almost as large before night. The flour merchant was the most surprised, when he heard how his bills had disappeared.

We repeat, such transactions are not known "On Change," but the Little Sisters have a special set of customs adapted to the peculiar nature of the business in which they are engaged.

COMPOSITION.

Write a short sketch of a begging tour in the market by the Little Sisters. Imagine the conversation held by the two old men who mind the horse or donkey. Show that this charity never makes any one poorer. Ask your father or mother to take you to some "Sisters' Home for the Aged," if there is such an institution in your midst. Write a sketch of what you will have seen.

responsive	prospective	pilgrimage	commotion
distress	financial	laundry	ventured
incredulity	teller	expeditions	concluded
reputation	medical	sobriquet	francs
extensive	located	enthusiasm	transactions

NO RELIGION WITHOUT MYSTERIES.

Francois Auguste, Viscomte De Chateaubriand, born in France in 1769, died in 1848. He is one of the most illustrious writers of the nineteenth century. The "Genius of Christianity" and the "Martyrs" are works unsurpassed for eloquence, enthusiasm and Christian philosophy. These, together with the works of that other illustrious Catholic, Montalembert, should be read by every Catholic who would be familiar with the grandest exponents of the Christian idea in literature.

THERE is nothing beautiful, sweet, or grand in life, but in its mysteries. The sentiments which agitate us most strongly, are enveloped in obscurity: modesty, virtuous love, sincere friendship, have all their secrets, with which the world must not be made acquainted. Hearts which love understand each other by a word; half of each is at all times open to the other. Innocence itself is but a holy ignorance, and the most ineffable of mysteries. Infancy is only happy because it as yet knows nothing; age miserable because it has nothing more to learn. Happily for it, when the mysteries of life are ending, those of immortality commence.

If it is thus with the sentiments, it is assuredly not less so with the virtues: the most angelic are those which, emanating directly from the Deity, such as charity, love to withdraw themselves from all regards, as if fearful to betray their celestial origin.

If we turn to the understanding, we shall find that the pleasures of thought, also, have a certain connection with the mysterious. To what sciences do we unceasingly return? To those which always leave something still to be discovered, and fix our regards on a perspective which is never to terminate. If we wander in the desert, a sort of instinct leads us to shun the plains where the eye embraces at once the whole circumference

of nature, to plunge into forests — those forests — the cradle of religion, whose shades and solitudes are filled with the recollection of prodigies, where the ravens and the doves nourished the prophets and fathers of the Church. If we visit a modern monument, whose origin or destination is known, it excites no attention; but, if we meet on a desert isle, in the midst of the ocean, with a mutilated statue pointing to the West, with its pedestal covered with hieroglyphics, and worn by the winds, what a subject of meditation is presented to the traveller! Everything is concealed, everything is hidden, in the universe. Man himself is the greatest mystery of the whole. Whence comes the spark which we call existence, and in what obscurity is it to be extinguished? The Eternal has placed our birth, and our death, under the form of two veiled phantoms, at the two extremities of our career; the one produces the inconceivable gift of life, which the other is ever ready to devour.

It is not surprising, then, considering the passion of the human mind for the mysterious, that the religions of every country should have had their impenetrable secrets. God forbid that I should ever compare the mysteries of the true faith, or the unfathomable depths of the Sovereign in the heavens above, to the changing obscurities of those gods which are the work of human hands. All that I observe is, that there is no religion without mysteries, and that it is they, with the *sacrifice*, which everywhere constitute the *essence* of the worship.

COMPOSITION.

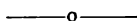
Give the last paragraph in your own words.

Write the following sentences in two ways:

(a) Infancy is only happy because it as yet knows nothing; age is miserable, because it has nothing more to learn. (b) Happily for

old age, when the mysteries of life are ending, those of immortality commence. (c) A modern monument excites no attention; but a mutilated statue, with its pedestal covered with hieroglyphics, is a subject of meditation to the traveller. (d) The most angelic virtues are those which love to withdraw themselves from public gaze, as if fearful to betray their celestial origin.

agitate	understanding	phantoms
enveloped	prodigies	impenetrable
ineffable	mutilated	unfathomable
emanating	hieroglyphics	essence



THE TESTAMENT OF JESUS CHRIST.

THE moment has arrived when Jesus Christ is to leave the world, to depart from his disciples. He is about to utter his last words: to frame his greatest of testaments. Mark it well. It is brief enough: "*Go, teach all nations!*" Go; do not wait for mankind, but march at its head; teach, not like philosophers who discuss and demonstrate, but with authority, which takes its own ground and asserts itself; speak, not to one nation, not to one country, not to one century, but to the four winds of heaven and to the future, even to the most distant extremities of space and time; and, as rapidly as the energy or the good fortune of man discovers new lands, go you, as rapid as his energy and his fortune; outstrip him even in both qualities, so that the doctrine you herald may be everywhere the first and the last.

What a testament! It is couched in few words, but they are not the words of man. Search where you will, you will elsewhere never meet such words: "*Go, teach all nations.*" There is but one who uttered them; there is but one who could utter them; one who knew the

mighty power of his words. As you can well imagine, dying men desiring to leave something after them, weigh well their last directions, and give none that may eventually prove false or vain.

An expression as absolute as this, "*Go, teach all nations,*" supposes boundless certainty: the glance of a prophet who, about to lay him down, sees mankind forever attentive and obedient to his grave. Now, these words were spoken by Jesus Christ — the first, and the last — he alone pronounced them. Nevertheless, I grant that they are but words; we must see whether fulfilment attended them.

Not long after these words were spoken, a singular phenomenon occurred in the world. The universe — that something which flies and still remains, which suffers and which laughs, which makes peace and war, which overthrows and crowns kings, which is tossed about unconscious whence it comes or whither it goes; that chaos, in fine, hears with amazement a sound of which it had no previous conception, and which it does not understand. As, when in the stillness of night, we hear some unknown creature moving near us, so the universe for the first time hears a word instinct with life and motion, which is at Jerusalem, at Antioch, at Corinth, at Ephesus, at Athens, at Alexandria, at Rome, in Gaul, from the Danube to the Euphrates, and beyond them — a word which has travelled further than Crassus and his legions, further than Cæsar; which speaks to the Scythians as well as to the Greeks; which knows neither strangers nor enemies — a word which is neither bought nor sold, which has neither fear nor pride — a simple word, which says: "I am the Truth, and there is no other."

St. Paul has already appeared before the Areopagus,

and astonished those ancient seekers of novelty by his new doctrines; they coined a word to paint their surprise — a happy expression, which characterizes the phenomenon of which the world begins to suspect the power: "*What seeks he from us,*" say they, "*this sower of words?*" These philosophers had seen men discourse, divide, analyze, demonstrate, win fortune and fame by rhetoric and philosophy; they had not yet seen truth sown in the human race, like fertile grain, which germs in due time, and requires only its proper nature to flourish and bear fruit.

The thing was accomplished. The Roman Empire could no longer hide from itself the apparition of a new reality, which did not come from itself, which became established there without its aid, and was already spreading beyond its limits.

The Roman Empire became Christian by the apostolate; the barbarians also became Christians in their turn by the same means. And when a new world revealed itself to Vasco de Gama and to Christopher Columbus, legions of missionaries hastened upon their steps; India, China, Japan, islands and kingdoms without number, were evangelized. From the Canadian lakes to the banks of Paraguay, America was visited by the word of Christ; it dwelt in the forests, upon the rivers, in the clefts of the rocks; it charmed the Carib and the Iroquois; it loved and was beloved with an ardor, all its own, by a thousand lost races in those vast continents. And even now, notwithstanding the evils which have decimated it in Europe, and which appeared to have dried up the milk in its breast, it pursues the distant work of propagation.

Oceanica, a world dotted over the ocean, received upon the ridges of its islets the doctrine which has

converted the great lands; the ancient missions flourish anew, new ones commence, and blood still flows for truth as in the time of Galerius and of Diocletian. You have this spectacle before your eyes; the charity of Catholic doctrine is not an antiquity of the museum; it lives among you, it comes from you; your brethren, by country and family, at the moment in which I speak, cover with their voices and their virtues all the points of the globe. Every day men are imprisoned, murdered, mangled, and die of heat, of hunger, of thirst, forgotten by the whole world, but unshaken and happy, because they have been chosen to accomplish the testament of Jesus Christ: "*Go, teach all nations!*"

Questions: Give all the meanings of the word "*testament.*" In which sense is it used here? What was the Areopagus? How do the words "*Go teach all nations*" prove the divinity of Christ? What famous infidel has shown from them the divinity of our Lord?

Give the second and third paragraphs in your own words. Retain the sentences, but wherever possible substitute synonyms for the words of the text.

philosophers	phenomenon	Euphrates
demonstrate	unconscious	Crassus
extremities	chaos	legions
energy	amazement	Areopagus
testament	conception	characterizes

— o —

THE END OF MAN.

I COME to thee, once more, my God!
 No longer will I roam;
 For I have sought the wide world through,
 And never found a home

Though bright and many are the spots
Where I have built a nest,
Yet in the brightest still I pined
For more abiding rest.

Riches could bring me joy and power,
And they were fair to see;
Yet gold was but a sorry god
To serve instead of thee.

Then honor and the world's good word
Appeared a nobler faith;
Yet could I rest on bliss that hung
And trembled on a breath?

The pleasure of the passing hour
My spirit next could wile;
But soon, full soon my heart fell sick
Of pleasure's weary smile.

More selfish grown, I worshipped health,
The blush of manhood's power;
But then it came and went so quick
It was but for an hour.

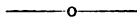
And thus a not unkindly world
Hath done its best for me;
Yet I have found, O God, no rest,
No harbor short of thee.

For thou hast made this wondrous soul
All for thyself alone;
Ah! send thy sweet transforming grace
To make it more thine own.

Questions :— What does the sinner admit in first stanza? What has he been seeking (second)? What is said of riches (third)? On what do honor and the world's praise hang and tremble (fourth)? Of what did the heart feel sick (fifth)? What was next worshipped (sixth)?

What came of it? What kind of a world has it been (seventh)? Why have all these means (honor, wealth, fame) failed (eighth)?

Memorize the last stanza, and give in your own words after reciting.



EXTRACTS FROM MME. DE SWETCHINE.

WE are early struck by bold conceptions and brilliant thoughts: later, we learn to appreciate natural grace and the charm of simplicity. In early youth, we are hardly sensible of any but very lively emotions. All that is not dazzling appears dull; all that is not affecting, cold. Conspicuous beauties overshadow those which must be sought; and the mind, in its haste to enjoy, demands facile pleasures. Ripe age inspires us with other thoughts. We retrace our steps; taste critically what, before, we devoured; study and make discoveries; and the ray of light, decomposed under our hands, yields a thousand shades for one color.

Parodies on things I love either disgust me, or trouble my conscience. Nothing that has touched the heart ought ever to be profaned.

Courtesy in the world is by no means a false and culpable pretence. It softens rather than dissimulates; and, on the whole, since it deceives nobody, it cannot be accused of falsehood. Incompatibility of character; the profound and radical differences which are born of principles drawn from hostile sources; the pursuit of conflicting ends, — all these elements of discord, brought into play by the lively irritability of self-love, wounded pride, or opposing interests, make it hard to understand why the assembling together of men is not oftener the occasion of strife, invective, and bitter provocation. Yet the effect, in our *salons*, is very far from corresponding to the universal cause. Without greatly

vaunting its motives, urbanity comes to our aid. By the blandness of its form it supplies the place of the justice and moderation which ought to reign within. The most decided opinions are shorn of all outward acerbity; and while they do not entirely cease to manifest themselves, yet, by suppressing all show of hostility, and moderating their forms of expression, they are enabled to inflict no mutual wounds, but to pass by one another, like two clouds charged with electricity,—near enough for recognition but not for contact. This species of *sordina*, imposed upon the sentiments, might easily have the effect of hardening in error a mind trained in an inferior civilization; and which, accustomed to a different diapason, might mistake for indifference, laxity, or scepticism, the forms which are made supple to avoid needless friction. For those who can read in this dim light, a word, an interval of silence, an allusion ever so remote, the slightest change of intonation suffice; and the result is, that, if no one expresses his thought exactly as he feels it, no one stops at the precise form of expression; but the clear and actual sense is discovered, and remains in the intellect only,—as the nude may be distinguished beneath the drapery. If we study politeness in its models, we shall find that it never leads—I will not say to falsehood, but to the slightest concession ever; and that to a practised eye, the genuine thought disengages itself in perfect integrity from the forms by which it is surrounded. Doubtless, a just toleration, a disposition to respect the ideas and convictions of every free and intelligent being, would be preferable to arrangements which are but skin deep; but a spirit of deference at once steadfast, sincere and enlightened, belongs to a perfection so rare that the majority of men

must remain strangers thereto. A less lofty principle of action is needed; and such a principle is expressed in that system of delicate calculations and permissions which has received the name of *savoir vivre*, — perhaps because it is the condition of all mixed social life.

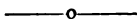
Faith, amid the disorders of a sinful life, is like the lamp burning in an ancient tomb.

The joys of religion are understood only by those who partake of them. Of all kinds of happiness, this is the one whose expression should be most moderate and humble in the presence of those who do not share it. "When you enter the house of a blind man," says an Andalusian proverb, "shut your eyes."

God has entrusted man with the raw material. He creates the world, and gives it to man to finish. Man originates nothing, but continues and develops all things. Speech is furnished him; and he invents writing. The ocean fresh from God's hands puts continents asunder; man makes it only the broadest of highways. The earth is delivered to him rough, and often sterile. He smooths and renders it productive. He grafts the wild stock. And in the plan of salvation, the sufferings of believers finish and perfect the passion of our Lord.

Language itself declares the inferiority of the collective to the singular. To begin with a supreme example, compare what we feel when we say *the gods*, and *God*; *men* and *man*. And so in inferior matters: an assurance of *regard* is a promise of affection; to present one's *regards* is only an amenity. One may speak of his *friends*, without having or giving the idea that he has a *friend*. *Respect* is a serious thing for the one who feels it, and the height of honor for him who inspires the feeling; *my respects* are but a formula. An *interest* in life is all we can desire. Our *interests* are next

to nothing. It is a pleasant thing to give occasion for a *compliment*; my *compliments* run at large. Everybody has *enemies*. To have an *enemy* is quite another thing. One must be somebody in order to have an enemy. One must be a force, before he can be resisted by another force.

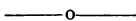


PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY IN THE UNITED STATES,
AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE
LIVES OF THE PRELATES OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH.

THE progress of Catholicity in the United States should be a most interesting study to the American Catholic. In no other land have the possibilities of the Church, or her wonderful adaptability to all the varying conditions of human society, been so broadly illustrated. In the brief space of one hundred years are condensed all the characteristic features of the previous seventeen centuries of the Church's growth. The primitive fervor of the Evangelists; the heroism of the martyrs; the burning enthusiasm of the mediæval missionary; the learning of the Fathers and the Schoolmen; the simple fellowship of the Apostolic Church and the magnificent compactness of the modern organizations — all have been reproduced under parallel conditions of development in this new land. The same enemies which the faith has met in other ages have here sprung up again, and have been met and conquered by champions as valiant as ever Christian legionary or Catholic knight. It is in the lives of a few of these brave champions, the bishops of the American Hierarchy, that we now propose to glance at the growth of Catholicity in this country. And aside from its use as a historical sketch, the study will

have another and a higher value; for, as examples to be held up for the imitation of Catholic youth, the lives of these zealous apostles are unsurpassed. They are all the more striking because recent or contemporary. They present so admirable a union of sanctity and practicality; of earnest faith and charity and Christian enthusiasm, flourishing in the midst of the chilling and sceptical influences that surround the youth of these latter days, that they come home to us with greater force than similar lives in other times and in other lands. Nor is there wanting to many of these lives that halo of romantic veneration with which Catholic devotion loves to surround its more distant and hallowed names. Intensely practical and irreverent though the American spirit may be; and inclined, in this age of new and vast church enterprise, to admire in its ecclesiastical leaders the qualities of the business man rather than of the saint; it nevertheless fails not in the end to appreciate the latter at their transcendent value. The personal history, the private virtues of the zealous prelate are treasured up by loving disciples; and scarcely has death removed him from the scene of his labors to that of his rewards, than his most familiar deeds seem to glow with increasing lustre. Memory mysteriously lengthened, casts a venerable shade over the newly made tomb; and the ivy of years springs up around a shaft that is yet unstained by age.

compactness contemporary irreverent



MOST REV. JOHN CARROLL, D. D.

JOHN Carroll, first Archbishop of Baltimore, and founder of the American Hierarchy, was born in

Maryland, in 1735. His father had emigrated from Ireland in the reign of James II., and had acquired an independence in commercial pursuits. His mother was the daughter of a wealthy landed proprietor of the province. She was educated with great care at Paris, and was greatly admired for her amiability, her profound piety and her varied and elegant accomplishments. The virtues of the mother were deeply imprinted upon the character of the son, and gave a charm to his long and useful life. At that time, owing to the intolerance of the provincial government, Catholics, even in Maryland, founded by themselves as a refuge from persecution, were not permitted to educate their children in schools of their own faith. Young Carroll was therefore sent, in company with his illustrious cousin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, to the Jesuit College of St. Omer, in French Flanders. During the six years devoted to study there, John Carroll was distinguished for his piety, good example, close application to work, ready and brilliant talents, and for his amiable and gentle deportment. The fine influence of his childhood's home, the exalted examples of the Jesuit fathers, and the pure and grace-directed aspirations of his own soul, led him in youth to dedicate his life to God. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1753, and was ordained in 1759, in his twenty-fifth year. After teaching for twelve years in the colleges at St. Omer and Liege, he was received as a professed father in 1771, and in the two following years he made the tour of Europe with the son of an English Catholic nobleman.

Upon the dissolution of the Jesuit order in 1773, he received the appointment of chaplain to Lord Arundel. It was during his residence at Wardour Castle, the family seat of this nobleman, that the

difficulties between England and the colonies began to approach a crisis. Father Carroll, though surrounded by English society and its influences, at once espoused the cause of his native land. He sailed from England, and arrived at his Maryland home in June, 1774. Taking up his residence with his mother, at Rock Creek, Montgomery County, he devoted his time to missionary labor among the Catholic families scattered through the vicinity. In April, 1776, at the request of Congress, he accompanied Dr. Franklin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and Samuel Chase, on an embassy to Canada to obtain neutrality on the part of the Canadians. The negotiations however, were unsuccessful. During their association on this mission a warm and intimate friendship sprang up between Father Carroll and Dr. Franklin, which was cherished through life. After his return Father Carroll was free to resume the duties of the sacred ministry, which he continued to perform uninterruptedly during the entire revolutionary war. In the great struggle he ardently sympathized with the cause of Independence, explaining and defending its principles in correspondence with his English friends, and offering up constant and fervent prayers for its success. At the inauguration of Washington he presented the well known "Address of the Catholics of the States," in the response to which, the *Pater Patriæ* generously acknowledged and commended to the gratitude of his fellow-citizens the patriotic services of the Catholics of the Revolution.

Previous to the separation of the United States from Great Britain the Catholic clergy were subject to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Vicar Apostolic of London. In 1783, however, they petitioned Rome for the appointment of a Superior holding directly from the Holy See. The Pope determined to appoint

archpriest with the necessary powers of jurisdiction, confirmation, etc., and the choice fell upon Dr. Carroll. His first visitation, in 1785, extended through Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York. He then estimated the number of Catholics in the territory visited to be about 25,000. The number of priests was about twenty-five. The services of the new Superior then supplied the needs of the American Church; but as the country developed, and the vast fields of missionary labor were opened under his energetic administration, it became evident that the creation of an episcopal See would soon be necessary. In 1789 the Holy See, in answer to the petitions of the American clergy, authorized them to locate the new See and designate from their own number the one most worthy to be clothed with the episcopal dignity. At an assembly of the clergy in the same year Baltimore was chosen as the episcopal city, and Dr. Carroll was the almost unanimous choice of his colleagues for the high and responsible position.

The task imposed upon Bishop Carroll would have been appalling to any one not possessed of his calm energy and courageous resolution. It was not so much the numbers of his flock, as their scattered condition, the vast country over which they were dispersed, the inconveniences and delays of communication, and the fewness of laborers to assist him, that rendered his office and duties so onerous and embarrassing. His efforts to secure priests from Europe were indefatigable, and his embarrassments were greatly relieved by the advent of pious, learned and zealous clergymen, driven to our shores by the waves of European revolution. A letter which he wrote at this time gives an idea of the expedients to which the preachers of the gospel had to

have frequent recourse. "I am," said the bishop, "solicitous to found establishments which will be lasting. To pass through a village where no Roman Catholic clergyman was ever before seen; to borrow from the parson the use of his meeting-house, in order to preach a sermon; to go or send about the village, giving notice at every house that a priest is to preach at a certain place; this is a mode adopted by some amongst us for the propagation of religion."

The most distant and desolate portions of his vast diocese received the paternal succor of Bishop Carroll; and soon after his consecration his zealous and hardy missionaries were gathering together, in remote and wild settlements, the Catholics who had found their adventurous way to the borders of civilization. Not only the whites, but also the Indians of Maine and the North-west were the objects of his solicitude, and received missionaries through his care.

The necessity of proper ecclesiastical discipline early engaged his attention, and as early as 1791 he called a diocesan synod of the clergy, which enacted statutes of discipline, salutary to the healthy growth of the Church.

Perhaps in no other enterprise of his administration were the foresight and zeal of the bishop more evident than in his efforts to provide for education. As far back as 1778 he began the foundation of Georgetown College, which he fostered through years of poverty and discouragement, until in 1815 it was raised to the rank of a university, and safely entered its long career of usefulness and honor.

The Carmelite Sisters and Visitation Nuns were introduced by Bishop Carroll, and the institution of Mother Seton was founded at Emmettsburg under his approbation and encouragement.

After ten or twelve years of untiring effort Bishop Carroll had the consolation of seeing the Infant Church, which he had presided over with such care, advancing rapidly, and yielding a harvest of fruits acceptable to Heaven. The exiled clergy from France and the restored Society of Jesus supplied pastors for many destitute missions. As early as 1808 there were seventy priests and eighty churches in the country. Year by year he was sending devoted men to found new congregations, and the missionaries thus sent were often the founders of future bishoprics. It was he that gave a Cheverus to Boston, a Dubourg to New Orleans, a Flaget to Kentucky and a Fenwick to Cincinnati. The wisdom with which he selected the proper man for the proper place, and the promptness with which he dispatched his varied duties, were matters of wonder and admiration. The best evidence of the wonderful growth of the Church was the multiplication of bishoprics which now took place. In 1808 the holy Father, yielding to the evidences of the bishop's vastly increased labors, erected Baltimore into an archiepiscopal See, and established four new episcopal Sees, at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Bardstown in Kentucky. The archbishop, relieved of a great portion of his burdens, now devoted his whole care to the religious improvement of his native diocese. The multiplication of its churches, the increasing of its clergy, the care of its many growing educational institutions, and his extensive correspondence, occupied the remaining years of his life.

During his long and exemplary career Archbishop Carroll received many public marks of the respect and confidence of all classes of citizens. The legislature of his own State selected him as one of the founders of the State College of St. John's at Annapolis; and Congress

testified to the respect of the nation as well as to the mutual ties of esteem between him and the illustrious Washington, when it chose Bishop Carroll to pronounce the panegyric upon the Father of his Country, on the first Washington Anniversary.

The private life and virtues of Archbishop Carroll were in keeping with his public acts and services. His charities to the poor and the orphan, his relief of the afflicted and unfortunate, his kindness and affability to all were so remarkable that he was held up as the model of a Christian gentleman. In social conversation he was unrivalled; his sermons were eloquent, chaste and effective; and as an adviser there were few, if any, to excel him in prudence and candor.

As a patriot he was surpassed by none of the great and good men of his day in love of country and devotion to well regulated liberty. As a citizen his public virtues were formed in the same political school with those of Washington; and history testifies that his talents, capacity for affairs, dignity, piety and zeal eminently fitted him for his onerous position. It was a truly beneficent Providence which, at such a crisis in the history of the infant Church of America, gave to it such a ruler.

Such were the regularity and frugality of his life that he was about eighty years of age before any decided symptoms of failing health appeared. The approaches of death were slow and almost imperceptible, but exhausted nature finally succumbed to the common fate of humanity. He died Sunday, December 3d, 1815.

accomplishment

crisis

anniversary

COMPOSITION.

Show that the French Revolution was a benefit to the American Church. Show that persecution in Ireland has had like results.

RT. REV. JOHN ENGLAND, D. D.

THE marvellous workings of God's grace are never more forcibly manifest than in the varied and almost contradictory means by which he prepares for their mission those whom he destines to be leaders in his Church. Some he exposes from early childhood to temptation and persecution; yet their spirit, instead of being broken, is made bold and aggressive; and like the sturdy oakling, grows strong and lusty on the buffetings of the storms. Others he tenderly leads through a youth of quiet innocence, to suddenly confront them at the portals of manhood with the gravest trials. Neither do these fail; like the shepherd boy of Israel, their placid childhood is found to be no unfit preparation for the strife, and their victory is as signal and as unexpected as was his.

In the life of Bishop England we meet a character of the former kind; a spirit, like St. Paul's, confirmed in the probation "of perils of labor and painfulness." Born in Cork in the year 1786, his youth was passed during one of the most troubled periods in the history of his unhappy country. His family, conspicuous for their piety and patriotism, were among those who suffered most from the terrible penal laws then in force. Under the shadow of civil and social ostracism, oppression and religious persecution, he grew to manhood, learning what it costs to confess the faith, even as a child at school, where the "young papist," as they scornfully called him, had often to endure the bigoted taunts of his teacher and companions. Who can fail to see in these early trials, the incentive to that ardent love of faith and country, which, broadening into the generosity of manhood, converted the patriot into the apostle?

After completing his classical studies in his native city, the future missionary determined upon entering the profession of the law, and studied for two years under an eminent barrister. But there was a nobler field of labor awaiting the efforts of the young lawyer. Blackstone and the statutes could never satisfy the promptings of his generous ambition. In the dark hours of his country's sorrow he heard the voice of God calling him to a higher vocation, and he responded. He entered the seminary at Carlow, where he made his ecclesiastical course, and was ordained in 1808. "He was rapidly advanced to the most important positions in the diocese of Cork. As president of the diocesan seminary, as chaplain of the prisons, as parish priest of Bandon, — in all situations we find him admirably fitted for his varied duties, eminent for his priestly virtues, an ornament to the sanctuary and a blessing to his native city." Seizing with zeal upon every means of alleviating the woes of his oppressed countrymen, he assumed the editorship of the *Cork Advertiser*, thus enlisting the power of the press in the cause of religion and of patriotism. In its columns he exposed the corruptions of the government, the oppression of the poor, the extortion of the tithe collectors; in fine, all the wrongs of his unhappy land there found an audience before the civilized world. Father England, next to the illustrious Agitator, contributed more than any other man to the great victory of Emancipation. O'Connell said of the fearless priest-editor: "If I had England at my back I would not fear the whole world before me."

It now seemed as if Father England had found the true mission of his life. What nobler service, what greater glory than to unite in so lofty a degree the character of priest and patriot? Only in sacrificing

patriotism to universal charity, and this Father England did when he consecrated himself to the American Mission. He was nominated and consecrated for the new See of Charleston, S. C., in 1820, and in December of the same year arrived at the scene of his future labors.

The task which awaited him was one that might have disheartened the most courageous. In his diocese, which embraced the Carolinas and Georgia, there were not, at the time of his arrival, more than a score of Catholic families. The population was composed of only two classes, the whites and the slaves. The former constituted an aristocracy fully as intolerant as that against which the bishop had so lately waged war. Descendants of English Protestants, they clung to the courtly Episcopal church of colonial times, and to the religious prejudices of the mother country. The slaves were closely guarded in the densest ignorance from all outside influence. Religion and its handmaid, Education, were looked upon with disfavor by the master, as institutions incompatible with his power. Emigration, which in other sections of the country had done pioneer work for the true faith, was powerless in the South; slave labor was cheap and there was no inducement for the emigrant. Beside social there were natural obstacles. The climate, with its intense heat, its insidious malaria, its deadly yellow-fever; the lack of travelling facilities, the poverty of the Catholics and of the bishop himself—all conspired to make the task of the missionary a truly herculean one. But difficulties were only incentives to Dr. England. With an energy born of profound faith, he set bravely to work. Wherever he found a few Catholic families in a city or town, he called them together, organized them and encouraged them to hold together until he could send them a priest. One of his first

steps was to provide priests for his diocese. With this view he opened at Charleston a classical school in which the candidates for the priesthood supported themselves by teaching, while pursuing their theological studies under the bishop himself. On account of the scarcity of assistants Bishop England had for many years to perform the duties and endure the hardships of a missionary priest. The journeys he undertook in order to administer the sacraments to a family, or even to a single individual, were often over one hundred miles in length.

Whenever, on these or his episcopal visitations, he came to a town or city, he procured permission to preach in the court-house, meeting-house or other suitable places. Prompted by curiosity, or by the fame of his eloquence, many flocked to these sermons, and for the first time in their lives heard the doctrines of the Church. Adapting himself to the disposition of these audiences, the bishop used to explain the teaching of the Catholic Church in a clear, simple manner, and refute the misrepresentations of her enemies; not only without bitterness, but with such kindness, such affability, such moderation, that opposition was charmed away, and bigotry was ashamed to show its face. Whenever Bishop England left home he was invited to preach on controversial questions, and many of the chief cities of the Union were the scenes of his oratorical triumphs. He preached also before the Legislature of his own State and before Congress, being the first Catholic clergyman who was thus honored. But it was amongst the citizens of Charleston, amongst his own parishioners, that he displayed in an especial manner the inexhaustible resources of his learning and eloquence. There, too, was the influence of his magnificent

oratory augmented by the daily example of his saintly life; by that charity without which eloquence is but sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. In his personal conduct, in his labors and privations, and in his holy poverty, he presented an exact practice of the sacred precepts of the gospel which he announced. Such was his personal poverty that he walked the burning pavements of Charleston with his bare feet to the stone; the upper leather of his shoes alone remaining decent, while the soles were worn away. His all-embracing charity was shown forth in his unceasing attentions to the poor slaves; and most resplendently of all, in the terrible visitations of yellow-fever, when he might be seen in the burning noonday sun and in the deadly damp of night, hastening from couch to couch with the consoling offices of religion. Such heroic self-sacrifice failed not to awaken a most reverent affection among all his fellow citizens without distinction of faith, and contributed largely to his vast popular influence, an influence still further advanced by his wonderful skill in adapting himself to the spirit and needs of the times. No other prelate has so completely illustrated in his public conduct the sagacious policy of St. Paul, "I became all things to all men, that I might save all men." To this end he encouraged every good and useful movement, social, literary or scientific, in the community in which he lived. Thoroughly republican in instinct, he identified himself with the spirit, with the institutions, with the hopes of his adopted country, and became more American than Americans themselves. He made use of every means that civilization could furnish to promote the cause of religion. Within two years after his arrival he had established the *Catholic Miscellany*, the first, and during his life, the foremost Catholic

periodical in the United States, and a most valuable aid in spreading that familiarity with the doctrines of the Church which is the surest way of destroying prejudice. Indeed the whole aim of Bishop England's life seems to have been to present to the people of this country, with all the force of his learning and eloquence, the true knowledge of the doctrine and history of Catholicity. His exertions in this cause won for him the title of the Bossuet of the American Church, and her councils and literature will ever bear the impress of his controlling genius.

It has been said of Bishop England that he led but one life, the public one. Whether in administering his own diocese, in assisting other prelates by his wonderful powers of organization and financial tact, in missions to Rome, where he was consulted by the ecclesiastical authorities, in controversy from pulpit and press, in fostering literary and social improvements, — he was ever before the world in some public capacity. He visited Europe four times in the interests of his diocese, and such was the extent of his travels, and the rapidity and accuracy of his movements, that the Roman Cardinals used to call him the "Steam Bishop." These many and arduous labors exhausted his strong constitution before he had reached the prime of life. He died in 1842 from an illness contracted on his last voyage from Europe. The more tangible fruits of his labors were a diocese well organized and blessed with sixteen churches, and numerous ecclesiastical, religious, educational and charitable institutions. But more far-reaching in its results than all these was the influence upon his countrymen, of his character, his example and his writings. In these respects his services are inestimable. He will ever stand foremost among those valiant

missionary prelates who bore the brunt of the early battles of the Church in America, and by allaying the spirit of bigotry and intolerance have prepared the way for the quieter workings of the Holy Spirit.

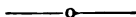
COMPOSITION.

Take fifth paragraph, (first eighteen lines), give same in your own words; changing nouns, verbs, and adjectives.

confront
vocation

extortion
tithe

financial
tangible



MOST REV. JOHN HUGHES, D. D.

PRE-EMINENT among the prelates of the American Church by the grandeur of his character and the magnitude of his achievements, stands the illustrious John Hughes, first Archbishop of New York. He was born in Tyrone county, Ireland, in the year 1797. His father was a tenant farmer, in comfortable circumstances, better educated than most men of his class, and respected by all his neighbors. His mother, also, was possessed of a refinement of character beyond her opportunities and position. These good parents early discovered in their son an inclination to the sanctuary, and fostered it by giving him the best schooling that the neighborhood could afford; they doubtless would have educated him for the priesthood; but "adversity," which in Ireland is a mild name for the results of English injustice, compelled his early withdrawal from school, and led finally to the emigration of the whole family to the United States. During these disappointments, John never lost sight of his holy purpose, but always cherished an ardent hope of being one day able to attain to the priesthood. When

he arrived in this country he was twenty years of age. For a year or more he worked with his father in the vicinity of Chambersburg, Pa., at stone quarrying, mending roads, and any honest labor that presented itself. He soon became aware of his providential nearness to the Seminary at Emmetsburg, and, unknown and without introduction, applied for admission. Frequent refusals did not dishearten him; he persisted in his application and finally obtained admission on the humiliating condition of working in the garden in exchange for his board and tuition. His diligent study during his leisure moments soon led to his withdrawal from the garden and promotion to the regular classes of the college. Here he was distinguished for his untiring application, and for the prudence and judgment with which he discharged the successive duties of student, teacher and prefect. In October, 1826, he was ordained by Bishop Conwell, and in the following January was appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. The pastorate of St. Joseph's, which lasted for ten years, was the school in which the young priest acquired in a high degree that apostolic zeal, that solid virtue, that rare knowledge of men and tact in affairs, and that manly eloquence, which were destined to add lustre to the episcopal dignity. The Church in Philadelphia at that time was harassed by enemies from within and without; by the overt prejudice of the most bigoted community in the United States, as well as by the scandals caused by her own schismatic children; for the trustees of the Bishop's parish, of which St. Joseph's was a part, were in open rebellion against his authority, and refused to accept or support the pastor which he sent them. Dr. Hughes' course in these trying circumstances was marked by great wisdom and

prudence. By holding aloof from all internal discussion, he kept his usefulness unimpaired, and was enabled to devote his whole energy to the spiritual service of his people and to the defence of the Church against her maligners. Those humble, but most important duties of the ministry — hearing confessions, visiting the sick and instructing the youth — were performed by him with great earnestness and fidelity. His sermons were prepared with great care, and so well delivered that he soon ranked as the foremost preacher in Philadelphia, and attracted to his church crowds of attentive listeners, many of whom were Protestants. Much of his time was now devoted to the study of controversial and doctrinal works, the fruit of which was exhibited in the numerous arguments which he conducted both in the pulpit and in the press with the opponents of Catholicity. The most famous of these were the written and oral discussions with Rev. John Breckenridge. In 1832 the latter, who was a Presbyterian divine, challenged all Catholics to a discussion on all disputed points between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. Dr. Hughes came forward as the champion of Catholic truth, and at the outset, showed his vigor and fertility of resource by establishing the *Catholic Herald*, to publish his side of the controversy. The result of this battle of intellect showed the bigots that the day was past when they could attack the Church with impunity, and established Dr. Hughes' reputation as the ablest defender of Catholicism in America. In 1829 Father Hughes had been nominated for the See of Philadelphia, and in 1836 for the Sees of Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. But Providence, which had greater designs in his behalf, permitted his name to be passed over on these three occasions. In 1837 the failing health of the aged

Bishop Dubois of New York then necessitated the appointment of a coadjutor, and the Council of Baltimore presented his name with that of two other priests. The choice of the Holy See falling upon Dr. Hughes, he was consecrated at New York in November of the same year. Within two weeks Bishop Dubois was prostrated by paralysis and the whole administration of the diocese devolved upon the coadjutor. It was soon apparent that the reins of government were in a skilful hand. With the eye of an experienced commander, the new bishop saw the points in the organization of the diocese that needed strengthening; saw its present and future needs; saw the possibilities of development; saw the dangers to be avoided, and lost no time in acting upon the plans which his wisdom suggested. The first thing that claimed his attention was the reform of the trustee system. By securing to the Bishop and to the pastor of each Church a representation on its board of trustees and the control of the parish moneys, he put an end to the schisms and scandals of which lay-trusteeism had been the fruitful parent, while at the same time the title of ecclesiastical property was amply protected. Meanwhile he was not inactive in the matter of education. In 1839 he founded the Seminary at Lafargeville, afterwards removed to Fordham, and finally, in 1862, established by him in the magnificent buildings at Troy. In 1841 he visited Rome, where he was received with distinguished honors, Paris, Vienna and other European cities, receiving and collecting funds for his diocese. During his absence, a just but impolitic agitation of the school question had been begun, which, for want of proper guidance, was likely to prove hurtful to the real interests of the Church. On his return the bishop took control of the

movement, and for almost two years worked strenuously for a reform in the school laws. His speeches during this period, in the pulpit, on the lecture platform, and before municipal and State authorities, as well as his letters to the press, are masterpieces of eloquence, combining logical argument and apt illustration, relieved by flashes of native wit, and though pointed now and then with caustic irony, yet sustained throughout in the broadest charity. The agitation failed to attain its purpose, a participation in the school fund; but it brought about a reform in the school system, and abolished the sectarianism which was fast converting the public schools into a Protestant nursery. Secular schools, however, did not satisfy the bishop. He exhorted his clergy to establish parish schools, and, in order to provide proper teachers, introduced the Brothers of the Christian Schools, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart and other religious orders. The next occasion for the public display of Bishop Hughes' vigor in the defence of the Church was during the "Know Nothing" demonstration in 1844. These fanatics, flushed with the success of their outrages in Philadelphia, were about to perpetrate the same in New York. Bishop Hughes appealed to the mayor, and avowed the determination of the Catholics to protect their shrines, with so bold and undaunted a front that the bigots abandoned their sacrilegious design. In a letter to Mayor Harper, written about this time, he alludes with caustic wit to the ungrateful persecution of foreign Catholics, and says that "the stars of the national flag seem to be reserved for citizens of native birth, while the *stripes* are the share of foreigners;" but adds with poetic fancy, "that sooner than such enmity shall continue the white bars will blush into the crimson and obliterate the *stripes*."

In 1847 he preached before Congress at the invitation of John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun and other distinguished men. In 1849 the See of New York was erected into an Archbishopric, and the Bishop went to Rome to be invested with the pallium. Again in 1854 he visited the Eternal City to participate in the declaration of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The next great act of his life was the foundation of the new cathedral, the corner-stone of which was laid on August 15, 1858, in the presence of one hundred thousand people. Such was the energy of the archbishop and his influence with his flock, that in one day he collected for the erection of this building one hundred thousand dollars. The last event which brought this great prelate prominently before the eyes of his countrymen, was the special mission of peace on which he went to Europe in 1861 at the request of the Administration. This was a fitting public tribute of his adopted country to the integrity, the wisdom and the vast influence of him who had done so much for the enlightenment of its citizens. During the remaining three years of his life he but seldom appeared in public. His death, which occurred in January, 1864, threw not only the whole American Church, but the Republic itself into mourning. The Court, the Legislature and Council, public officials and private citizens without distinction of creed, joined in expressing both by official acts and by attendance at the obsequies, their respect for the exalted virtue of the deceased prelate.

The character of Archbishop Hughes is complete and symmetrical in whatever light we choose to regard it. Whether as the simple farm lad saying his prayers behind the hay-rick; or the obscure laborer on the rough country roads; or the diligent student in the halls of

Emmetsburg; or the zealous young priest; or the renowned prelate, in every circumstance of his life we behold the same earnest faith, the same consciousness of his lofty calling, the same keen purpose, the same unbending will. These traits shone forth even in his countenance. They gave him a power over men that was simply irresistible. Says a Protestant admirer: "In every interview I recognized the influence which he is acknowledged to exercise over the minds of others, and I have never known a man who possessed this mysterious element of power in so eminent a degree." Aided by the grace of God and by his own indomitable resolution, the young Irish exile hewed his way to greatness, through obstacles that would have been a final barrier to other men. Some men are made great by circumstances; he *made* the circumstances of his greatness. From a poor peasant, unknown, without friends, without influence, he mounted to the highest dignity in the American Church, looked up to with love and reverence by thousands of his co-religionists, honored and consulted by the whole Church, admired and esteemed even by those who were most bitterly opposed to him in faith. Inspiring spectacle! And yet we are at a loss which to admire most, — his unconquerable perseverance in attaining to his high station, or the placid, unruffled tenor of his conduct when in possession of it. Of his manner, the same eulogist says: "Serene, apart, and passionless, I cannot mingle him with material things; familiarity intrudes not into his presence; worldly things become divested of their importance. Deeply conscious of the divinity of his mission, he clothes religion with majesty and beauty. Never have I discerned even a momentary weakness in his nature; never heard an unguarded expression escape from his lips; never for an

instant beheld reason unseated from her throne." Ah! it is in the Church of God alone that we can find such characters as this; it is amongst her great ones only that we can find such power associated with such goodness; it is the grace of her divine mission alone that can sustain such ardor, consecrate such ambition.

We have said that the character of Bishop Hughes was symmetrical: his work was the same. His plans were broadly proportioned to the increasing needs of the Church. He fused the Church in the State into a compact organization, and left to his successors the comparatively easy work of an established routine. Churches, schools, academies, colleges, seminaries, hospitals and asylums sprang up all over the State, and continue to prosper. A faint idea of the immensity of his labors may be gathered from the fact that over one hundred churches were built under his personal guidance and responsibility. He was a man of work, of action. His writings, his speeches, sermons and addresses were eminently practical, and were the outcome of his intense desire to break down those barriers of prejudice which separated a fair minded people from the true Church, and to present that Church to them as the only regenerator of society, the only safeguard of government. In this respect he was like unto Dr. England. Indeed the mantle of the illustrious England seemed to have descended upon the shoulders of Hughes. No other prelates resembled each other so much in their aims and methods; none others stand so high in the veneration of the people.

COMPOSITION.

Write the passage: "With the eye of an experienced commandersuggested," in four different ways.

paralysis maligners obliterate pallid

MOST REV. FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, D. D.

LIKE Bishop England, Archbishop Kenrick was a native of Ireland, and first saw the light in the unhappy period preceding the uprising of '98; but his early life, in its quiet and undisturbed preparation, offers a striking contrast to that of the illustrious apostle of the Carolinas.

Francis Patrick Kenrick was born in Dublin in 1796. He was reared in the bosom of a most pious Catholic family, and enjoyed the advantages of the best schools of that city. From his tender youth he was devoted to practical piety, and at an early age resolved to dedicate himself to the sacred ministry. At the age of eighteen his collegiate course was finished, and with a well disciplined and well stored mind, he was prepared to commence his ecclesiastical studies. To his great joy he was chosen to be one of the privileged few to study at the renowned College of the Propaganda in Rome. Here he spent seven years, which were years of close study, untiring preparation, and thorough self-culture upon the model of the saints. His great proficiency in sacred and profane learning was only surpassed by his modesty. The sacred Scriptures themselves were his chief study. It was remarked of him that he never read any treatises on the subjects of his studies but the class books. The advantages of this course were apparent in his case, in contrast with that of so many students who undertake too much and too varied reading, and thus fail to realize the benefits of a thorough training. By this solid study he acquired such a reputation at the Propaganda, that when, in 1821, Bishop Flagnet of Kentucky applied for a professor of theology for his seminary at Bardstown, young Father Kenrick,

then just ordained, was immediately selected by his superiors as the one best fitted for that responsible position. The result justified their confidence. During the nine years in which he occupied the chair of theology at Bardstown, Dr. Kenrick won the admiration of all by his profound acquaintance with sacred science, the writings of the Fathers, the canons and decrees of the Church, and sacred history. As a professor he was remarkable for the clear and lucid manner in which he developed the different points of sacred science to his pupils. To his collegiate duties were added missionary labors, and the pastoral charge of the local congregation. Whenever he preached he electrified all by his eloquent and learned discourse. Even at this early period of his career his interior and exterior life was most exemplary and holy. His countenance indicated a soul at peace with God and man; his exterior deportment was full of charity, affability, gentleness, humility and benignity.

But the seclusion of Dr. Kenrick's collegiate life, though most acceptable to one of such studious and retiring habits, was soon to give place to more onerous and trying duties. For many years a schism in the Philadelphia Church had been a source of scandal. The rebellious pastors and trustees of St. Mary's Cathedral refused to submit to the authority of the aged Bishop Conwell, and the Provincial Council of 1829 determined to apply for the appointment of a coadjutor who would be able to cope with the refractory parishioners. The choice of the Council fell upon Dr. Kenrick, and was ratified by the Holy See. To recite the progress of this disaffection, and the many attempts made to heal it, would be out of place in this sketch. It suffices to say that by the wonderful prudence, courage, and administrative ability of Bishop Kenrick, the discussions were soon brought to

an end, the trustees acknowledged the right of the bishop to appoint their pastors, and the nefarious trustee tenure of Church property received a fatal blow.

Immediately after his arrival in Philadelphia the bishop commenced, in the upper room of his residence, a little ecclesiastical seminary. This was destined in time to expand into the magnificent and flourishing institution of St. Charles Borromeo. Under his vigorous and liberal administration the diocese soon began to teem with educational and charitable establishments. The Augustinians founded Villanova College; the Jesuits St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart, the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Visitation Nuns, the Sisters of Notre Dame and the Sisters of the Good Shepherd were introduced; while the Sisters of Charity increased from one to six communities. During his episcopate the number of his clergy grew from thirty to one hundred priests, and forty-six seminaries; the number of churches from ten to ninety-four. Fourteen years thus passed by, full of consolation to the zealous bishop, teeming with the fruits of religious growth, when suddenly he was called upon to endure one of the greatest afflictions that can befall a loving pastor. He was to behold the work of his hands consumed by the flames of religious bigotry. During the infamous Know Nothing riots of 1844, two Catholic churches were burnt, one was thrice desecrated, and a Catholic seminary, two rectories with a most valuable library, and forty dwellings were destroyed by the incendiary, and forty lives were sacrificed to the passion of fanaticism. During this terrible trial Bishop Kenrick's voice was heard only in counsels of peace and patience and moderation. As a solemn protest against the spirit of sacrilege, and to remove temptations to the violence of the mobs, he

suspended divine services in the churches that remained. The torrent of bigotry soon spent itself; peace was restored on a more solid basis than ever before, and Catholicity assumed a higher position.

In 1851, at the death of Archbishop Eccleston of Baltimore, Bishop Kenrick was promoted to that See. The first great act of the new archbishop was to summon the prelates of the United States to a National Council, the first ever held in this country. The astonishing growth of the Church in a little over half a century was evidenced by this august assembly, in which five archbishops, twenty-six bishops and a large number of theologians participated. A large increase of episcopal Sees was among the results of their deliberation. In 1854 the archbishop went to Rome, and was one of the advocates of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception declared by the Council of that year. During his administration of the archdiocese, its already numerous churches and religious institutions were well sustained, enlarged and developed. He also devoted himself more thoroughly to the compilation of his many doctrinal and controversial works.

It has been said of him that his life was that of the saint and the scholar. While he spent much time in reading and study, these were but the necessary preparations for a series of works that have enriched the Catholic literature of the world, and made his name illustrious. His seven volumes of Dogmatic and Moral Theology were produced in the midst of the most active occupations. His work on the Primacy is a noble tribute of his devotion to the See of Peter. His edition of the sacred Scriptures is a work of invaluable service to religion, and one which places his name among the foremost of divines and scholars. The

preparation of these vast works in no way interfered with his episcopal or pastoral duties,—nay, it was frequently interrupted by the many demands upon his time and advice which his easiness of access invited. In this respect he was as simple as the lowliest; no one ever sought admission in vain, however simple and ignorant they might be. Faith, charity and humility were his prominent traits. Wholly free from ambition, he lived only for the Church and his people. Hence he sought not to act a conspicuous or brilliant part in the eyes of men, but with humility and gentleness, yet with a sublime action, to infuse his faith and zeal into his age and country. The influence of his life upon his times has been appropriately compared to the “leaven of the mass,” and to the “dew that falls at night, whose genial moisture remains, though itself be lost sight of when the sun rises.”

The declining years of Archbishop Kenrick were embittered by the scenes of civil strife that surrounded him, and he had not even the consolation of beholding the return of peace, for his death occurred suddenly in 1863, immediately after the greatest crisis of the war, the battle of Gettysburg.

COMPOSITION.

Write “The influence of his life.....rises” in three different ways, changing nouns verbs, adjectives.

seminaries

Primacy

embittered

—o—

MOST REV. MARTIN JOHN SPALDING, D. D.

ARCHBISHOP Kenrick's successor in the See of Baltimore was the illustrious Spalding. There are many points of resemblance between the lives of these

two great prelates. Like Kenrick, Spalding was noted in youth for his extraordinary talents, gentle and amiable disposition, and early vocation; like him too, he studied at Rome, where he acquired fully as brilliant a reputation as student and priest; like Kenrick, his first experience of the priestly functions was received under the saintly Flaget's paternal care, and in the very scene of Kenrick's labors, — the seminary and congregation of Bardstown; like Kenrick, much of his time was devoted to the composition of works defending the doctrines and the history of the Church; like Kenrick, he was called to the primatial See of America, labored in his footsteps there, and, dead, rests by his side beneath the cathedral sanctuary. Beautifully has it been said of them: "Glorious princes of the earth; as they loved each other in life, so in death they are not separated."

Martin John Spalding was born in Kentucky in the year 1810. He was a delicate and precocious child; an instance of the latter quality being given in the story of his learning the whole multiplication table in one day, when only eight years of age. At eleven, he was sent to St. Mary's College, Lebanon, where he showed such wonderful talent as to be appointed professor of mathematics at the age of fourteen. His fame as a mathematician spread throughout the State, and many visitors came to the college to examine the youthful prodigy. But the flattery which he received did not spoil him. As a student he displayed one marked trait which deserves imitation: he never allowed others to assist him, preferring to solve his difficulties unaided. Among his companions he was noted for his gentle, sunny and loving disposition. When sixteen years old he entered the Seminary of Bardstown, where his talents and virtues so endeared him to the good Bishop Flaget,

that he received the privilege of being sent to Rome. There a similar success awaited him. After four years of brilliant study, he won the doctor's cap in a public discussion, which became one of the traditions of the American College. In 1834 he was ordained, and at once began his mission as pastor of the cathedral in Bardstown. From that time until 1848, when he was appointed coadjutor bishop, he served successively as president of St. Joseph's College, professor in the seminary, pastor at Lexington, and pastor and Vicar General at Louisville, after the removal of the See to that city. As a priest he was noted for his love for instructing the young and the negroes; for his success in making converts, and for his constant public defence of the doctrines of Catholicity. To this end he gave many conferences and lecture courses upon the history and teachings of the Church; and even when burdened with episcopal cares he carried out the same system of disseminating the truth. "No bishop or priest in the United States has ever been more indefatigable as a preacher or lecturer than Dr. Spalding. For more than thirty years he lectured repeatedly on almost every subject in any way connected with Catholic history and teaching; not only in his own native city, but in all the large cities of the country." "In making his episcopal visitations he always preached and frequently lectured once or twice in each parish. He loved to give missions and preach retreats in convents, colleges and academies. In the pulpit his manner was marked by naturalness and simplicity. Though not an impassioned speaker, neither was he cold or unemotional. He was direct, clear, and simple in language, while his voice was pleasant, and his delivery wonderfully distinct.

"With that practical wisdom which had always

distinguished him he saw the great work which the press was destined to perform, and he labored from the first year of his priesthood to extend its usefulness and elevate its character." In 1834 he established the *Guardian*, changed in 1835 into the *Catholic Advocate*, to which he was a frequent contributor, as well as to many of the Catholic periodicals throughout the country. After his elevation to the See of Louisville in 1848, he devoted himself with still greater earnestness to this branch of his mission. "The great work of the Catholic apologists in the generation preceding ours was to clear away the rubbish with which false history and ignorant prejudice had sought to disfigure the whole life of the Church, and to this task Bishop Spalding addressed himself." Taking a moderate and perhaps a just view of his ability, he sought to be useful and practical rather than profound. "Hence he neither wrote nor spoke for posterity, but for the generation in which he lived." His aim was to prepare the way for Catholic truth by enlightening the public concerning the real nature and spirit of the Church. His best essays, contained in the "*Miscellanea*," and his excellent "*History of the Reformation*," were produced with this view, and his great work in the same direction was the establishment and fostering, under Father Hecker's care, of the Catholic Publication Society.

In 1864, upon the death of Archbishop Kenrick, Bishop Spalding was transferred to Baltimore. To enumerate all the religious, charitable and educational institutions that had sprung up at Louisville under his care, as well as the similar increase during his episcopate at Baltimore, would be beyond the purposes of this sketch. We have space to mention only two great events by which his administration was signalized. The first was the convening of the second Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1866.

In this august body, whose deliberations were fruitful of so much good to the American Church, there sat seven archbishops, thirty-eight bishops; three mitred abbots and one hundred and twenty theologians. The second was the publication of the dogma of Papal Infallibility declared by the Council of the Vatican in 1870, in which Archbishop Spalding took a prominent part. Towards the Holy See he cherished the warmest respect and veneration. His spirited repudiation of falterers at the Council, his pastoral on its decrees to the archdiocese, and later, his memorable celebration of the Pontifical Jubilee in 1871, are proud evidences of this. Simple, unquestioning faith was the great characteristic of Archbishop Spalding. In the words of his nephew and biographer, the gifted Bishop of Peoria, to whose work we are indebted for much of this sketch: "Few more single-hearted men than he have ever lived. Practical experience of life had made him wiser, but he still had all the ingenuousness and transparency of character that belong to childhood. With a faith that not even the shadow of a doubt had ever obscured, with a devotion that had never known any other object than God, with a zeal that never grew cold, he labored to be what he had proposed to himself as a student in the Propaganda, to be useful to the Church of Christ."

On the seventh of February, 1872, after a lingering and painful sickness, this illustrious servant of God was called to his reward. His successor in the See of Baltimore is the present Archbishop Gibbons.

COMPOSITION.

Give traits of resemblance mentioned in first paragraph, in your own words.

endeavored

coadjutor

repudiation

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY, ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

ON the death of Archbishop Hughes in 1864, Bishop McCloskey of Albany was elevated to the metropolitan See. His long and happy episcopate teems with the most solid fruits of religious growth, which, though quieter in their development, (being the natural outcome of a perfect ecclesiastical organization) than the more splendid missionary achievements of earlier prelates, nevertheless present a striking and instructive view of the immense good that can be wrought in a community where religious discipline has taken firm root, and where the guidance of popular effort is in the hands of a wise, enterprising and persevering bishop.

John McCloskey was born in Brooklyn in 1810, of Irish parents. His early aspirations to the priesthood were fostered by the venerable Bishop Connolly, the first resident Bishop of New York, and by the famous Dr. Power, the brightest ornament of the first clergy of the metropolis. His ecclesiastical studies were made at Mount St. Mary's, and he was ordained priest in 1834. Bishop Dubois then sent him to Rome to complete his studies in the Propaganda. He set out for the Holy City just as Dr. Spalding was returning therefrom, and made his studies under Cardinal Cullen, who had also been Spalding's professor. After two years of study he returned to New York and became pastor of St. Joseph's Church. When the first seminary and Catholic college in the State were founded by Bishop Hughes in 1841, Father McCloskey was appointed as president of both institutions. Bishop Hughes, whose power of discerning fitness in his subordinates was unrivalled, recognized him from the first as of superior merit, and when he required an assistant in the care of his vast diocese, this

learned and pious priest was chosen for the position. He was consecrated coadjutor Bishop of New York in 1844. Three years afterwards the See of Albany was created, and Bishop McCloskey was transferred to the new diocese. The results of his earnest and thorough administration are seen in the magnificent cathedral he erected in Albany, in the numerous fine churches, schools and academies, hospitals and asylums, which sprang up in the diocese; in the dissipation of sectarian prejudices, and in the increase of Catholic devotion and attendance at the divine service. No words can better express his character and that of his work, than those employed in the addresses which the Governor of the State and the citizens of Albany, without distinction of faith, presented to him on the occasion of his departure from the Capital to take charge of the archdiocese. "It is for us," said they, "to recognize the successful mission of one whose influence in society has been exerted to soothe, to tranquillize, to elevate, and instruct."

There could be no more difficult task imposed upon any bishop than to be an adequate successor to the great Hughes, and gifted must he have been who could take up that prelate's gigantic work and not suffer it to lapse. What praise then can be too high for that meek and retiring bishop who has not only sustained the organization bequeathed by his predecessor, but with quiet energy has kept pace with the unprecedented growth of the Catholic population of New York, ever watchful to seize upon any new vantage ground for the spread of the Church; ever planning himself, or encouraging his devoted clergy in their plans for new parishes, schools and charitable institutions. When it is considered that in the metropolitan district, which is governed by the archbishop and his two suffragans of

Brooklyn and Newark, there are nearly one million Catholics, and that this population is not a stationary one, but is being continually increased by native birth and foreign immigration, a faint idea may be had of the unceasing labor and watchfulness entailed upon those whose duty it is to provide for the spiritual—and in a measure the temporal—wants of so many souls. Of course the direction of such a vast community is beyond the power of any one man; and in the administration of his own diocese the Cardinal has had the assistance of as devoted and learned a body of clergy as there are in the world. Yet it is no detracting of their labors to say that a great part of the advantages the Catholics of New York enjoy—their numerous and beautiful churches, their parochial schools, the asylums for the old, the sick, and the orphan, their academies and colleges, the great number of benevolent, literary and religious associations—is owing to “the steady, silent, but efficient action of him who is at the helm.” “He is the beacon light to which all look for guidance,—the wise counsellor to be consulted on every important undertaking on the part of the faithful. The magnificent cathedral of St. Patrick, the grandest temple of religion in the New World, erected by him on the foundations laid by the immortal Hughes, is a fitting type of the manner in which he has carried out to completion all the beginnings made by that ecclesiastical genius. The high honor which the Holy See conferred upon him in 1875, in bestowing the Cardinal’s hat, was therefore not only an acknowledgement of the ecclesiastical importance of the vast Catholic community of New York,—it was also a reward of the long and successful labors, the personal worth and piety of the recipient.

With this short notice of the career of Cardinal

McCloskey, we bring this sketch of Catholic progress to a close. His episcopate presents the fruition of that marvellous growth which we have traced from its humble beginnings in the Maryland colony. When Cardinal McCloskey was born, in 1810, there were scarcely 150,000 Catholics in the United States. Now they number ten millions. At that time there were but four bishops; to-day there are eleven metropolitan and fifty-four suffragan Sees. From seventy priests, the number has multiplied to over five thousand; and there are now over six thousand churches and stations, where there were then but eighty. But it is not alone in figures like these that we can reckon the work of the Church in the past century. These material statistics present but one view of her growth, that which was typified in the parable of the mustard seed,—the external growth. There is another growth of the “kingdom of heaven,”—that of the leaven, which is internal and spiritual—which represents the work of the Holy Spirit in the regeneration of society,—which is the conservative influence in the history of modern nations. And who can estimate that form of the Church’s influence in the Republic? Who can set down in figures the immense silent influence of Catholic teaching and example upon the society, upon the public life and sentiment, upon the laws, upon the literature, upon the whole future of this young Republic? Who can tell but that in return for the asylum and the welcome which the spouse of Christ has, through her Catholic Columbus, given this young nation, she may yet be invited still farther to favor this people by saving it from social disintegration, the offspring of modern infidelity? No Catholic who loves his country, and who sees in his Church the preserver

of society, should fail to use every means in his power to extend her influence amongst his fellow-citizens. This help should not be confined to good wishes only, it should be practical. God has promised success to his Church, but he expects our co-operation. — And to you, young Catholic Americans, what shall we say? Unite your love of faith with your love of country, and strive now to learn and practise the teachings of the Mother Church, so that by word and example you may hereafter spread her salutary influence. You will then be true missionaries and true patriots.

COMPOSITION.

Write the passage: "And to you, young Catholic..... patriots" in four ways, changing nouns in first, verbs in second, adjectives in third, and these three parts of speech in fourth.

bequeathed

regeneration

patriots

117
a.7





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